

PHOTOPLAY

Oct 1932

The NEWS and
FASHION
MAGAZINE of
the SCREEN

October

25

Cents

30 Cents
in Canada

"I'M
THROUGH
BEING
BOSSED,"
says
Mary Cooper

Hollywood
Secrets of
Charm

Irene Dunne



DO YOU INHALE ?



A frank discussion at last

on a subject that has long been "taboo"

"LET sleeping dogs lie!" So said the cigarette trade when first we raised the subject of inhaling. But dodging an important issue is not Lucky Strike's policy!

Do you inhale? That question is vitally important... for *every* smoker inhales—knowingly or unknowingly. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette! And the delicate membranes of your throat demand that your smoke be pure, clean—free of certain impurities!

No wonder Lucky Strike dares to raise this vital question! For Luckies bring you the protection you want... because Luckies' famous purifying process removes certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

So, whether you inhale knowingly or unknowingly, safeguard those delicate membranes!

"It's toasted"

Your Protection against irritation against cough

Copyright, 1932,
The
A. T. Co.

O. K. AMERICA

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



A crank about dust and dirt
...careless of her teeth and gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

HER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her *teeth* look, too? While she's taking such good care of the house, it might be wise for her to keep her teeth good-looking, too!

Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't

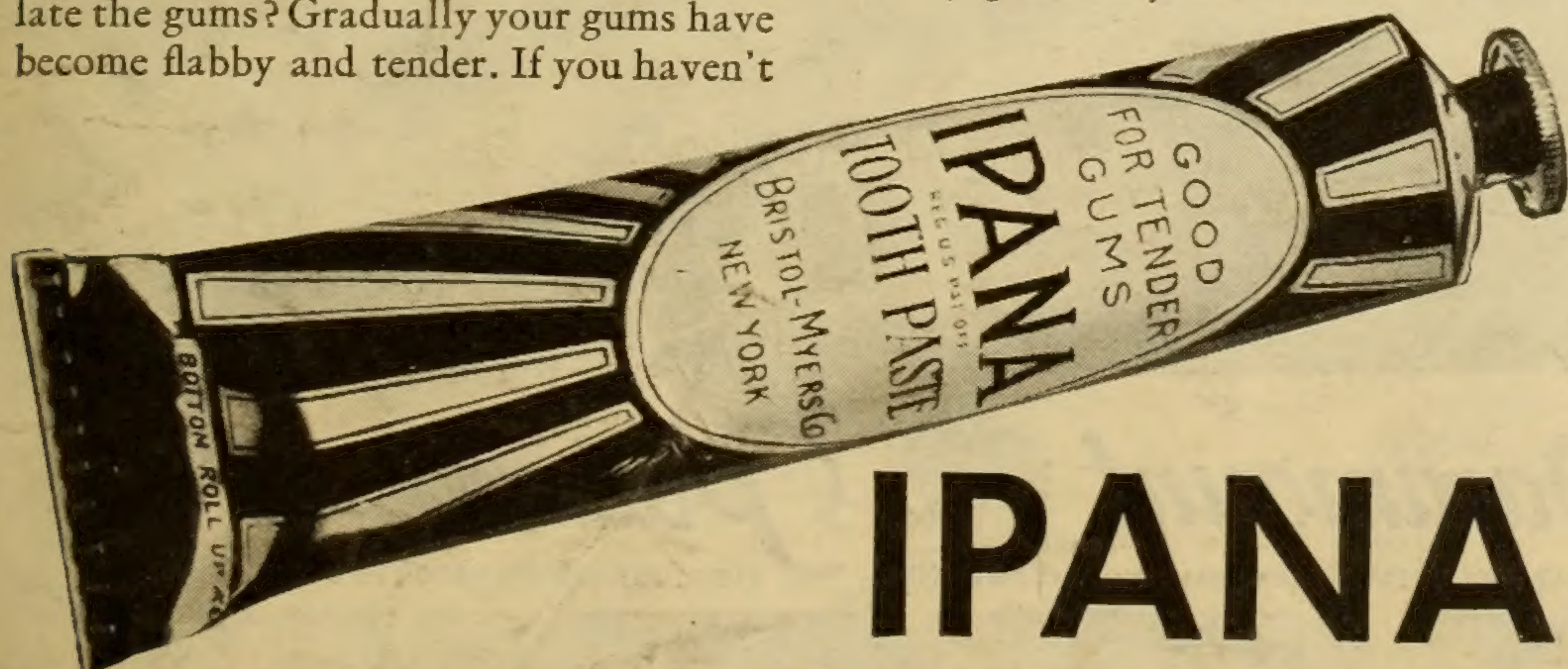
"pink tooth brush" already, you probably *will* have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

And "pink tooth brush" not only tends to dull the teeth, but it often leads to Vincent's disease, gingivitis, and even pyorrhea. And it may endanger perfectly sound teeth.

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. And each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana into those sickly gums of yours.

Ipana really *cleans* the teeth! And because it contains ziratol, Ipana with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the walls, and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

Before you have used up one tube of Ipana, and rubbed it regularly into your gums, your teeth will begin to glisten and your gums to show marked improvement. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-102
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY



HAROLD LLOYD

in

"MOVIE CRAZY"

with

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

Happiness for Millions Everywhere! . . .
Entertainment for Everybody! . . . You'll
laugh and forget your troubles! . . . the
King of Comedy at his Very Best! . . . Fresh,
fast, gloriously funny! . . . See it - - - sure!

A Paramount Release

Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation

Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR.

PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

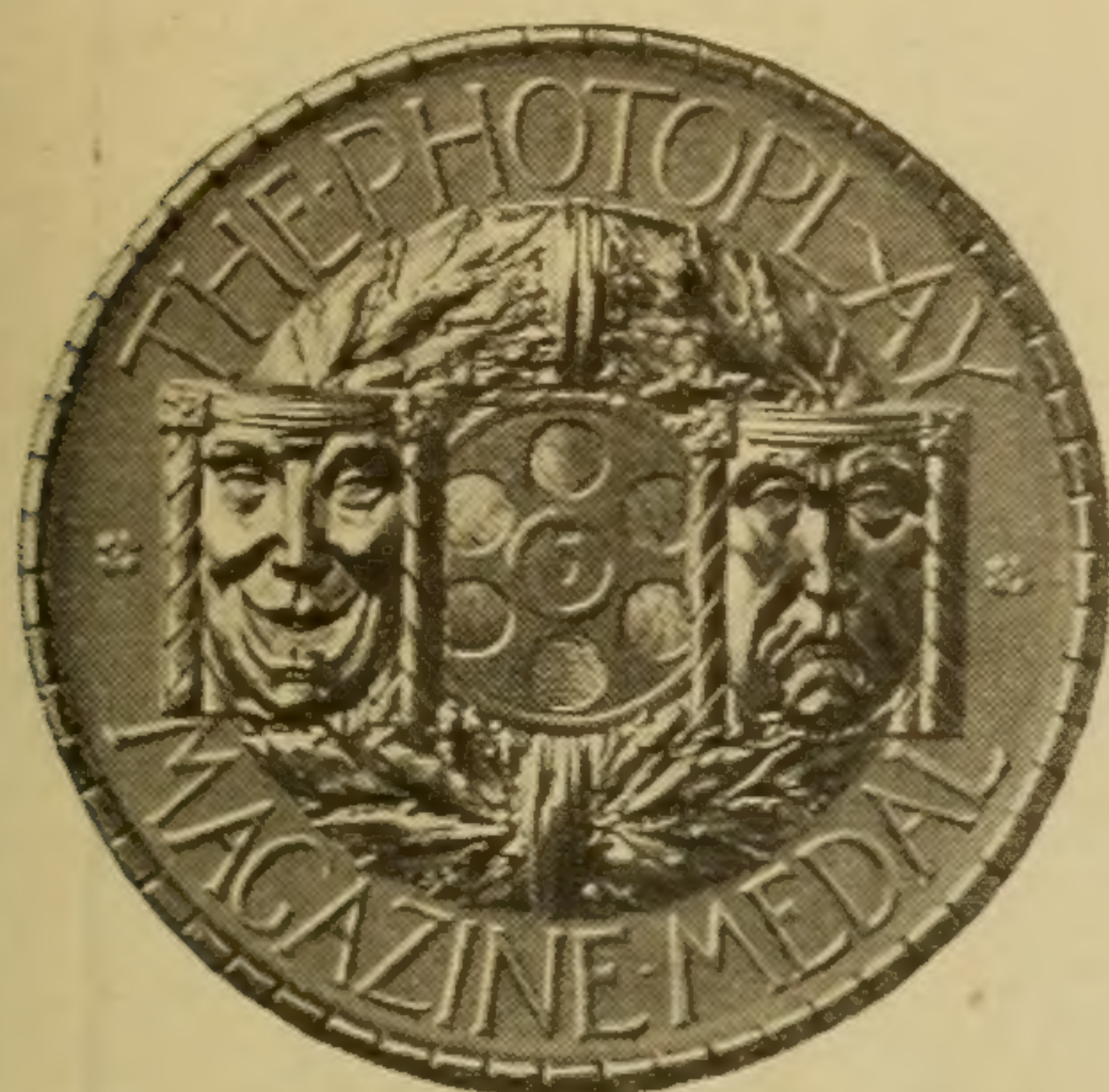
PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 5

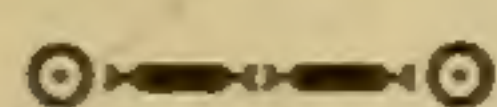
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

October, 1932



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1921	1922
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	1930	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	
1931		
"CIMARRON"		



Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets	6
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems	72
Questions and Answers	94
Hollywood Menus	96
Addresses of the Stars	114
Screen Memories From PHOTOPLAY	115
Casts of Current Photoplays	126

High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots	KATHRYN DOUGHERTY	25
As I Knew Him	KATHRYN DOUGHERTY	27
Refereeing the Royal Family	RUTH BIERY	28
On "The Sign of the Cross" Set		32
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood		36
Harold Offers \$1,000 to PHOTOPLAY Readers for Gags		45
Come On—Let's Watch 'Em Eat!	LOIS SHIRLEY	50
Marie Dressler's Own Story	AS TOLD BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS	56
"What Is a 'Stand-In'?"		58
Seymour—PHOTOPLAY's Style Authority		61
Cut Yourself a Prize		65
How About Your Hands and Feet?	SYLVIA	66
"Quiet!" When These Folks Speak, Great Stars Listen		68
The Hollywood Beauty Shop	CAROLYN VAN WYCK	72
"A Farewell to Arms"		78

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	12
The Shadow Stage	52
Short Subjects of the Month	116

Personalities

Jackie Tells Everything	SARA HAMILTON	30
Consolation Marriage? Well—Hardly!	KATHERINE ALBERT	31
"I'm Through Being Bossed," Says Gary Cooper	MARION LESLIE	34
She Sat on the Floor	RUTH BIERY	40
Bill Powell Exposed	JAMES M. FIDLER	46
Just Three Years	LEONARD HALL	48
An Amazing Lady	JOHN E. ROGERS	49
A Very "Unreliable Fellow"	GEORGE BRENTON	59
It's The Way He Says It	SARA HAMILTON	60
No Headlines for Helen	EVALINE LIEBER	70
Doug, Jr. Walks and Talks	CARLISLE JONES	71

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, President

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Treasurer

EDWIN C. CRAWFORD, Secretary

EVELYN MCEVILLY, Assistant Secretary

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.50 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1932, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago

The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



There's praise in every mail for Constance Bennett in "What Price Hollywood." One reader said the "calm Connie forgot her press-agented poise and acted like a real girl with real emotions." They raved, too, about Lowell Sherman, shown here with Connie



"King Clark can do no wrong!" shout all his fans. "Give him more varied rôles and he will show what a fine actor he really is"—that's the gist of all their letters. Nothing but bouquets this month for "What-A-Man" Clark Gable. That lad's got something!

THE \$25 LETTER

TO MICKEY

(With apologies to "The Barefoot Boy")

Blessings on thee, Mickey Mouse,
At our talking picture house!
With thy patched-seat pantaloons,
And thy jazzy whistled tunes;
With thy turned-up nose, no part
Of some plastic surgeon's art;
And thy long tail's jaunty grace
Curling round thy funny face;
Surcease from all shady dames
And tough heroes' fancy names.
Clown thou art—and clown continue,
Let not Tarzan's bone and sinew,
Or some gangster's Latin grace,
Make thee change thy rôle or face.
Thou has something which no tragic
Actor matches—thou hast magic
In thy land of make-believing;
Saving Minnie from her grieving,
Slaying giants on stick horses,
Far from rent bills and divorces;
With disaster always pending,
Yet sure of a happy ending.
Laughter follows by thy name—
So—here's to thee and thy fame!

HELEN CRUM, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

THE \$10 LETTER

Connie Bennett is still a big favorite with me. Even if she is supposed to be high-hat or temperamental, it doesn't seem to affect her charming entertainment value. She has the looks, she can act and she's *not* "everyday."

Recently when the whole world looked dark, after a particularly trying week of making beds and doing dishes, wiping little noses or kissing big bumps, I dropped into "What Price Hollywood," just to watch her for a few hours, and the whole world seemed different. I bought a

bit of allover lace, came home decidedly refreshed, tackled the necessary household chores and then—I made a new lace top for an old black skirt (suggested by one sequence in the picture)—cut bangs *a la* Bennett, and faced the world again with new pep.

F. BEATRICE MACK, San Francisco, Calif.

THE \$5 LETTER

A few words from the land of Pharaohs about films and stars. Able artists should appear only in interesting plays. Sometimes the play is so poor and uninteresting, but the actors are able and famous. Just the same as books, with fine edition, luxuriously clothed, but with nonsense materials. George Arliss demonstrated his wonderful and most excellent

THOSE fighting fans of Clark Gable! How they did bombard us with brickbats for our recent article, "Will Clark Gable Last?" in which the writer merely intimated, as her personal opinion, that Clark might not be as versatile an actor as he is a convincing one. She must be wrong—fifty million fans can't be!

Readers are still raving about Connie Bennett's performance in "What Price Hollywood"—strange that the "orchid girl of the screen" should make her biggest hit to date in the rôle of a movie-struck waitress!

"American Madness," "The First Year," and "Red-Headed Woman" continue to be the most discussed pictures. And folks say they want to laugh more, and they say a lot of other interesting things, too, so read their letters for yourself. And then tell us what you think.

capacity as an actor in "Disraeli"—the right man in the right cinema.

Producers advertise the star who will play in next picture. Not a word about the story. It seems the general public must only attend cinema performances to admire the beauty of the star. But no, no, we do not attend cinemas as to a beauty parlor!

YERVANT KUTCHUKIAN, Alexandria, Egypt.

THAT ABLE GABLE

There was entirely too much prejudice in that article in your August issue about Clark Gable. "He isn't versatile"? How do you know? Whose fault is it that he's given "typical Clark Gable parts"? George Arliss always plays "typical George Arliss parts" and no one dreams of panning him!

MARY A. BALL, Torrington, Conn.

I've lived in Houston several years and was here at the time Gable was leading man in the stock company. I never missed a week. I saw Gable play all sorts of rôles and never found him lacking in any part. He's a real man and a real actor, and I hope his success will last.

MOZELLE CAMES, Houston, Texas.

It seems to me that Clark Gable is Rudolph Valentino, come back to life. Why not have Mr. Gable play a rôle in an Arabian picture to prove he is a new Valentino? He can do it.

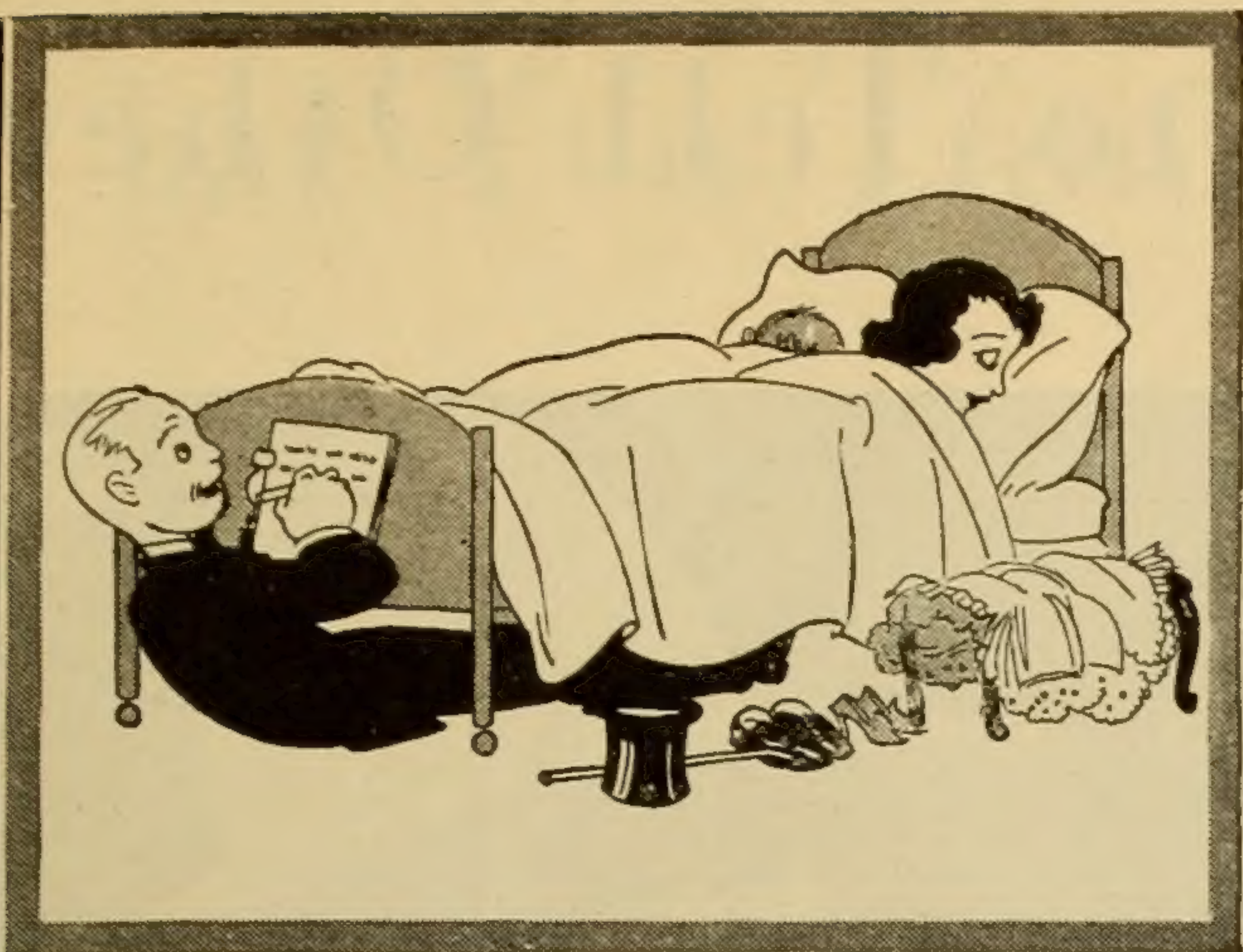
ROBERT NASIF SHEBAN, Cleveland, O.

LIONEL AND KAREN

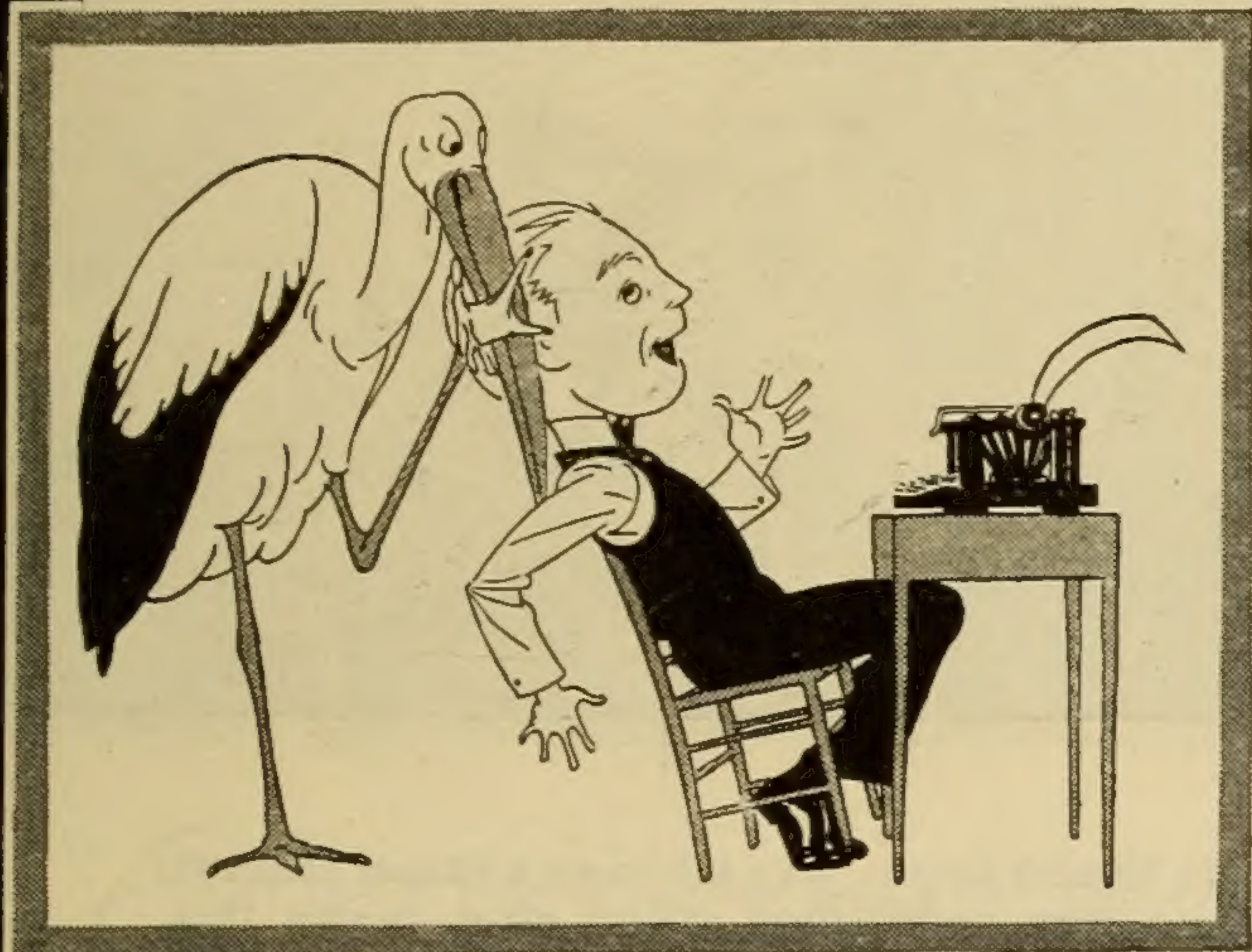
Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley should be teamed again and again, for they do brilliant work together. They, and the unusual theme of "The Washington Masquerade," made that a memorable picture for me.

JACK UNGER, Boston, Mass.

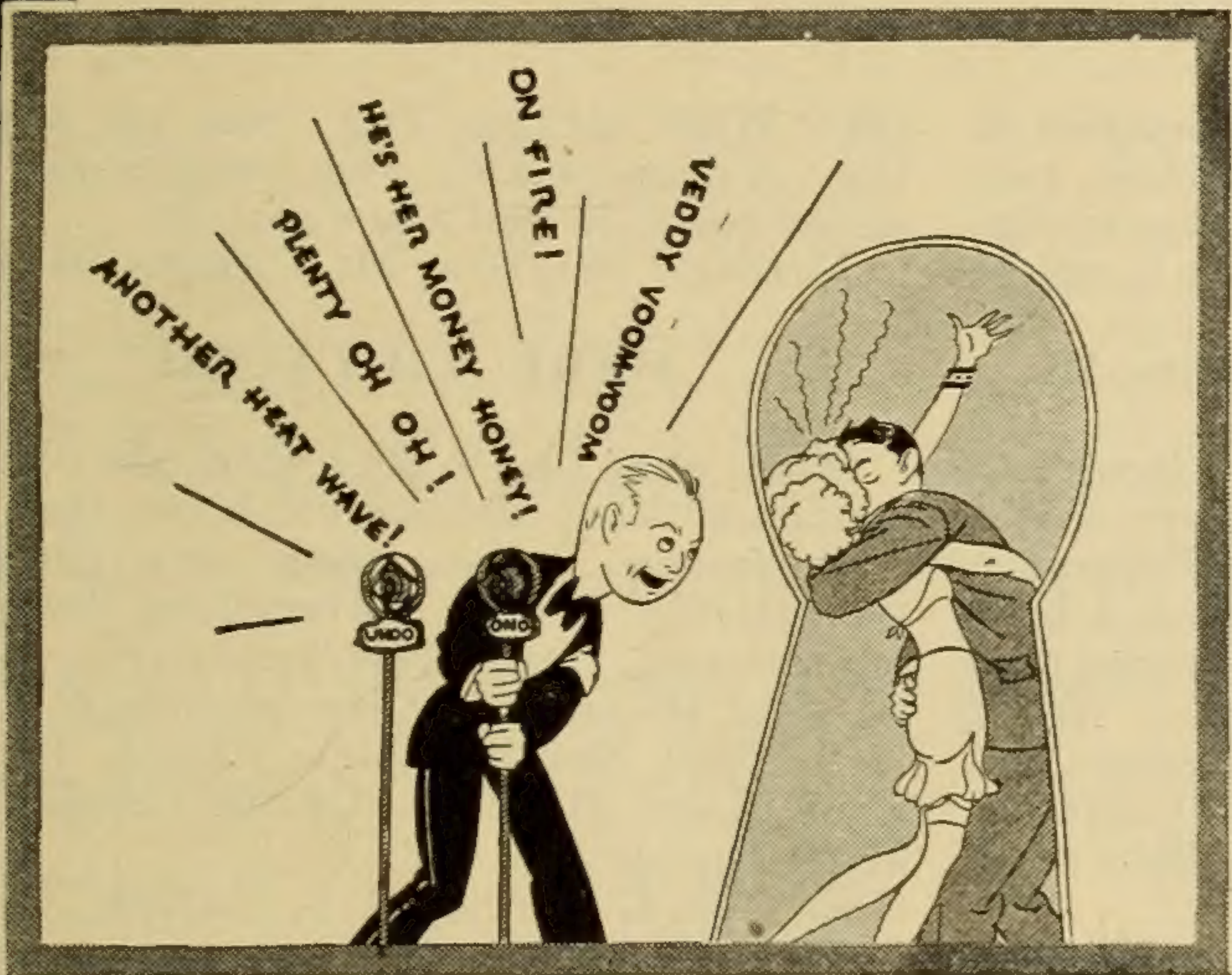
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]



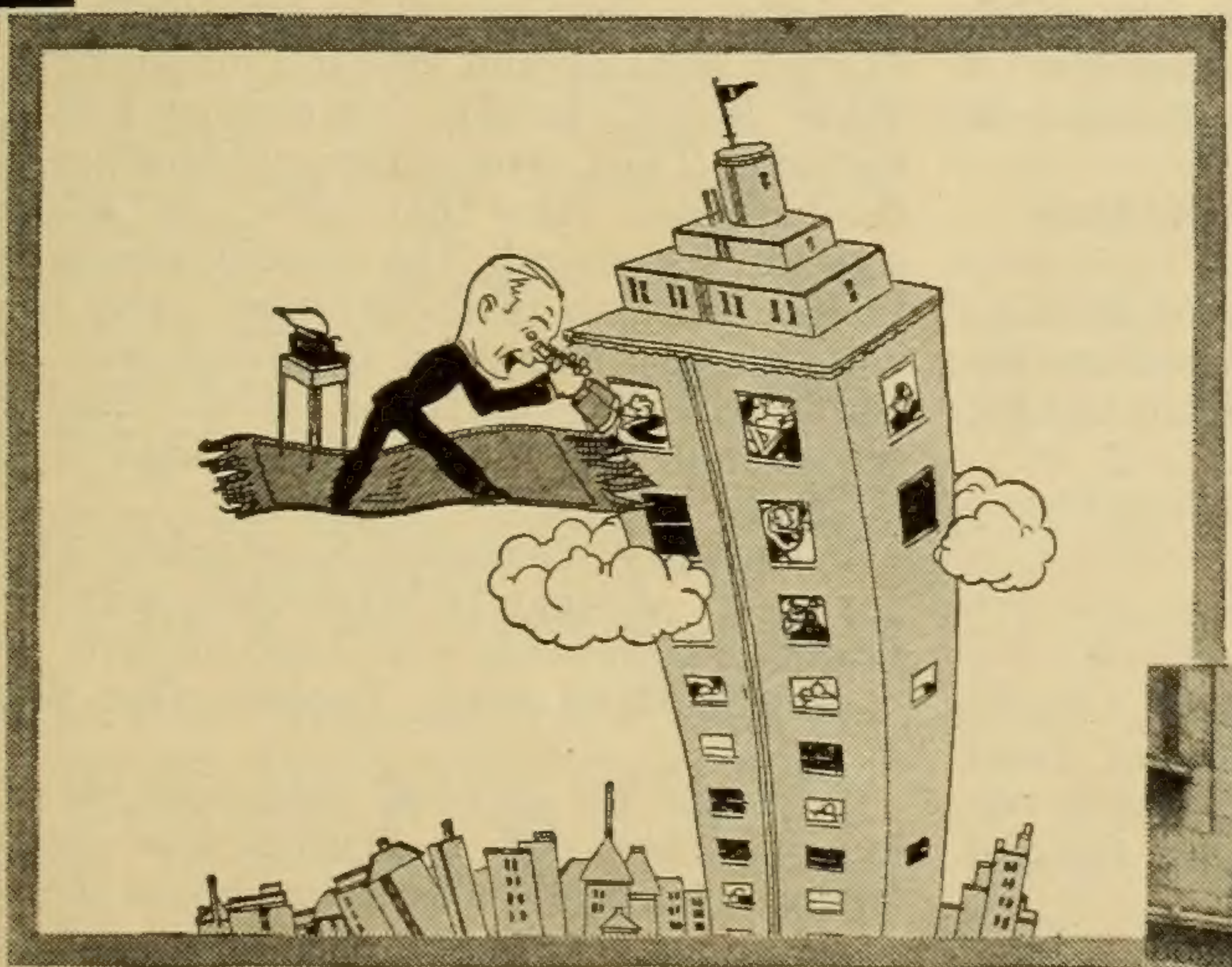
He has bedroom eyes—
and a nose for news . . .



Predicts babies like the weather
bureau predicts the weather . . .

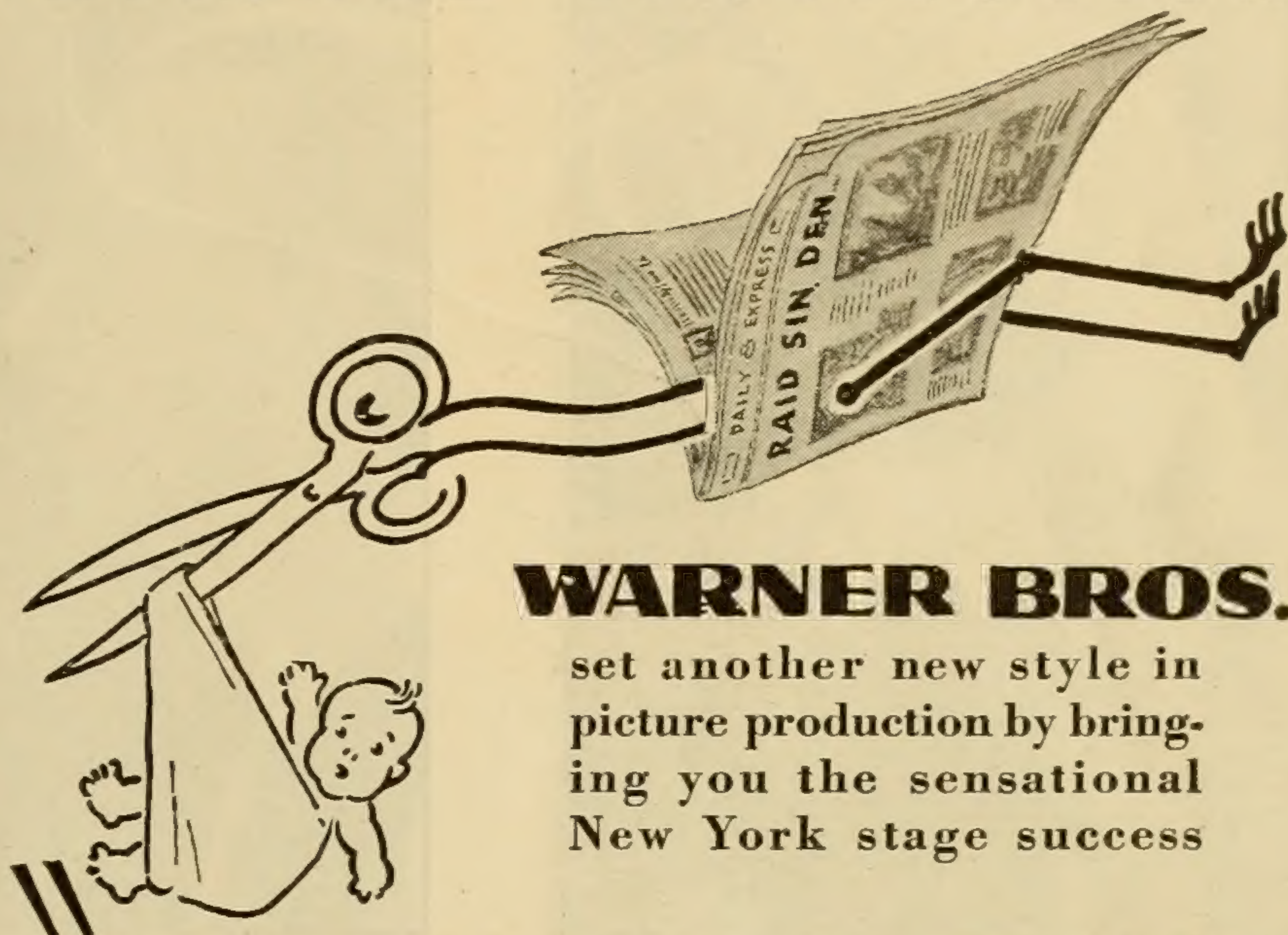


Sells scandal by the square inch—and
cleans up in the shock market . . .



Sees all—knows all—
and tells everything!

Here it is! The scandalous comedy
of a scandal columnist who rose
**FROM A KEYHOLE TO A
NATIONAL INSTITUTION**



WARNER BROS.

set another new style in
picture production by bring-
ing you the sensational
New York stage success

BLESSED EVENT

with **LEE TRACY . . . MARY BRIAN**

DICK POWELL

Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH**



The famous Longacre
Theatre where New York
crowded to pay \$3.30 a
seat to see "Blessed Event"

The private life of the
man who abolished pri-
vacy...The lowdown on
the Gossip King whose
name bounced from
Broadway 'round the
world!...Take the *Los Angeles Times*' word for
it—"it's the best screen
entertainment seen in
many a day" . . . By all
means watch for your
theatre's announce-
ment of this great hit.



WARNER BROS.

will bring you the new season's
biggest thrills!

Here's Your Chance to Tell Others



Musical films like "The Desert Song" linger in the memory, according to many letters. "Give us good pictures with gay songs and pleasing singers, and we'll give them our support at the box-office," one man writes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

BETTER BUY SEASON TICKETS!

I took my brood of four children, youngest eight, eldest seventeen, to see "Congorilla." The result? I have had to promise I will take them all back again. They are fascinated by the pygmies and won't be satisfied until we have another "Congorilla Theater Party."

MRS. JOHN T. THOMAS, Chicago, Ill.

STUART ERWIN

Have just seen "Make Me A Star," and if that picture doesn't make a star of Stuart Erwin, there just isn't any justice! It was one of the finest performances I've seen in many a day. In fact, it was far finer than a "performance." I've always admired Stuart Erwin, but in this picture he is simply amazing.

MRS. D. W. LAWHON, Shreveport, La.

"AMERICAN MADNESS"

I cannot find words to express my great ad-



"Make Me A Star," with Stuart Erwin, was taken as a literal request by his loyal fans. "And why not?" they asked after seeing this picture. And Paramount echoed, "Why not?" But Stuart wants good, meaty rôles, regardless of whether or not they are stellar parts. So, still wearing that bewildered look, he turned down stardom

miration for Walter Huston's performance in "American Madness." He was earnest, convincing and completely natural. I never miss one of his pictures, because I know it will be among the best if he is in it.

MRS. L. A. VICKERY, Kansas City, Mo.

What an interesting picture "American Madness" is. I never realized before that a story about Big Business and the Depression could be made so entertaining, and I have never seen more gripping, intense scenes than those during the run on the bank. Walter Huston gave a remarkable performance, and Pat O'Brien ran him a close second. Constance Cummings is new to me, but now I'll be eager to see her next picture. She's sweet!

HENRIETTE LESLIE, Spokane, Wash.

THAT "FIRST YEAR"

Don't give us any more pictures in which Gaynor and Farrell squabble as they did in "The First Year." Keep them sweethearts in their pictures.

HARRIETT A. EGER, Springfield, Mass.

Leila Bennett, the colored maid of the long stage run of "The First Year," repeating the rôle in pictures, steals the show from Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor.

E. C. WILSON, Kansas City, Mo.

QUICK REPAIRS

At the end of "The First Year," Charles Farrell fights with an old admirer of Janet Gaynor and his coat sleeve is torn nearly out of the coat. Yet, a few minutes later, the coat is apparently all right.

M. E. HEADRICK, Windsor, Ont., Can.

In "The First Year," in which Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell starred, I noticed the following slip-up in the scene between Tom and

Dick: While fighting, Tom's coat was torn in two. A moment later, while being carried out on the porch, he had a new coat on.

MILDRED SHARROW, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

MAKE 'EM LAUGH

Often, when I go to see a show, the comedy or the animated cartoons are better than the main feature. I've grown very tired of the majority of films. Everything has gone sophisticated, "mysterious," and *Garbo*. What we want is comedy. Give us more of ZaSu Pitts, Ford Sterling, Eddie Cantor, Harold Lloyd, Lloyd Hamilton, Charlie Chaplin and Marie Dressler!

RICHARD C. LITTLEHALES, Portland, Ore.

After a monotonous day's work, I think there is nothing so grand and so restful as to laugh. I love to watch Marie Dressler, the queen of comedy, cavorting with Polly Moran, Marie's sidekick and able foil for Marie's wit. Wally Beery's boyish grin endears him to all his fans. Then there is Jimmy Durante—he of the big nose. How that accent and schnozzle slay the audiences! The comedy teams—Stan Laurel, with his pitiful whimper, and Hardy, with his coy manner and patient air. ZaSu Pitts, with her fluttering hands, frightened voice, and "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" manner.

Personality? Glamour? Sex-appeal? They've got more of what it takes than any of the dramatic stars could ever hope to have.

AMY F. MCCLINTON, Toronto, Ont., Can.

I like to see pictures that send me away laughing, not with a depressed or unhappy feeling. There will always be films of the latter variety, however, and what would happen if there were no short subjects to brighten the program? I especially enjoy Eddie Buzzell's "Bedtime Stories for Grown-ups." The one about Columbus discovering America will

What You Think of Pictures and Stars



"The sweet love of a man and wife" and other fine qualities portrayed in "The Doomed Battalion" won the praise of a mother who saw this film with her young daughter. "What an inspiration for something fine was given young people," this mother writes in speaking of the fine performance of Tala Birell and Luis Trenker

always remain in my memory. Please, for goodness' sake, don't let anybody stop him from continuing his silly but delightful nonsense.

And when a cartoon of Mickey Mouse or Betty Boop flashes on the screen I know I can sit back and smile, if only for a little while.

WILLIAM FRYE, Milwaukee, Wis.

SHE SIGHS FOR THE "SINGIES"

Just because producers gave singing actors poor pictures that the public didn't patronize, must we be deprived of hearing our favorite stars sing in good pictures? Please let us have more singing from Ramon Novarro and John Boles, in pictures as good as "The Pagan," "Desert Song," and "Rio Rita."

BETTINA BONNELL.

"WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD"

The fans who have been knocking Constance Bennett by saying that she is too aloof have an opportunity to realize how wrong they have been all the time.

To those brickbat throwers, I recommend "What Price Hollywood," in which Miss Bennett exhibits, more than ever, her charm and personality. The part of the waitress who climbs to the pinnacle of movie fame is Miss Bennett's greatest and she plays it with much sincerity and understanding.

ALBERT MANSKI, Boston, Mass.

"What Price Hollywood" is a knockout! Found it so entertaining that I stayed to see it twice. Lowell Sherman plays his part magnificently. He is so hilariously funny he almost runs away with the picture. But, of course, the audience cannot help but cast admiring eyes frequently upon the gorgeous Constance Bennett, who is sweeter and acts better than ever.

FRANCES C. STATZER, Jersey City, N. J.

TYPING GEORGE RAFT?

I am one of the new army of George Raft admirers, and have been since seeing "Scarface," which I attended over and over again. In my opinion there is no actor on the screen today who has Raft's potentialities. He can take a part and make it live without overacting. But I am afraid his ability will not be recognized fully unless he is given different rôles. How can his popularity last if it is built only on gangster parts, of which we are already surfeited?

MRS. CLEO KRANZ, New York City.

PICTURES IN PRISON

One of the greatest diversions the inmates of San Quentin Prison have from routine is the weekly movie show. These shows are linked up with the Educational Department of the prison and are a direct incentive to study. Admission to the show is based on regular attention to class studies, and merit, not money, is the admission price.

Travel and war pictures are probably the most popular. Movies here encourage men and women to read, and in the library of 19,000 volumes the books most in demand are those that have been filmed.

And may I inject a purely personal opinion from one who has not long been confined behind these gray walls?—one wearies of the never-ending sex pictures that are turned out with machine-like regularity.

E. J. C., San Quentin, Calif.

"LADY AND GENT"

Acting, directing and dialogue are nearly perfect in "Lady and Gent," starring George Bancroft, Wynne Gibson and James Gleason. Wynne Gibson's characterization of the hard-lusted lady, ashamed of her womanliness, and George Bancroft's presentation of the slow-witted, soft-hearted pugilist could not be



Betty Bronson and Mary are still praised like to "ren And many for the romantic entino, of V of petite Marguerite Clark

excelled, while James Gleason has a part as the fighter's manager just suited to talking with his mouth aslant, and is at his best.

"Lady and Gent" proves our human relationship "under the skin."

EMEROI STACY, Portland, Ore.

"THE DOOMED BATTALION"

My twelve-year-old daughter and I have just seen "The Doomed Battalion." There were no difficult questions for me to answer, because the picture contained, among other things of beauty and interest:

The sweet love of a man and wife; their uncompromised friendship for another man; an adorable baby; fine patriotism; a skiing exhibition, daring and breathtaking; and gorgeous mountain scenery.

In front of us sat a row of absorbed young boys. Behind us was a row of equally interested girls.

What an inspiration for something fine was given them by this picture, and what a source of real pleasure it was.

GLENDIA OPPENHEIM, Boise, Idaho.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

STAR POWER



Marion Davies



Norma Shearer



Joan Crawford



Marie Dressler



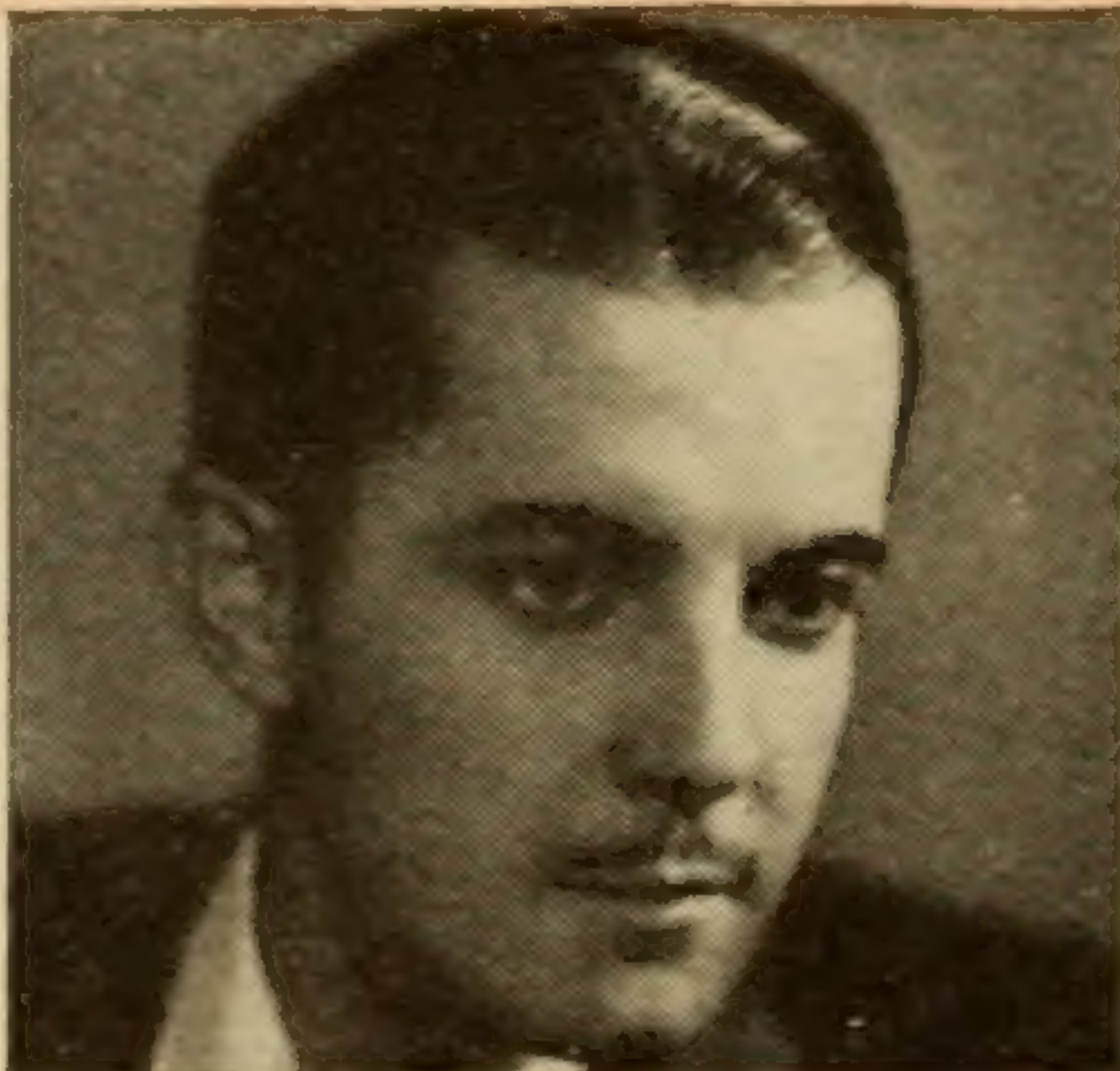
Greta Garbo



Jimmy Durante



Buster Keaton



Ramon Novarro



John Gilbert



Laurel & Hardy



Directed by Edmund Goulding
From Vicki Baum's Play



Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

Other M-G-M Personalities:

Lewis Stone
Polly Moran
Jean Hersholt
Jean Harlow
John Weissmuller
Walter Huston
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Karen Morley
Dorothy Jordan
Leila Hyams
Joan Marsh
John Miljan

Conrad Nagel
Robert Young
Nils Asther
Wallace Ford
Ralph Graves
Neil Hamilton
Myrna Loy
Una Merkel
Verree Teasdale
Helen Coburn
Nora Gregor
Hedda Hopper
Diane Sinclair

Louise Closser Hale
Ruth Selwyn
Diana Wynyard
William Bakewell
Helene Barclay
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlyle
Claire DuBrey
Muriel Evans
Lawrence Grant
Gertrude Michael
Kane Richmond
May Robson

METRO-



Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"... "HELL DIVERS"... "POSSESSED"... "TARZAN THE APE MAN"... "MATA HARI"... "THE CHAMP"... "RED-HEADED WOMAN"... *space prevents listing them all!* A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.



Clark Gable



Wallace Beery



John Barrymore



Ethel Barrymore



Lionel Barrymore



Helen Hayes



Jackie Cooper



William Haines



Colleen Moore

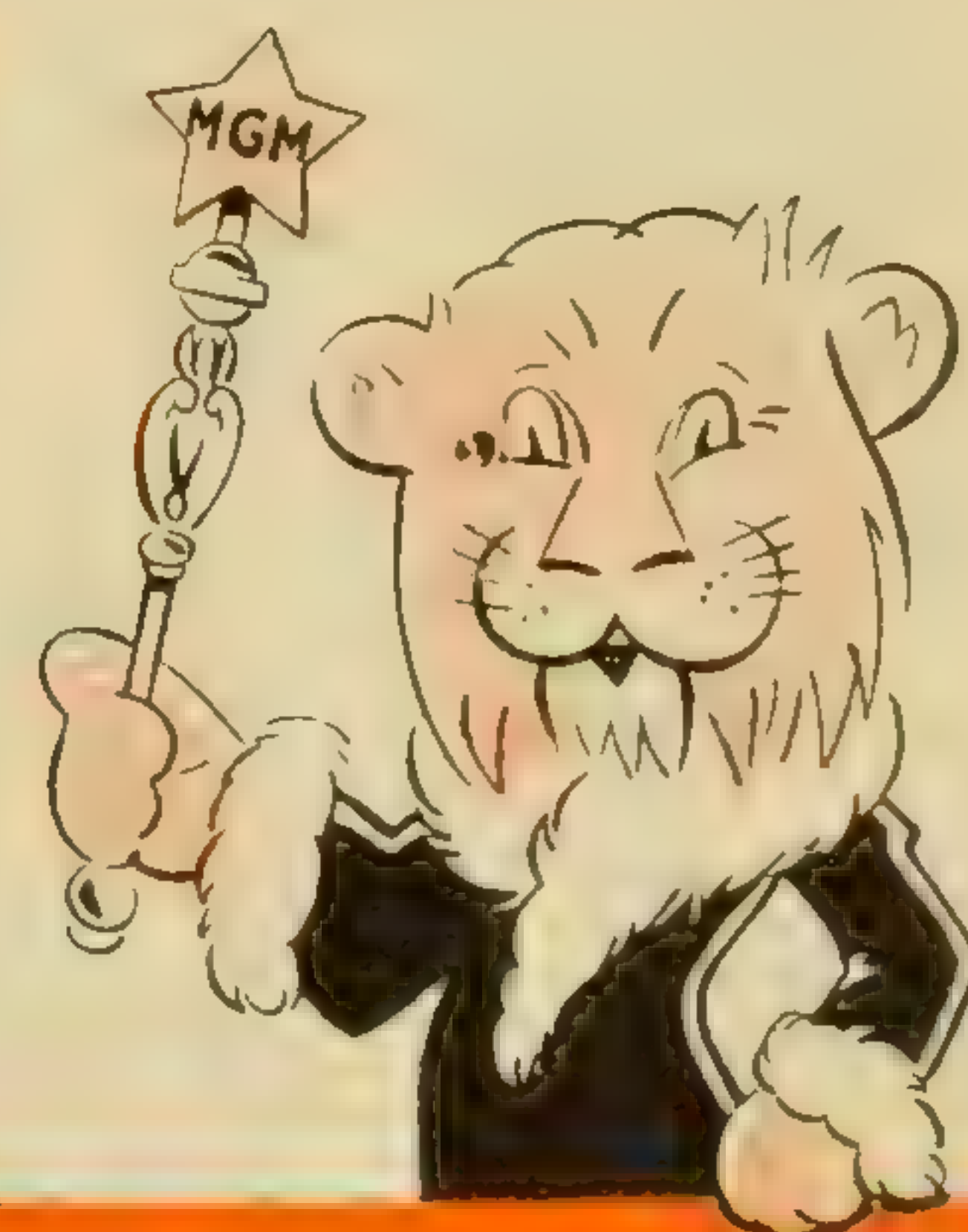


Rob't Montgomery

M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!

GRAND HOTEL...STRANGE INTERLUDE...NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH...MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY...JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK...WALLACE BEERY in FLESH...JACKIE COOPER in FATHER AND SONS

— and many others



GOLDWYN-MAYER

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFTER TOMORROW—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (May)

★ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Here's your chance for a true-to-life look at a co-educational college. And don't miss Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, who does exceptional acting. (Sept.)

AIR EAGLES—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

AMATEUR DADDY—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

★ **AMERICAN MADNESS**—Columbia.—Here is the first picture that looks "The Depression" straight in the eye. Don't miss it! Walter Huston's performance is flawless. (Sept.)

AREN'T WE ALL?—Paramount-British Prod.—Gertrude Lawrence in a very British, very, very talkie Lonsdale comedy. (Sept.)

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

ARM OF THE LAW, THE—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair-mystery story. (July)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

AVALANCHE—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou in a sophisticated and amusingly cynical piece about marriage and all that. (Aug.)

BACHELOR'S FOLLY—World Wide-Gainsborough.—All about honor among race-horse owners. With those two real-life romancers, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. (Sept.)

★ **BACK STREET**—Universal.—Fannie Hurst's heartrending tale of unconventional love, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles rise to new heights. (Sept.)

BEHIND THE MASK—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and chill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

BEHIND STONE WALLS—Mavfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

BIG CITY BLUES—Warners.—Just another version of the innocent youth in the big city—this time with Joan Blondell and Eric Linden. (Aug.)

BIG PARADE, THE—M-G-M. (Reissued with sound)—Sound effects skillfully added to an old favorite. (Aug.)

BIG TIMER, THE—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

★ **BLESSED EVENT**—Warners.—A real picture, with Lee Tracy hilariously funny as the big-shot chatter columnist. (Aug.)

BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

BORDER DEVILS—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)

BROKEN WING, THE—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (May)

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (May)

Two big
INSIDE
STORIES
will "break"
in the
NOVEMBER
PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands
October 15th

CARELESS LADY—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

CARNIVAL BOAT—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)

CHEATERS AT PLAY—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (May)

★ **CONGORILLA**—Fox.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures among a tribe of Congo pygmies in Africa. Great stuff! (Sept.)

CONGRESS DANCES—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)

COUNTY FAIR, THE—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

CROSS-EXAMINATION—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (April)

CROWD ROARS, THE—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

CRY OF THE WORLD, THE—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC—Explorer's Film Prod.—If you're an ardent travelog fan, you may want to add this to your collection. Not unusual. (Sept.)

★ **DARK HORSE, THE**—First National.—One of the funniest films in years—a political satire with Warren William and Guy Kibbee. You must see this. (Aug.)

★ **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

DEVIL'S LOTTERY—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

DISCARDED LOVERS—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (April)

DOCTOR X—First National.—Something new—a murder mystery in Technicolor with plenty of thrills. (Aug.)

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert does his best work in a long time as a chauffeur who bestows his attentions on both his lady boss and her maid. (Sept.)

DOWN TO EARTH—Fox.—In which Will Rogers gives some good advice about the depression. An entertaining little film. (Sept.)

DRAGNET PATROL—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (April)

DRIFTER, THE—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (April)

ESCAPADE—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

EXPERT, THE—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (April)

FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



LEW AYRES

reaches the very top of his career in the character of a newspaper columnist who thought more of his country than he did of his life, in—

with
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

"OKAY AMERICA" is the snappiest, time-liest picture ever made and the finest performance **LEW AYRES** has ever given the screen. This picture shows the courage, the great sense of loyalty and of duty of the newspaper man. This is the first time the newspaper man has been shown without a bottle of gin—and the picture shows the power of the press and the radio in battling crime.

The story deals with the kidnapping by gangsters of the daughter of a Cabinet Member and reveals in a *fast moving, tensely dramatic* story how a newspaper man solves a mystery that baffles the police and also how *he sacrifices himself to bring to a halt the racketeering in human souls.*

It is more than a newspaper picture—more than a radio picture. It is full of suspense—full of thrills—full of intense excitement—yet modern and true.

Story and screen play by
William Anthony McGuire
the author of many screen successes
Directed by **TAY GARNETT**

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

"FAST COMPANIONS"—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.")—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

FINAL EDITION—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (April)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—First National.—Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (April)

★ **FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a story about the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. Well worth seeing. (Sept.)

FLAMES—First Division-Monogram.—If a fire engine siren thrills you, this picture is just your meat. Johnny Mack Brown is the hero. (Aug.)

FOOL'S ADVICE, A—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (April)

FORBIDDEN COMPANY—Invincible.—Just another story of the rich young man and the poor girl. Ho-hum! (Sept.)

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount.—C. B. DeMille's "Ten Commandments" incorporated into a story of what Hollywood thinks modern Russia must be. Don't bother. (Aug.)

GAY CABALLERO, THE—Fox.—George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (April)

GET THAT GIRL—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

GIRL CRAZY—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (May)

GOLDEN MOUNTAINS—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

GOONA-GOONA—First Division.—A charming love story taken from an island of Bali legend. All native cast. (Sept.)

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

HEART OF NEW YORK, THE—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide.—Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Not much story, but plenty of action. (Sept.)

HIGH SPEED—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

HOLD 'EM JAIL—RKO-Radio.—The kids and grown-ups, too, will get a kick out of Wheeler and Woolsey's impossible gags and the knock-out game by the jail football team. (Sept.)

HOTEL CONTINENTAL—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (April)

HUDDLE—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

★ **IGLOO**—Universal.—A grand real life film of the Eskimo's struggle for existence. Educational and exciting. (Aug.)

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (April)

★ **IS MY FACE RED?**—Radio Pictures.—Ricardo Cortez as America's premiere chatter columnist on the loose. Great stuff. (Aug.)

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (May)

JEWEL ROBBERY, THE—Warners.—William Powell as a handsome and amorous burglar in a fairly gay film that tries to be smarter than it is. Kay Francis, excellent. (Aug.)

KEEPERS OF YOUTH—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (May)

LADY AND GENT—Paramount.—George Bancroft, as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter, does a grand job. You'll like Wynne Gibson, too. (Sept.)

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathé.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE—Mascot Pictures Corp.—A stirring serialization of the Cooper classic, that you'll want to follow from the first to the last chapter. (Aug.)

LAW AND ORDER—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (May)

LAW OF THE WEST—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

LENA RIVERS—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, huh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as *Le'ty*. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

LOVE BOUND—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

LOVE IN HIGH GEAR—Mayfair Pictures.—This is supposed to be funny. It isn't. All about brides, grooms and stolen pearls. (Sept.)

LOVE IS A RACKET—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

LOVE'S COMMAND—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount.—Alison Skipworth as a crook who poses as a countess, gives one of those performances you don't forget. You'll get a full quota of laughs. (Sept.)

★ **MAKE ME A STAR**—Paramount.—Magnificent blending of laughs, tears and Hollywood studio secrets. Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell are great! (Aug.)

MAN ABOUT TOWN—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

MAN CALLED BACK, THE—Tiffany.—That old plot about the doctor who fumbled an important operation is all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. (Sept.)

MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES—World Wide.—Gun play, flying fists and fast horsemanship in this Bob Steele Western. (Aug.)

MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE—Paramount.—Another modern version of "Enoch Arden," this time with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. (Aug.)

MAN'S LAND, A—First Division-Allied.—Cattle rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding. (Aug.)

MAN WANTED—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

MENACE, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (April)

★ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—Paramount.—Fredric March plays the rôle of a charming drunkard, and you'll like Sylvia Sidney. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT LADY, THE—Chesterfield.—The old "Madame X" story, but an evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Andy Clyde make this one continual round of swell fun and nonsense. (Sept.)

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sidney. (May)

MISLEADING LADY, THE—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

MISS PINKERTON—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

MISSING REMBRANDT, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

MONSTER WALKS, THE—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (April)

MONTE CARLO MADNESS—UFA—First Division.—A foreign-made musical with a few gay tunes and Sari Maritza, now making pictures in this country. (Aug.)

★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd's first in two years—the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame—is a peach of a picture and how sorry you'll be if you miss it. (Sept.)

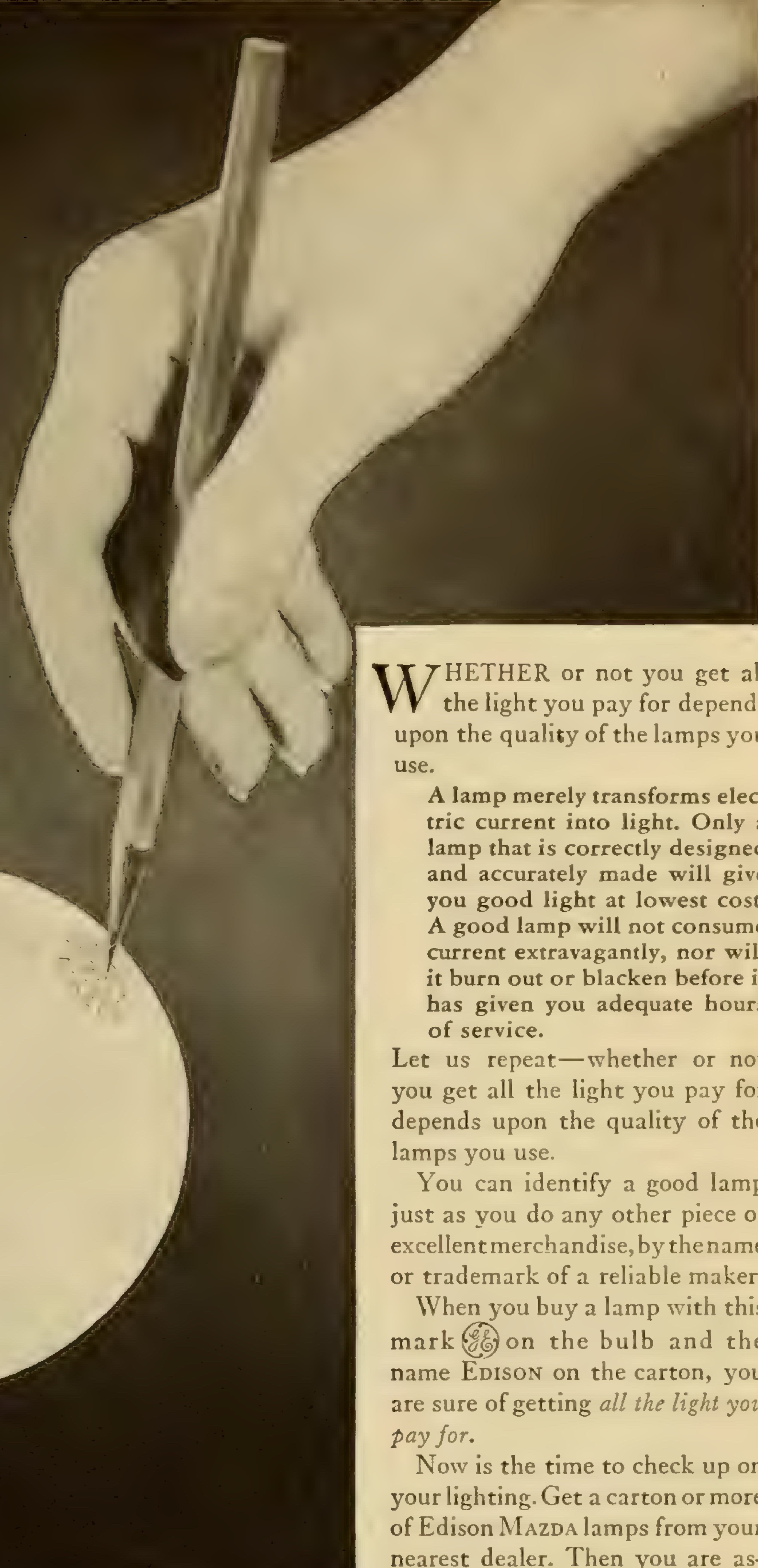
MOUTHPIECE, THE—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

	Page		Page		Page
Beauty Parlor—Chesterfield	98	Horse Feathers—Paramount	52	One Way Passage—Warners	53
Bird of Paradise—RKO-Radio	54	Isle of Paradise—Adolph Pollak Prod.	98	Painted Woman, The—Fox	97
Blondie of the Follies—M-G-M	55	Last Mile, The—World Wide	55	Passport to Hell, A—Fox	98
Cabin in the Cotton, The—First National	97	Life Begins—First National	52	70,000 Witnesses—Paramount-Charles R. Rogers	97
Crash, The—First National	55	Love Me Tonight—Paramount	52	Sign of Four, The—World Wide	98
Crooner—First National	54	Most Dangerous Game, The—RKO-Radio	54	Thirteen Women—RKO-Radio	97
Devil and the Deep—Paramount	54	Night Club Lady, The—Columbia	55	Tiger Shark—First National	54
Divorce in the Family—M-G-M	54	Night Mayor, The—Columbia	97	Two Against the World—Warners	97
Guilty as Hell—Paramount	55	Okay America!—Universal	53	Unholy Love—First Division-Allied	98
Hollywood Speaks—Columbia	97	Once in a Lifetime—Universal	53	War Correspondent—Columbia	55



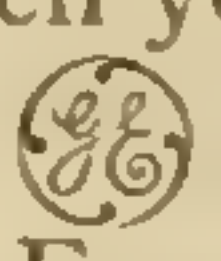
This mark means
good light
at low cost!

WHETHER or not you get all the light you pay for depends upon the quality of the lamps you use.

A lamp merely transforms electric current into light. Only a lamp that is correctly designed and accurately made will give you good light at lowest cost. A good lamp will not consume current extravagantly, nor will it burn out or blacken before it has given you adequate hours of service.

Let us repeat—whether or not you get all the light you pay for depends upon the quality of the lamps you use.

You can identify a good lamp just as you do any other piece of excellent merchandise, by the name or trademark of a reliable maker.

When you buy a lamp with this mark  on the bulb and the name EDISON on the carton, you are sure of getting *all the light you pay for*.

Now is the time to check up on your lighting. Get a carton or more of Edison MAZDA lamps from your nearest dealer. Then you are assured of good light at low cost.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes . . . lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight Lamps.

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]



"LIFE" AND THE MOVIES

It amuses me while reading reviews of pictures to see the critic has described a picture as "true to life." The phrase is generally used for some grim and disheartening film.

No critic can say of one small section of life, "This is life as it is," for life is lived differently everywhere. For instance, "Possessed" is just as real a picture of a certain type of New York life as "Street Scene" is of another type. There are artificial and frivolous people living artificial and frivolous lives; and there are fine, industrious people living ordinarily decent lives.

LUCY KEATING, Rochester, N. Y.

"RED-HEADED WOMAN"

Thanks to the "Red-Headed Woman" for the discovery of a new Jean Harlow. She has become a thoroughly human character, radically different from the platinum blonde.

B. L. GARLAND, Greensboro, N. C.

I've just been to see Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman." What a blues chaser that picture is. A fine picture for everyone to see because it has just enough sex to be amusing. Of course, the rôle was a little overdone, but what's the difference? Wasn't Jean good to look at no matter what she did? I cannot close this letter without a word of praise for Chester Morris. In my opinion he's a peach!

JEAN FLORIO, E. Haven, Conn.

PHOTOPLAY, how could you? After all the years that I have depended on your reviews in choosing movie diet, now you stand me up!

Usually I avoid sex-problem plays, but you gave this one such a boost! "Risqué," you said. That was nothing in the world but just plain common! And as for Jean Harlow, well! With her platinum locks she was unreal but exotic, fascinatingly different. But this new red-headed "hot-cha" girl is nothing but another carbon copy of Clara Bow. And hasn't that been done before?

HELEN PRICE, Pennington, N. J.

JOAN CRAWFORD

It seems to me that Joan Crawford has accomplished the one difficult thing so many

Scenes like this one from "Red-Headed Woman" called down storms of protest on Jean Harlow's once-platinum head. And while many people liked the red wig she wore, one disappointed movie-goer described the new Jean as "another carbon copy of Clara Bow," the old platinum Jean as "fascinatingly different"

girls dream of doing. Rising from a lower status to her present heights is in truth a modern fairy tale that holds the working girl of today entranced.

Every interview she gives out, every picture that she plays in, every photograph she has made is of vital interest because of the remarkable change that has been wrought in her since her early pictures. Is it any wonder she is fascinating to us?

NEVA O'HAMMER, Wichita, Kans.

I want to protest against the whatever-it-is Joan Crawford has done to her one and only face! It's a shame that this beautiful girl should paint her mouth so grotesquely to assure the public that she is "different." Some people tell me it is to emulate Garbo, but I doubt this.

Garbo has her place, but Joan has her own natural beauty and charm. I am waiting for her lovely young mouth to appear again, in the natural.

MRS. V. J. PATTERSON, Glendale, Calif.

HARMLESS "FLAMES"

Excuse the verse (I will be terse) and hurl my little brick.

Poetic license please forgive, I'll try and make it quick.

Have you beheld the picture "Flames"? Did you see what I saw?

Oh, well, it's nothing serious, nor yet against the law.

The girl stenogs are trapped upon a burning roof of flame,

The husky firemen rescue them, which proves that they are game.

Midst smoke, and flame, and grimy dirt they carry them to earth,

Excuse me, reader, while I pause, to hush my howls of mirth.

They bear the gals through smoke and grime, where dirt and danger bristles,

And when they set them on the ground, they're all as clean as whistles!

With gowns unruffled, chic and neat, with faces clean, ho hum!

Now can you blame a fan for growling, "What the heck? How come?"

LORRAINE E. GRANT, Jackson, Mich.

CLARA'S COMING BACK!

Three cheers for that plucky little Bow girl! Most actresses after getting the raw deal that Clara Bow got wouldn't dare try to make a "comeback" in the movies. Clara can do it, too!

DOROTHY HARRISON, Sacramento, Calif.

"TOM BROWN OF CULVER"

"Tom Brown of Culver" was a good, clean picture, full of action and drama. Pictures of such a wholesome nature are welcomed by everyone, young or old. Many parents who forbid their children to attend ordinary sex pictures will be glad to allow Junior and Mary to see this one. Let's have more of them.

BILL JAMES, Birmingham, Ala.

FROM THREE SCHOOL TEACHERS

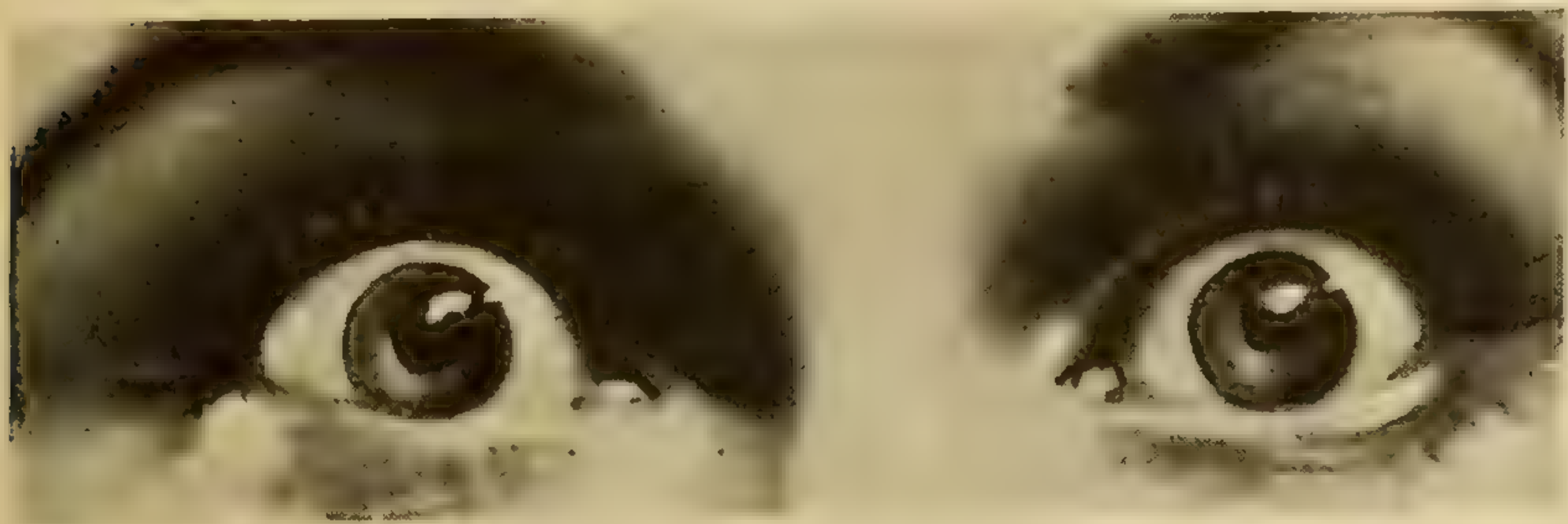
I was teaching a country school twenty-five miles from a town, and boarding in the house of one of my pupils. The stork visited the home without the aid of a doctor, and the mother passed on within the week.

The question of feeding the child arose. There was no nipple in the house, but in racking my mind for something to substitute I recalled how, in "His Woman," with Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert, they used an old rubber glove and an empty bottle. It worked fine as an emergency measure, and baby went to sleep contented.

MARY FORD, Fort Smith, Ark.

When you tuned in on your local NBC Station and heard the first chapter of "The Phantom of Crestwood"

WERE YOU THRILLED!



IF YOU MISSED THE BEGINNING TUNE IN NOW. YOU'LL GET ALL OF THE STORY AND HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF THE 100 MONEY REWARDS.

Didn't you grip the arms of your chair and feel like "jumping into the affair"? Well, you *can* jump into it. You are hereby engaged as the detective in this absorbing mystery!

ON THE AIR EVERY FRIDAY

until Sept. 30 at 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, 10:30 Eastern Daylight, 8:30 Central Standard, 7:30 Mountain Standard, 6:30 Pacific Standard over the NBC Network of 58 Stations.

\$6000 REWARD

WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING

to this fascinating mystery. All but the final chapter will be broadcast. Your solution may win \$1,500.

Answers should be original. The winners will not necessarily be anything like the solution already written by Bartlett Cormack, author.

"THE

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD"

Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing rules and prize list from your local theatre or from any office of the RKO Distributing Corporation.

CONTEST JUDGES

Hugh Weir · Albert Payson Terhune · O.O. McIntyre
Montague Glass · Peter B. Kyne · Julia Peterkin

**RADIO PICTURES
BROADCAST SPECIAL**

Hear it on the air! . . . Then SEE this great RKO-Radio Feature Picture with

**RICARDO CORTEZ
KAREN MORLEY**

Anita Louise · H. B. Warner
Pauline Frederick · Robt. McWade
Aileen Pringle · Mary Duncan
Gavin Gordon · Geo. E. Stone

**TO BE SHOWN IN LEADING
THEATRES BEGINNING THE
MIDDLE OF OCTOBER**

Kay Francis

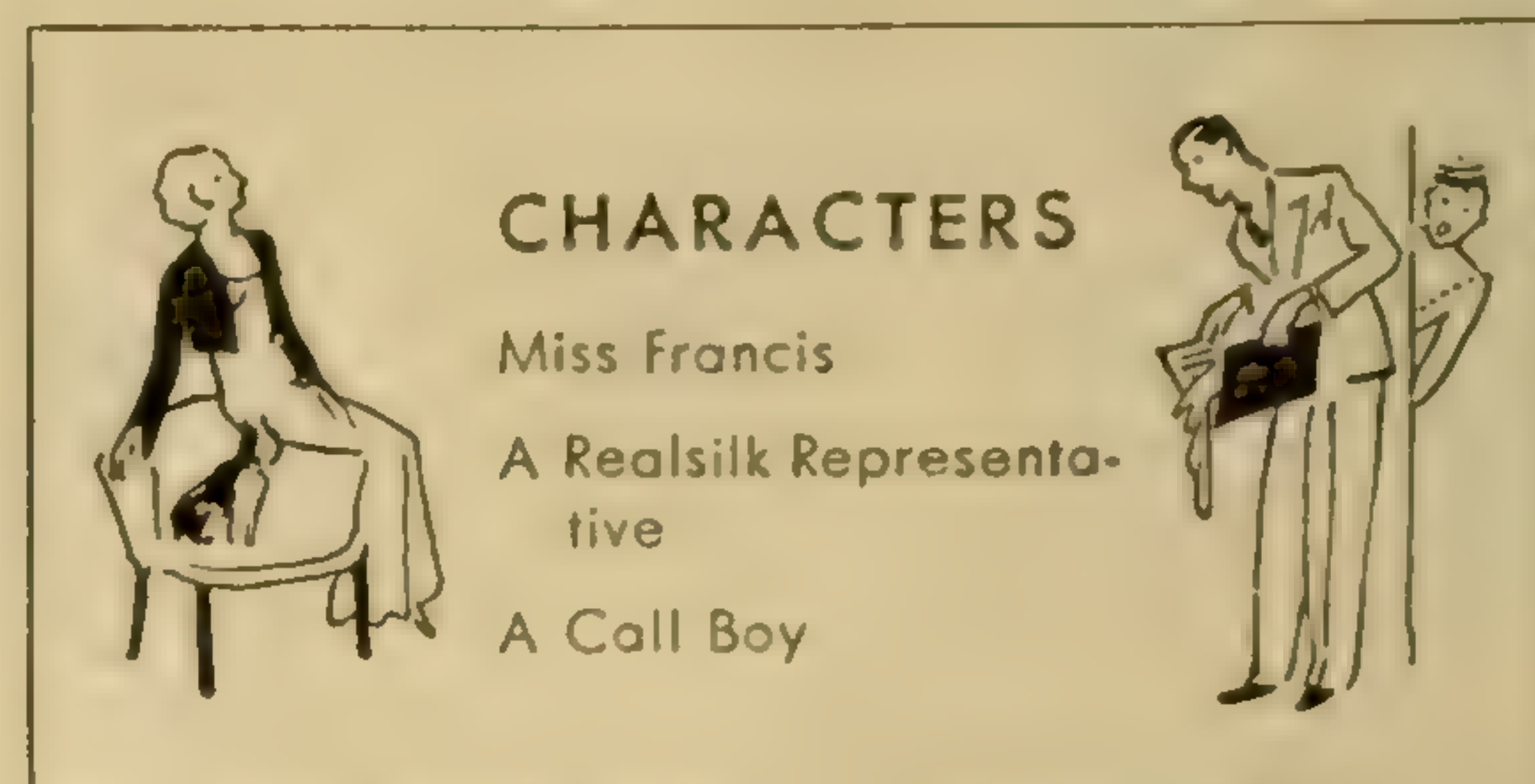
BUYS SOME STOCKINGS

AN ADVERTISING TALKIE



Kay Francis, charming "aristocrat of the screen," scored big hits in "Street of Women" and "The Jewel Robbery." Her most recent success is "One Way Passage"—All Warner Brothers pictures.

Realsilk stockings reach you, on an average, less than 30 days after manufacture, due to Realsilk's method of selling direct from mills, eliminating all in-between steps and delays. Fresher silk is only one of Realsilk's seven exclusive features. Sold only in home or office—never in stores. . . . Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. World's largest manufacturer of silk hosiery. . . . Branches in 200 cities. Listed in your telephone directory.



CHARACTERS

Miss Francis

A Realsilk Representative

A Call Boy

Miss F. I've heard people go into raptures over fresh coffee, fresh cigarettes, or even fresh air, but fresh stockings! What's the point?

Realsilker *The same as other fresh things—they're better. In this case—stronger, stand more strain—you know what happens to old silk. We can furnish fresh silk because we sell direct—don't waste time with a lot of in-between steps. . .*

Miss F. (Holding stocking to light.) Sounds like a good idea, but take these stockings here. They're deliciously sheer—sheer audacity I'd say—the kind you have to look at twice to make sure they're there. They may be as fresh as fresh can be, but what I want to know is—

Realsilker "How long will they last?" isn't that it?

Miss F. Yes, that's the question. I suppose you'll tell me that cobwebs are strong as hammocks if they're spun by fresh spiders. . . . Never mind, we must have sheerness. Legs are the pillars of society in Hollywood. And truly, these stockings are lovely.

Call Boy Two minutes, Miss Francis.

Realsilker *A dozen pairs of these then—six in the new Nomad shade, and six of the Taupe-Mist?*

Miss F. Good—and see they're hurried to me fresh.

—and She Does Buy Realsilk

The most interesting part of this advertising talkie, to us, is the fact that Miss Francis is a regular Realsilk customer and very graciously permitted us to use her name and picture in this manner.

The *fresh* Silk Stockings
REAL SILK
 with 7 Exclusive Features



Clarence Sinclair Bull

THIS is the little minx who steals all the Hollywood beaux and sets glamorous stars wondering how she does it. Here's the secret. It's that smile. And that cute Southern accent. Yes, suh. Having done such a good movie job with Dick Barthelmess in "The Cabin in the Cotton," Dorothy Jordan won a splendid rôle in "70,000 Witnesses"



IT could only happen in pictures—or to Clara Bow. Who would have expected the rather plump and picture-weary star to emerge from her desert ranch, looking like this? It is one of the first portraits of the new Bow, taken just before her comeback picture, "Call Her Savage." But should we? A different girl now with a different and happy viewpoint



REMEMBER the grand job Eric Linden did as the pinch-hit auto racer in "The Crowd Roars"? The lad has come through since in notable and entirely different rôles in "The Age of Consent" and "Life Begins." You can't type Eric except to say he's a mighty convincing representative of modern youth. The boy is just twenty-three



Milton Brown

SWEET as a June morning is this first photograph of Norma Shearer, waiting at the garden gate, in a scene from "Smilin' Through." Remember when Jane Cowl created the rôle on the stage, followed by Norma Talmadge's interpretation in the silents? What a change from the neurotic heroine as we see Miss Shearer in "Strange Interlude"!



Is there a Catch here?

Does she use Perfume because she thinks that a man may like it, or does she choose it for the increased charm, the fresh glamour, it brings herself?

Clever women won't have to answer. They know that Perfume puts a delightful lilt into living. It makes them feel ready to greet Fate debonairly.

They find—in the more-than-a-score of exquisite Perfumes distilled by Coty—fragrances *sparkling* as the gay capital of France, *fresh* as the scent of lilacs after rain, *sweet* as the wind's breath over Corsican jasmine flowers.

For certain moods, they select Coty's *Chypre*—a bit of a snare; or *Styx*—with the mystery of Charon's troubled stream.

But you don't wish to be told which Coty odeur is best for you. In fact, we

shouldn't tell you! Your own heart, your awareness to Life, should help you decide.

And—just as you don't care to express the *same* mood every day, every hour, in every set, but hope to *play a different rôle* to different friends—so you'll find various Coty Perfumes that properly *interpret* you: Perfumes which abolish boredom, enhance vivacity, renew allure.

It doesn't take a lot of money to enjoy them, either! Coty's fame is world-wide, and that makes Coty prices modest—\$1.10 to \$27.50.



"Paris" by Coty:
Charm of the Bois;
allure of the world's
smartest capital—
perfect accent
to chic Autumn
clothes—\$7.45

WHEN a prominent stage or screen star comes to me for professional advice, she pays me \$100 for each half hour of instruction on reducing and keeping fit.

But in 300 half hours, I could not tell her any more than I can tell you here, *in three minutes*. And my plan for reducing will cost you, not hundreds of dollars . . . but just a few nickels, plus your cooperation and self-control.

Keeping trim and fit is *your* job . . . not mine. I can tell you how to do it, right plainly . . . but it's up to you to get it done!

There are only three things imperative in any slenderizing program. I'm not going to waste time on fancy words. Here's the straight-from-the-shoulder tip—

FIRST: Exercise sanely. Walk at least a couple of miles a day in the open air.

SECOND: Cut out fat and rich foods—gravies, sauces and liquor, *absolutely!*

THIRD: (and this is vital!) Eat enough sugar! Yes, I mean it! Don't starve yourself on sweets. That's the old idea. Forget it. Here's why.

You'll actually lose weight *faster* if you do include sugar in your diet. And . . . more safely. Experts have



"EAT LIFE SAVERS and grow *Thin*" says SYLVIA

*The world's foremost authority on
the care of the feminine figure*

proved it. The latest dietetic findings show that, in general, body fats cannot burn properly except in the fire of burning sugar. Fat is fuel, sugar is flame. Without sugar to burn up the fats, you slow down the loss of weight and disturb the body's functions . . . often seriously.

My own experience verifies these facts. Frankly, results have been wonderful. I advise sugar . . . the right sweet for the right time. And my people lose weight faster and they don't suffer the pangs of their normal sweets-hunger. Nor grow listless and irritable from loss of energy due to sugar starvation.

I always include Life Savers with my advice. They are *purposeful* candy for your slenderizing program. They give you the quickly assimilated sugar energy you must have to reduce without any fat producing bulk.

They're hard, too. So you let them dissolve slowly upon the tongue. They satisfy that sweets-hunger and give your body that pure sugar it needs. Each Life Savers Mint or Fruit Drop gives 8 to 10 minutes of "sweets" satisfaction.

You can find a variety of enticing flavors at any candy counter. I especially recommend the delicious, new, crystal-cool peppermints called Cryst-O-mint Life Savers. But there are Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-rice . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . if you prefer. Or the real fruit-tasting Fruit Drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape Life Savers. Buy several packages at a time—you might even buy a carton—and you'll never be caught *sweetless*.

I LIKE ACTION . . .
LET'S GET STARTED!

If you mean business . . . so do I. But you'll have to show me that you're in earnest. I have put down in a brief booklet information I get hundreds of dollars for.

If you'll show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program, by sending me two Life Savers wrappers, I'll send you, with my compliments, this book which really gives the net of my most important slenderizing instructions.

Madame Sylvia



CAROLE LOMBARD . . . Beautiful Paramount star



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND COUPON

IF YOU DON'T . . . *Don't!*

MADAME SYLVIA
c/o Life Savers, Inc., Dept. P-10
Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10¢ to cover mailing.)

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

JUST when the statement was finding currency that pictures were running in cycles, that they covered much the same background, were becoming too similar in theme, etc., the producers rang for a new deck of cards and not a one could call the other's hand.

Different—refreshingly and brilliantly different—is this month's deal in pictures, as we'll show you presently.

You'll recall that gangster pictures ran hard on the heels of war films; that creepy horror, such as "Frankenstein," followed sex, or ran nip and tuck with it.

Of course there were many variations and overlapping of one kind of picture with another, but, on the whole, the broad trend was obvious to the most casual movie patron.

Grand entertainment, much of it, and the public registered its general approval at the box-office. However, a trend that becomes a fetish can grow a bit wearisome.

BUT look over the list of PHOTOPLAY's starred best in "The Shadow Stage" for this month. Theme, point of view, presentation, as you will observe, entirely different.

A choice menu. As varied as a vaudeville bill ought to be. Running the gamut of human emotions and interests.

You won't make a mistake if you go to them all, for you will find the last as refreshingly entertaining as the first. That's good art and good business, too. Perhaps the few retroussé nosed critics who still believe only in foreign films would like to think that one over.

There's a fundamentally healthy tone to the latest leading pictures. The humor may be broad, and life shown as tragic, but it is life—minus false psychology, melodrama and Pollyanna.

MUCH of the criticism of producers for their selection of themes has, we think, been unjust. Gangster pictures, for example. These were not fantasies of the studios. Rather they were the expression of the spirit of the times—what was actually happening; what men and women were hearing, seeing, thinking about.

It has always been so. Literature—and some of the very greatest—has run in cycles. So with the speaking stage, too.

After all, books and plays are largely the interpretation of the life of the moment.

WHAT section of the public takes its movie fare most seriously—that is, wants serious stuff? Well, according to a census conducted by the Will Hays office, it's the average run of human beings. And writers of note turn to animated cartoons. And plain college professors dote on Westerns.

At any rate, now we know what college professors think about.

THOSE Barrymores — ah, those Barrymores! What's happening on the "Rasputin" set, anyway? Lionel, John and Ethel have put a touch of the old three-ring circus into the production. When Greek meets Greek there's trouble, you know, and when three great and temperamental artists such as these foregather, someone had better look out.

On another page, Ruth Biery has given us a vivid word picture of the earlier rounds. It's more exciting than a radio announcer shouting to a waiting world the details of a fistic combat.

Ethel, though a woman, will take odds from no one. John looks fit, and as for Lionel, he carries a cagey head on those shoulders. Director Charles Brabin is out of the scene, and bold, brave Richard Boleslavsky has thrust his head into the lions' den.

And there'll be more about this—oh, yes, indeed—quite a lot more!

"RASPUTIN" has the basis for a great picture. The theme is of epic proportions—autocrats of a vast empire—Russia—outwardly impregnable before the world—yet in the toils of a man, half-saint, half-lunatic.

It is, perhaps, the greatest opportunity that the Barrymores have ever faced. Not only have they been given rôles that no star would think of refusing, but their union in one production is most highly provocative of public curiosity. And we don't believe the Barrymores will muff a triumph like this. They are great showmen as well as great actors.

THE still, small voice of censorship continues to whisper cautions into the ears of executives. For example:

Tay Garnett was directing a scene for "Okay America!" In it Lew Ayres, as the columnist hero, shoots a villainous gangster.

The action calls for Lew to mask his gun with a pillow—drape it over the revolver and shoot from the fold. Somebody asked why the pillow.

"It's a 'must,'" said Tay. "I can't show two men in the same scene if there's to be gunplay. That is, I can't show the gun. It's all right to show a fellow shooting and then the effect of the shot. But these must be separate scenes.

"In order to get both men on the screen at the same time, the gun has to be hidden. Otherwise we run into trouble with censorship boards all over the country."

Kind of silly, isn't it?

GARY COOPER has been kidded a lot about his Bond Street clothes, his Continental manner and his new personality. And he hasn't batted an eye. That's pretty good proof that the kidders are all wrong, and that the new Gary Cooper is not a pose but an actuality.

You must remember that Gary was in a run-down condition when he made that trip abroad; that he had received some pretty hard emotional shocks, and, withal, that he never lay down on his acting job.

He was but a lad the other day, and now he has returned with the maturity that travel and even a few months' absence can impart to youth, which changes fast.

When Gary in an interview, said, "I'm Through Being Bossed," he meant it. And you'll find on page 34 of this magazine just what was behind that statement.

TWO men with outstanding names seem to differ somewhat as to how pictures should be produced. One is Sam Katz, vice-president of Paramount-Publix Corporation; the other is René Clair, whom French public opinion proclaims as the greatest director in France.

In substance, Mr. Katz believes that common-sense business policy should prevail throughout the industry, and that men who know best the public reactions should have the real say. He took his viewpoint as a practical and successful exhibitor right into the Paramount Studios and stayed three months. What he learned there he undoubtedly could have discovered in most of the studios of other companies.

CLAIR regards himself, one would conclude from his statements, as an artist, and the picture-making industry, as an art. Nothing new in that view; others have had it. But the expression of

opinion of these two movie leaders happens to appear at about the same time, making, therefore, their comments worth noting. Clair thinks that present methods of production submerge talent in both directing and acting.

The upshot of the whole matter seems to be that Clair is for less business control on the sets; Katz for the most intelligent business control of the industry as a whole.

It is quite possible that the artist and the practical executive could get together on the details.

WITNESSES can be found who will verify this, they say. Anyhow, it seems a foreigner craved a wife, so he wrote out an advertisement and placed it in the newspaper of his little home-town paper in the old country. And, sure enough, he received the picture of a very beautiful young lady who would marry him if he would send her the passage money—\$500.

Then he sat down to wait. The boat docked at New York but no blushing bride-to-be. So he took himself off to a lawyer to see what could be done about it.

"Let me see the young lady's picture," the lawyer said.

Very carefully he unbuttoned his coat and took out the picture, and the lawyer passed right out.

It was a picture of Greta Garbo.

A HOLLYWOOD writer tells this one about Groucho Marx's little girl. Groucho took her to one of the Olympic events and after a race the announcer said, "United States first, France second. Argentine third." And then Groucho's off-spring nudged her daddy and said: "Argentine. Listen to that. He means unguentine."

THE public will take 'em wild if they are genuine. "Bring 'Em Back Alive" was a tremendously revealing film—no fake, no bunk.

A topnotch nature picture is good box-office. It's in the blood. The old cry on circus day of "Hold your horses, the elephants are coming," hasn't lost its thrill.

Today we get something more in these big hunt and exploration pictures—the awesome majesty of the jungle and its life laid bare before us.

And you don't have to frame the apology, for going to see the lions and monkeys in their cages, that it's for little Johnny's sake. You can walk up brazenly and buy a ticket all by yourself. Though you'd be a pretty mean dad and husband if you didn't take the kids and the missus with you.

But there can never be a cycle of first-class jungle films. The genuine are too hard to make.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



As I Knew Him

WHENEVER you have enjoyed in the editorial pages of this magazine some particularly revealing glimpses of screen personalities whom you especially admire, you must have wondered, too, just what sort of man it was that, through the magic of his kindly pen, could make those personalities as intimate to you as they were to him.

When, for example, he brought out the fine, lovable character of Marie Dressler in such a way as to give you a truly new understanding of the greatness of the woman, or presented new interpretations of Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks or Norma Shearer, then curiosity as to the one who made this pleasure possible for you must have come to you, at least for a moment.

I cannot hope to write as he wrote, but I can at least try to emulate the spirit in which he shared his screen friendships with you and present to you this little picture of James R. Quirk, as I knew him.

I recall the day about seventeen years ago when I had not been long a member of PHOTOPLAY's staff. Problems were constantly arising that, in my inexperience, seemed perplexingly difficult. He must have guessed my doubts for his blue eyes suddenly took on that snap and sparkle that they always did whenever he even so much as heard the word "obstacle." "Look here," he said, "this job is pretty nearly as new to me as it is to you, but you are Irish and I am Irish and the Irish are never licked. Together we will fight this thing through."

I quote this now because I am sure you saw something of that same note in his editorials—that note of buoyancy and confidence and high-hearted courage, that spirit that all is well with life if we but have the will to face life unafraid.

Life to him was not a grim thing to be taken with a long face, but rather with a laugh. One of his favorite stories was that of a man who, falling off a skyscraper, in his downward passage remarked, "I have just passed the sixteenth story. Everything is safe so far." When he had overcome some unusual difficulty he was wont to say, "Well, Kay Dee, we have just passed the sixteenth story and we are safe so far."

You who have followed his editorials closely can understand from that what was behind that interplay of seriousness and

jest, so characteristic of his writing. Yet, every jest he made was true. It so aptly expressed life as he saw and interpreted it. He wrote as he did because his style was the man himself.

He was able to write about human nature so truthfully and so sympathetically because of his own lovable character and understanding of the deep wells of the human heart. Those at the foot of fortune's ladder, though perhaps we do not know it, are our shrewdest critics. The faces of errand boys and elevator operators brightened when Mr. Quirk approached. The man who can elicit such a greeting has, in generous measure, a common human touch. It means he can understand and make allowances for other's weaknesses and failings.

And he was that fair and square in his dealings with everybody. Do you wonder that one of his intimates said of him, "He never had a friend he could lose; or an enemy he couldn't"?

I think, too, his relations with his working staff well define another outstanding phase of his personality. He drew to himself, as by a magnet, a singularly strong personnel—men and women quick to comprehend his policies and to execute them. Through the years they have been with him—rejecting tempting offers from other publishers—welded into a highly efficient, smoothly running organization. And his own warm heart inculcated loyalty, enthusiasm and fighting initiative.

He kept no publishing or editorial methods a secret from them. Once when he was absent for several months, his magazine continued to express the very essence of his own editorial self. A friend complimented him on the contents of his latest issue. "I can see you all the way through it, Jimmie." He laughed. "My staff is like poor, old Cyrano de Bergerac. He did the singing, you remember, while his friend won the lady's kisses. I hadn't read a line in that magazine until it was off the press. I have taught them all to be editors. Every one of them is my understudy."

A generous policy that, and a wise one, for the spirit that made him so great an editor and publisher still marches on with his staff.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



Refereeing the ROYAL FAMILY

By
Ruth Biery

Mad Monk Lionel gives brother John his apostolic blessing. But that glare in the Barrymore eye is not religious frenzy. Just wait till those two get out of the camera's range

("Rasputin" may be fated to become a directors' nightmare. As we go to press, word is received that Charles Brabin will no longer be in command. When you read this story, perhaps you can guess why.)

THEY needed a Lion Tamer for "Grand Hotel." Someone who could crack the whip and make seven, *unrelated*, high-strung human animals work as though they were "brothers and sisters."

"Grand Hotel," and the success Tamer Goulding made of whip-cracking, is now history.

But more history is in the making. "Rasputin" is in production with the three Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel and John—in the *three* starring rôles.

They needed a referee this time—not a lion tamer. A diplomat to negotiate treaties. The problem here was to persuade the Barrymores to *forget* that they are "brothers and sister."

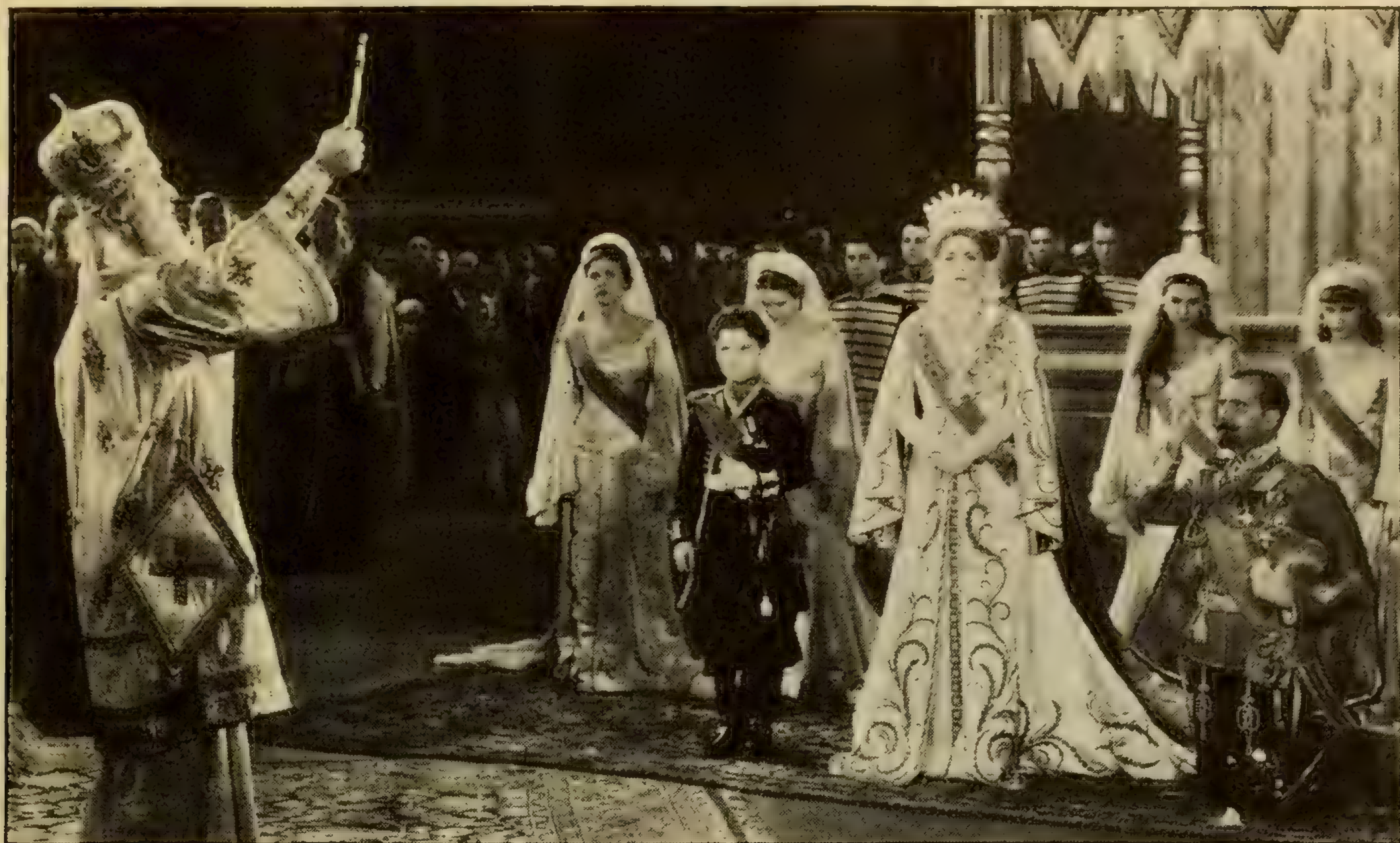
They chose Charlie Brabin.

We have a sneaking suspicion that *Boss Barrymore* had a hand in that selection. Lionel to you, now—but *Boss* by the time this story is finished.

Czarina Ethel prays. And what do you think those saintly lips are saying? You wouldn't believe it if we told you. So read the story to find out



Can Directors Break the Barrymore Clinches?



The glory that was the Romanoffs. Here we behold the awesome majesty of the Russian imperial family that was destined for one of history's greatest tragedies. "Rasputin" is a grand panorama of regal pomp and splendor

You remember the remark he made when he heard the three of them were to work together.

"And who's the poor son-of-a-gun that's got to direct us!"

Boss Lionel made "The Washington Masquerade" with Brabin. He had found his man.

I think he probably made his decision the day he did not hear Brabin call "camera." Lionel was waiting for his cue to enter with Karen Morley. They stood arm in arm at the entrance.

Brabin called once. He called twice. Karen started; stopped. Lionel had not moved. He couldn't. He was sound asleep—standing up.

Brabin didn't scold; he didn't laugh. He acted as though nothing unusual had happened.

IF a man could act as though nothing had happened when *one* Barrymore pulled a Barrymore stunt, perhaps he would not notice when *three* Barrymores did a family act.

It was worth trying.

And just as the powers-that-be at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer attempted to keep Goulding's whip-cracking a secret, so they are struggling to shroud the diplomatic genius of Brabin behind the soft, silken curtains of executive and publicity offices:

"Never saw three people work so beautifully together. We had no idea brothers and sisters could be so lovable—"

They had only been in production a short time when this was written, but that's time enough to give us a hint of



Nope, this isn't an auto accident and the man with the helmet isn't one of those funny foreign policemen. Little Tad Alexander (Czarevitch to you) is only figuring out a way to steal another scene from the Barrymore gang

what may be expected. Read this for proof:

A room which is small for a Russian castle. Bare; cold; austere; simple.

A shrine in one corner. A real ikon—one of the true relics of the Church of the Romanoffs smuggled into the Hollywood Russian Colony by an aristocratic refugee and sold to a pawn-shop. Rented by Metro.

At this shrine—the *Czarina*. Ethel. On her knees, hands supplicatingly extended toward Saint Gregory. Her lips move in silent prayer. She is whispering her invocation that the life of her son, *Alexis*, be saved.

IT is the first take of the picture and Ethel's first appearance before a talking picture camera. An auspicious occasion. The knee of the last aristocrat of the stage is bended before the god of modern entertainment—the *camera*.

This is a silent shot. The cameras grind but the sound apparatus stands still.

She prays. Her lips move although no words come from them. There is absolute silence.

Suddenly, without warning, a noise. A man in the rear of the room has commenced talking. A man is chatting while the Queen of the Stage holds the concentrated attention of director and cameramen.

Ethel's lips no longer move in *silent* invocation. Words come distinctly from those saintly lips. Words which are deep, throaty—pitched into that cold studio [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



By
Sara
Hamilton

That long-lost wealthy uncle need no longer worry you. Just ask Jackie Merkle. He exposes everyone's secrets as easily as a magician pulls rabbits out of a hat. Here Helen Twelvetees is getting the low-down on her future

Jackie Tells Everything

THE strangest phenomenon in a town of strange happenings. A boy, normal, a little bit good and—well, more than a little bit bad, who has caused more thrills, more chills, more open-mouthed wonder, than any machine-made *Dr. Jekyll*, *Dr. X*, or *Vampire Draculas* in Hollywood.

Not quite five years old, short and chubby, with a head of riotous curls, he's the only person that can walk onto a movie set and stop production.

Time, money, deadline, mean nothing when Jackie Merkle steps a baby step onto a movie lot.

For he has out-thrilled Hollywood. He has beat them at their own game. *The sensation in a sensational town.*

Unable to read or write, he tells every star, feature player, extra and electrician their names, their birthplaces, their hopes for the future and—here's where Hollywood gasps a huge, gurgling gasp—little unknown things about themselves and their lives they had imagined locked firmly from a prying world.

Clasping his father's hand, he stepped onto a sound stage at First National studios. High above, on a platform, Richard Arlen, electricians, director and workmen, were busy on "Tiger Shark."

The boy spied a small camera dolly and, boy-like, he made for it like a shot.

"The man's name up there with the cap, Jackie?" the father asked.

Without a backward glance the boy called an unknown electrician's name and went on with his playing, while an amazed workman swallowed twice and gulped once.

Richard Arlen came down. "The watch in your pocket," Jackie said in answer to the question, screwing and unscrewing a

wheel on the dolly, "is a Longinnes. It was made in Switzerland. Look how this wheel turns, daddy. Your wife's name?" He hesitated at this, looking off into the distance for a moment. "It's Joby—no, it's Jobyna Ralston. And the thing you were worrying about? Oh, you signed that yesterday."

And someone helped a limp and puzzled Mr. Arlen to a nearby chair.

PRODUCTION had stopped. Down the stairs trooped open-mouthed electricians. The director, in the midst of an animated conversation, stopped in surprise and joined the trek downward. Eddie Robinson came stealing out of his dressing-room, peering at the child at play.

They stood there. An average crowd of Hollywood workers. And with the greatest ease, he told them what they asked, still playing, boy-like, at the dolly.

"What's the name of the city I just wrote down, Jackie?" Eddie Robinson asked.

"Constantinople," Jackie chirped and with a little twinkle in his brown eyes he looked up from his play and said, "You were going to write down Bucharest only you thought it was too hard for me, didn't you?"

And *Little Caesar*, who could dish it out, still couldn't take it! He stood there among that group and just looked, and looked, while production waited.

"The name of the yacht you're going away on is *Infanta*," he told Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the studio dining-room.

"Oh, yeah?" Doug grinned, looking up from his lunch. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

A five-year-old
"psychic" who
astounded all
Hollywood with
his incredible
telepathic feats

Consolation Marriage?

*WELL—
HARDLY!*

*By
Katherine
Albert*

I FIRMLY believe that the most fascinating story in Hollywood is the one about Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian. When I think about those folks I have to stop a minute to brush aside a sentimental tear.

For, set right down in the turmoil and activity, the rumor and ruthlessness of Hollywood are two perfectly happy and contented people.

You would have to know the strange hybrid life, with its shams and its deceits, that can be lived in Hollywood to know what that means. And you would have to know both Dorothy and Bill before their marriage to realize how strange it is that, with all the odds against them, they have accomplished such a perfect relationship. How they have accomplished it is a lesson that no young married couple, or any girl or boy about to be married, can afford to miss.

In the first place there was Dorothy—"little Alabam'"—one of the craziest kids who ever set foot on studio stage. Oh, you loved her to death, and all the time you wanted to give her a good brisk shaking that would make her teeth rattle, for you knew how desperately she needed to be happy and that she hadn't the foggiest notion of how to go about it.

She thought her happiness lay in gayety and dancing and staying up until late hours. And then she thought she could find what she sought by playing the social game and meeting the right people. She had known a great deal of bitterness in her life—her first marriage had been a tragic one—and she believed the way to forget was to live so fast she did not have time to remember.

While Dorothy was working at M-G-M and being about as unhappy as it is possible for one human being to be, there was a fellow named Bill Boyd working at the Pathe Studios not far away. They had never met and I'm sure if Bill had known Dorothy then he wouldn't have liked her very much, for Bill had realized for a long time where happiness was to be found and he knew it wasn't in the stay-up-late places.



—Bill was sad, too. But Dorothy brought the smile back to his face



Dorothy Sebastian met Bill Boyd when another love was in eclipse—

Bill hated the social game as much as Dorothy thought she loved it, and his chief delight was sitting around with a few old cronies talking comfortable, lazy talk. At that time Bill was married to Elinor Fair—they had met as both were climbing to success in "Volga Boatman" and the romance had grown then—but the years had set them apart and neither was any too happy. A divorce was imminent.

It was shortly after Bill's and Elinor's separation that he and Dorothy met. Dorothy made a picture with Bill only a little while after her engagement to Director Clarence Brown took a complete nose dive. One day she started to tell Bill all about it. He didn't say much—he never does, but he was intuitive enough to know that the hard look in Dorothy's eyes and her set grim mouth were indications of unhappiness and so, because he was lonely too, there sprang up a very real friendship.

THE first time I saw Bill was out at Dorothy's little house in Brentwood. Dorothy was in a mess of trouble—as she usually was then—and I watched Bill as she told me the story. He never took his eyes from her face and when she had finished he said, "Now, don't you worry, honey, I'm going to take care of all that." I looked at Dorothy. It was the first time that a man had ever assured her of his protection. Before, she had done everything for herself and by herself.

I remember later that I told Dorothy, "He's a swell guy and if I were you I'd hang on to him."

"Yes. I like him a lot," Dot said, "but he doesn't like to go to parties and to dances and to premières. He's crazy about getting out on the ocean in a boat and just cruising around. And he likes to go up in the mountains camping. I don't think I could stand it. My favorite [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

When Nero Was Tyrant—on “The Sign of the Cross” Set

THE magnificence of imperial Rome springs to life once more at the command of Director Cecil De Mille. Love, hate, gladness and sorrow, poverty and wealth, cruelty and kindness are depicted as with us today even as then.

The old stage play of “The Sign of the Cross,” which moved to terror hundreds of thousands of theater-goers, is given a new interest by characteristically De Millean twists. Here PHOTOPLAY’s photographer

shows you a small section of three ancient Roman city blocks—apartments, shops, bazaars and transportation slipped back nearly 2,000 years on these traffic-jammed streets.

You are in the year 64 A. D. now and that plumed figure in the chariot isn’t Fredric March, but the *Roman Prefect*; Claudette Colbert is really the wanton-eyed *Empress Poppaea*, and Elissa Landi, the *Christian girl*.

But the story is largely up-to-date—a parallel between the present and the past. And

the story itself is always new—a story of great sacrifice and love, threatened by the recklessness and cruel jealousies of those in power.

It is a tense moment for De Mille and his aides-de-camp—Mitchell Lersen, art director (leaning over); Jimmie Dugan, assistant director (white shirt); Karl Struss, head cameraman (with glasses); George Clemens, first cameraman.

Will “The Sign of the Cross” be De Mille’s masterpiece?



Photo
by
Stagg



"I'm Through Being Bossed,"

WHEN Gary Cooper returned to Hollywood from his amazing trip to Europe and points East with his Bond Street clothes, his decidedly Continental manner and his debonair attitude, Hollywood gasped a couple of times and then did what Hollywood always does—began asking itself questions.

What's happened to Gary?

What is this strange change that has come over the strong, silent lad from Montana?

And when Gary, the affable, kicked up a bit of a row at the studio over playing "Devil and the Deep," because he said it was a woman's picture and wouldn't give him a fair chance and was only persuaded to act in the film when he was definitely promised "A Farewell to Arms"—well, Hollywood's eyes stood out on stems. Why, Gary had never acted like that before. Gary had always done exactly as he was told—without saying a word!

Which is just the point. Gary has stopped doing what he is told. He is a new Gary Cooper.

Gone is the gaunt, melancholy, forlorn lad over whom women languished and cooed, "He looks as if he has suffered." And in that boy's place stands an assured, poised, grown-up man who thinks for himself and meets the world upon its own terms. He has lost even his gauntness. His face has filled out and his figure straightened. Eleven months away from Hollywood has wrought the change.

"I was licked when I left Hollywood," he told me. "Sunk. Washed up. I was ill. I had been working day and night. I was unhappy about the way things were going at the studio. My private affairs had reached a crisis. . . . I had an attack of jaundice, which is a terribly depressing thing, anyhow. And with all these other things on my mind—well, it was pretty awful!

"I SHALL never get into such a state, mentally, again. Life can never do anything like that to me again. I have learned something. . . .

"In the first place, I shall never be dominated by other people again as I had allowed myself to be until that time. I had drifted, taken advice, let people get *at* me through my emotions, my sympathy, my affections. Perhaps through a sort of apathy, too, because I was not well. You don't realize the hold you are letting people get on you until you find yourself enmeshed and entangled and helpless. You have to shake yourself free and begin all over again. It isn't easy!

"But I am my own man—now!

"You say that my attitude

Says Gary Cooper. There's a wallop in his words that makes the studio and his women friends open their eyes

By Marion Leslie

toward my work has changed. You are right. It isn't as important to me as it used to be. And, therefore, I shall do better at it. I shall have a perspective on it. I can examine my problems reasonably and in a detached manner because I am no longer blinded by the glamour of pictures. (I have learned that it is no use to have ideas unless you express them.) And that no one will have any respect for your ideas unless *you* are willing to fight for them. The initial plunge into expressing them and fighting for them is the hardest!

"When I returned to New York after my trip abroad, they told me that things would be different for me out here. That things would be arranged to my advantage. Well—when I came back, things *weren't* different. I had been meek for so long, had done just as I was told for so long, that no one could believe that I wouldn't continue to do it. *They took me for granted.* That is bad—very bad—for you in a career, in your relations with your family—or in love. Never let anyone take your amiability and your pliability for granted!"

DID I tell you that Gary had grown up? It hasn't been easy for the slow, easy-going, inarticulate Gary to learn that lesson of self-assertion. He was as dreamy, as impractical, as amiable a chap as you would imagine. He was a quiet child and his sweet, dignified, conservative parents adored him and gave him all their anxious, clinging attention.

The women in his life have dominated him. Clara Bow. Evelyn Brent. Then the redoubtable Lupe. When that fiery little Mexican swooped upon his heart, there began a stormy time for Gary. The worshipping! mother—deeply concerned about the results of this impetuous romance—and the primitive child-woman who enthralled him could never, never have reached a glimmering of mutual understanding or sympathy.

Although I think they both tried at first. Gary loved them both and their feminine tug-of-war over the mastery of his affections must have torn him nearly to ribbons!

He tried to please everybody. His producers, Evelyn Brent, Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, his mother and his father—who was forever investing his money for him. He tried to please even those friends who were continually advising him.

And when he didn't please he was baffled rather than disillusioned. Like a small boy who has been spanked for something he cannot understand.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Gary's mother is a charming, conservative woman. Loving her boy, she tried her best to shield him. But Gary discovered that he had to do his thinking for himself



Otto Dyar

THE new Gary Cooper. Gone is the lean, too-eager-to-please, inarticulate boy and in his place is this poised and self-assured man. In Bond Street clothes and with a will of his own, he is now prepared to meet the world on its own terms. "Nobody is going to live my life for me," says Gary. Read all about it on the opposite page



Rumors fly thick and fast from across the Atlantic that all is not so rosy between Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer. And then comes this loving picture. So what to believe!



Ah, how sweet Ann Harding looks there at the top of the page, you say. Well, it isn't Ann at all, but Julie Haydon, now under contract to Radio Pictures. Who's the lady with the black hair? That *is* Ann Harding in the wig she wore to the opening of "Strange Interlude"

Cal York Announcing-

HEAVE a sigh of relief, you Garbo fans. Brush away those last parting tears. We've got the honest-to-goodness dope about the plans of the Glamorous One and right away quick, just to make you feel better, we'll tell you that she'll be making more American movies.

Here's the low-down, but don't ever tell a soul we told you. Before she left for Sweden she signed a new M-G-M contract at a salary between six hundred thousand and seven hundred thousand dollars a year, depending upon the number of weeks she works. She'll be back to begin that contract in October.

Wait, wait, we aren't through! Her first picture will be "Christina" and the scenario writers are at work right this minute adapting it for her. The yarn is based on a historical character—a Swedish queen who renounced

her throne for love. My, my, can't you just see Garbo tossing that one off?

It will be a costume movie, of course.

Now—is everybody happy?

THE most exciting news of the month was Ruth Chatterton's sudden marriage to George Brent.

Sudden? Of course, nobody in Hollywood was surprised, but the fact remains that Ruth's divorce from Ralph Forbes was gotten just a few hours before she stood beside George and made those vows!

When Ruth returned from Europe she was pleasant but as silent as Garbo's set during a tense scene. She couldn't, so she told reporters, announce her engagement to George because she wasn't sure at the time whether she was still Mrs. Ralph Forbes or not. The very

next day she became Mrs. George Brent at a quiet little wedding ceremony in Westchester County, not far from New York.

Folks who know the members of that triangle intimately are shouting lustily for joy. Ralph is a grand fellow—but not for Ruth. She mothered him too much. But you can't imagine anybody mothering big George Brent, can you?

Brent likes the things Ruth likes—goofy things like going to the amusement beaches and riding the roller coasters and eating hot dogs—all smeared up with mustard.

George will be the boss in that home—and don't make any mistake about it. But Ruth will love it—and don't make any mistake about that, either.

From where we sit it looks like the real McCoy.



The fact remains that Michael was all set to play a rôle in Gloria's new English-made film—but then decided that he was a better husband than actor

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Keystone

"Who was that lady I seen you with?" somebody asked this be-spectacled gentleman. And his answer was "That wasn't—I mean that was Greta Garbo and also my sister." This informal snap of the glamorous one and her brother was taken in Sweden recently. But Garbo is going to make more American pictures

IF you take the girl friend out to lunch and begin by knocking over water glasses and upsetting coffee cups, don't be embarrassed. It's love. At least, it was love with George Brent and Ruth Chatterton.

Their first scene together in "The Rich Are Always With Us" called for a *tete-a-tete* tea and poor George upset everything on his side of the table and Ruth reciprocated by knocking everything off her side into George's lap.

And that's how they knew that very minute it was love at first sight, Mr. Brent states.

Normally, Miss Chatterton seldom pours coffee into a gentleman's lap. And there you are. Or, rather, there George and Ruth are.

PROMPTLY at six o'clock one evening, Virginia Bruce stepped from the sound stage of "Kongo" on the M-G-M lot, walked over to

her dressing room, removed the brown grease paint from her face and the costume for the picture, donned a simple black crepe dress with white puffed sleeves, walked over to Jack Gilbert's dressing room bungalow and, with no more fuss or feathers, became the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert. And are they happy!

Irving Thalberg was best man and Mrs. Donald Stewart matron of honor. There were a few guests, Norma Shearer among them.

The next morning, promptly at eight, little Mrs. Gilbert was back on the "Kongo" set hard at work. And a Hollywood that scoffed at their engagement and called it a publicity stunt, is looking rather sheepish.

THERE are only two green Dusenbergs in Hollywood and one of them belongs to Gary Cooper. And so, when a certain green

Dusenberg was parked nightly before Lupe Velez's home, Hollywood hit the ceiling with excitement.

"Lupe and Gary are together again," the news flashed.

But imagine their embarrassment when it was discovered that the other green Dusenberg belonged to no one but Lupe herself, and the parked car was her own, not Gary's.

A CERTAIN producer was reading a chatter column in which it was said the public preferred seeing William Powell and Kay Francis *vis-a-vis*.

"Well," the producer snorted, "they can show Powell and Francis *vis-a-vis* if they choose, but as for me, I'll keep my stars clothed."



Irving Lippman

This is the lad whom George Arliss singled out as a young man of exceptional acting ability. Hollywood girls like him, too. A few months ago PHOTOPLAY told you that the kid had great screen promise, so Hardie Albright just had to live up to expectations. You'll see him next in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." It's a grand job he does

TALLULAH BANKHEAD and Marlene Dietrich got off to a bad start. They openly ignored one another. Marlene was the big star already well established, and not eager to share her Paramount throne with anybody. Tallulah had not made so many or such successful pictures as Marlene, but she had a big stage reputation.

But now they're buddies. And you ought to hear one rave about the other.

A MOVIE actress, her near ex-husband and her new fiance, were on their way to a party.

The wife began fussing about which car they should go in.

"For heaven's sake," the fiance said to the husband, "can't you make her stop fussing?"

"Oh, no," said the husband, "that's your job now."

ALTHOUGH the newspapers announced that the Clark Gables bought that swanky house in Beverly Hills, Clark says they're just renting.

His wife had her furniture sent on from New York because they figured it was cheaper to rent unfurnished.

For the Gables are wise folks and are saving their money. Eventually, they're going to do a lot of traveling.

JANET GAYNOR'S hair has at last grown out to its full length. You remember that she had to let it grow because all her fans raised such a howl when she got a short bob. Those were, however, pinned-on curls that you saw in

"The First Year." They couldn't wait for the hair to grow when time came to start the picture.

But no more artifice from now on. Janet is back—and is that unsophisticated little "7th Heaven" girl you love.

IN a town literally one great pattern of unusual and gorgeous homes, along comes Ramon Novarro with one that takes the cream for originality. You know Ramon has always prided himself on living in a plain, modest house in the conservative West Adams section of Los Angeles. No typical Hollywood stuff for him—but now he has broken loose with a bang and built a house like none other ever seen in those there parts.

The home is perched on a hidden hill which can be reached only by winding and turning roads. Built on five levels, it is trimmed on the outside with bands of wrought copper against white stucco.

Ramon has two rooms of his own to fit his mood of the moment—or something. One is done in soft greens and opens onto a private swimming pool.

The other is on top of the house and has glass walls—honest!

The dining room is all in black and chromium with a long black glass table and there are no pictures on the walls, but plenty of lovely porcelain that Ramon brought from Europe. To date it is the most bizarre house in Hollywood, and are certain stars biting their glistening finger nails in envy! But we can't help wondering what Ramon's Mexican mother and all his Mexican brothers and sisters think about it.



Don English

Stop, stop, you're breaking our heart—can this be the glamorous, beautiful, stunningly gowned Marlene Dietrich who sears men's souls and laughs—heh! heh! Yep, this poor friendless wreck is, the kid from Germany, herself. But don't be alarmed—it's only a trick make-up for her next flicker—"The Blonde Venus"—the yarn that caused the three-cornered quarrel between Marlene, Von Sternberg and Paramount



How would you like to take a lesson in screen make-up? And how would you look in one of those barber's chair smocks? These are the nine Radio Pictures starlets

THE first sparks are beginning to fly from the "Rasputin" set with the three up-and-at-'em Barrymores. They are saying it was all started by John just in the spirit of good clean fun.

At any rate, Director Brabin was startled to see Lionel raise his hand in the midst of a scene and ask to be excused from the set. A few minutes later the director was summoned to the phone.

It was Lionel, himself. "Listen," Lionel said, "John keeps putting his hand on my arm in the scene and it weakens my character. I thought I'd tell you."

WELL, what with Ethel helping out the boys, things will be getting warmer and warmer on that set. Or I'm a weather forecaster.

AND among the stirring events to be recorded is that Charles Brabin is off the job as director and Richard Boleslavsky has replaced him.

IT'S amusing to note the arrival of the "Rasputin" cast for work each morning. The *Czarina*, played by Ethel Barrymore, arrives in her limousine. *Rasputin*, the mad monk, played by Lionel, arrives next, also in a high-powered car. The prince, John Barrymore, appears next in a swanky roadster. Then the bit players drive in, all with good looking automobiles.

And last of all comes Ralph Morgan, playing the mighty *Czar of Russia*, in a broken down Ford that nearly shakes the whiskers from His Imperial Majesty's chin.

JOHN BARRYMORE has it all doped out.

When they asked him, "Who's your favorite actor?" the answer is "Lionel."

"And your favorite actress?"

"Ethel."

It saves so much confusion keeping it all in the family.

HOLLYWOOD'S heart is throbbing like this:

Cute Dorothy Jordan has replaced Mary Brian in the affections of college boys on the loose in Hollywood.

Johnny Weissmuller and wife Bobbe Arnst are arranging for a divorce.

While Lupe Velez is going to the quieter places with Johnny's brother.

When Marguerite Churchill had her tonsils removed the studio had to excuse George O'Brien from the set every hour so that he could phone the hospital and see how she was getting along.

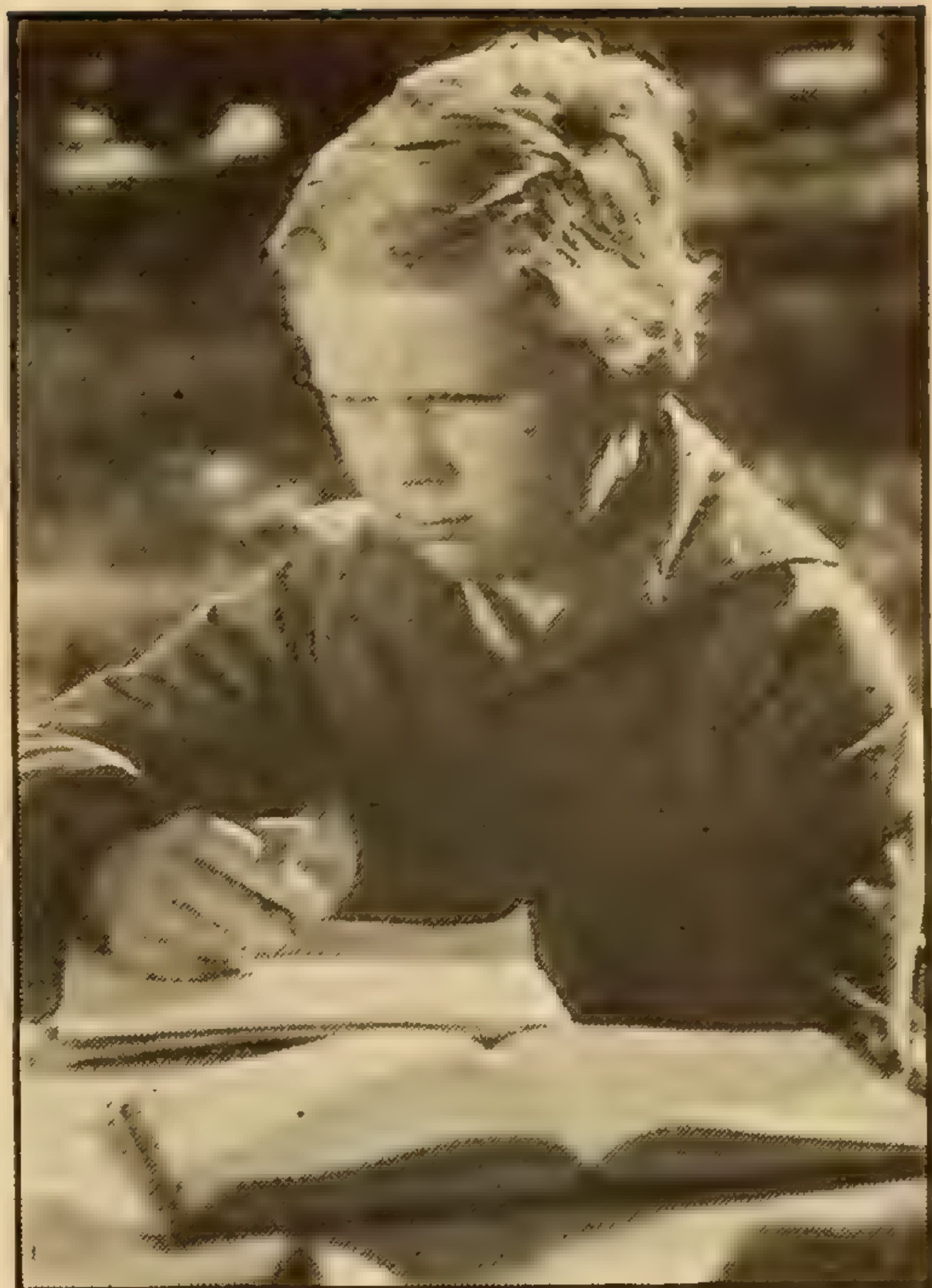
Incidentally when George is working nights he tries to select Marguerite's escort. It is always the same man — Ricardo Cortez, George's chum.

AND now the little French dancer, Mlle. Mistinguette, is trying to patch up the quarrel between Maurice Chevalier and his wife.

At least both of them are staying with her at her cottage at Cannes.

Minna Gombell is going to all the places with Irene Rich's ex-husband, David Blankenhorn.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]



Get that worried look on Jackie Cooper's face. Why shouldn't he be worried? He's writing a love letter to Mitzi Green and he has already set down, "You are the apple of my eye—the delight of my soul—without you the sun no longer shines." Right now he's trying to think of something else fancy. Never mind, Jackie, it's all in fun



Top row, Sandra Shaw, Rochelle Hudson, Phyllis Fraser, Harriet Hagman and Dorothy Wilson; bottom row, Julie Haydon, Betty Furness, Eleanor Post and Peg Entwistle—the lucky nine being taught make-up



Wm. Grimes

Step right up and meet the folks—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert. And a couple of "poohs" and "tushes" say Jack and Virginia Bruce to those folks in Hollywood who were making bets that the marriage wouldn't come off. Congratulations, Jack, old boy. Much happiness, Virginia. This month Cal York tells you all about the wedding

She Sat on the Floor

MOST people misunderstand Karen Morley.

They believe her to be quiet, without much glamour, the owner of a secret luck charm.

Hollywood folk grant that she did splendid acting in "Scarface," "Arsene Lupin," "Are You Listening?" and "The Washington Masquerade," but they will not grant that her luck charm was not responsible for the opportunities to play in such future-building productions.

"Where's her pull?" other girls ask who have been waiting for months for just such chances.

But Karen Morley does not wait for pull or accidental opportunities. She creates them. She pins her faith to Karen Morley.

Here's the first incident which tipped me to the truth about this girl.

Karen and George Hurrell, the studio photographer, were not chummy. There was no actual hostility between them. But neither was there the open friendliness which exists so often between an actress and the man who makes her publicity pictures.

If picture girls do not like the photographer, they do not show it. They are, perhaps, more effusively friendly. Women players cannot afford—or so they figure—to offend the man upon whom they must depend to accentuate their points of beauty and gloss their defects.

But not Karen Morley!

If a photographer knows that a player does not like him, what is his natural reaction? Does he make bad pictures of her? No! In the first place, he can't afford it. Good pictures retain

And right in the producer's office, too. It wasn't a dumbbell stunt, but clever salesmanship, and it won for Karen Morley an important rôle

By Ruth Biery

him his position. In the second, his pride is at stake. He will prove to the one who doesn't like him that he's the best photographer in the business. He will do well by those who gush over him, but he will do his best for the one who turns the cold shoulder. He'll show her! It's human nature!

Karen knew this. I wouldn't be surprised if she exaggerated her indifference to George just to encourage him to stretch his natural ability to its greatest height when he photographed Karen Morley. He could not make her pretty. But he could make her interestingly different.

He did. One day, he took her in a sexy, black negligée. Karen gave one look at those pictures, tucked them under her arm and rushed immediately to Irving Thalberg's office.

Every chair in that *sanctum sanctorum* was occupied. She initiated a new sitting formula in that dignified office. She squatted on the floor! A well-populated floor circle immediately formed around her.

EVENTUALLY, Mr. Thalberg emerged from the inner office, jingling the coins in his pants' pocket as is his executive custom.

"Well, well. What's all this?" he demanded, questioningly eyeing the daisy chain.

Karen was on her feet before the others could collect breath. "I'd like to see you, Mr. Thalberg," she burst forth. Before he knew what had happened, he found himself back in his own office, the door firmly closed and the eager girl facing him.

"I can play the woman in 'Arsene Lupin,' Mr. Thalberg."

Straight to the point.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



"Karen Morley isn't alike in any two films," is what everyone says. That's a compliment. She wisely believes that variety of rôles will keep her on the list of popular players for a long time



Contrast Karen's ingénue appearance with Lewis Stone in "Inspiration," with her sophisticated bearing opposite Lionel Barrymore in her latest, "The Washington Masquerade." Smart girl!



Clarence Sinclair Bull

DID you ever see Garbo looking so radiantly lovely as in this portrait taken just before her departure for Sweden? Note that wistfulness in the eyes, as though she sees distantly the mountains and the cold blue lakes of her beloved North. Yes, she is coming back to play the name rôle of "Christina," a Swedish queen who relinquished all for love



Ernest A. Bachrach

THAT funny voice of ZaSu Pitts and those funny, drooping hands—which are really very beautiful—send audiences into hysterics. Von Stroheim says she is a great tragédienne, but we'd rather hear ZaSu say "Oh, my," than see a hundred tragedy queens emote. ZaSu is smart enough to stay out of starring rôles, so you won't get tired of her



Clarence Sinclair Bull

"BRING on your costumes and your grease-paint," says Freddie March, "I'll play any old rôle that's lying around loose." He finished being the swashbuckling hero of "Smilin' Through" just in time to don flowing robes for C. B. De Mille's "Sign of the Cross." Here's the way Freddie really looks—minus the make-up. He's a great guy



Elmer Fryer

"I'M sure I don't know why you want to take my picture," says George Arliss, "but since your cameras are here and it will only take a little time, I can't refuse you." The amazing Mr. Arliss doesn't like to discuss his private life. He doesn't know why his films are hits. Yet thousands of fans are waiting for "A Successful Calamity," his next

Harold Offers \$1000⁰⁰ To *Photoplay* Readers for Gags



Here's a swell gag from Harold Lloyd's new comedy, "Movie Crazy." It runs like this. The waiter on the train yells, "Last call for dinner." Harold, seated in lonely state on the observation platform, hears this, looks up expectantly and proceeds to take a sandwich from his pocket. Carefully he takes off the wrapping paper and starts to eat the sandwich. Now—see how easy writing a gag is? This simple little gag gets a big laugh in "Movie Crazy" which is, incidentally, a hilarious picture. You can think up a gag just as funny and maybe win one of those 107 cash prizes

AMERICA'S sense of humor is one thing unaffected by the depression, judging by the response to the first announcement of the Harold Lloyd "Movie-Crazy" PHOTOPLAY gag contest.

Already hundreds of contributions have been received by the "Movie Crazy" contest editor. So here's your chance to get in on the most fun you ever had and also to have a chance at a chunk of the \$1,000 prize money that is being offered.

Everybody has thought of some hilarious scene, stunt or situation which, if enacted upon the screen, would throw movie audiences into mirthful chuckles; and if you've ever said to yourself, after seeing a comedy, "I could think of a gag as funny as that"—here's your chance.

These gag ideas can be figments of your imagination or they can be actual happenings. There are no restrictions placed on the type of humor or situation submitted in this contest, except that in the final judging the possibilities of the suggestions from the point of view of their application to motion pictures will be considered important.

Harold Lloyd is offering every reader of PHOTOPLAY an opportunity to share in the 107 prizes which he is giving for this contest. The awards are to be divided as follows: First prize, \$250; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50; four prizes of \$25 each; one hundred prizes of \$5 each.

And the grand part is that it's so simple. A gag is simply a funny situation. It may involve one person or a group of people. Look at the picture at the top of this page and read its caption. There is an example of a good gag.

There is nothing complicated about entering this contest. All you have to do is describe the scene, stunt, joke, situation—in other words, the gag—in simple, everyday words, and send it in. It can be as brief as you care to make it and requires no literary talent at all. What Harold wants is gag ideas rather than fancy writing.

But before you do this, be sure to turn to page 124 of this magazine and read the rules of the contest very carefully. Don't fail to do this, for by neglecting to follow the rules, a very fine gag of yours might be disqualified.

And remember that the contest closes on November 15, which means that your gag ideas must be mailed in time to reach the Movie Crazy Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, by November 15. Gag ideas received after that date cannot be considered.

But get your gag ideas in early. Send whatever you can think of at once. Then send more, later, as they occur to you for, if you follow the rules, you can send as many gags as you choose. Each and every one will be carefully read and considered.

The judging committee is composed of Harold Lloyd and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff.

You know that there are men in Hollywood who earn good salaries by writing gags. They are called "comedy constructionists," which is pretty high flown language.

In reality they are simply "gag men," but if you put on your thinking cap and rub your funny bone, you can think up as good gags as they can.

Try your wits on this novel Contest



The assured, sophisticated man-about-town—that's the front William Powell presents to the world in pictures and gets away with—

THERE are many who consider William Powell the most complete sophisticate in motion pictures. They claim that he walks with the most confident step, talks with the assuredness of a cosmopolite, regards other human beings with the *sangfroid* of an egoist, and in general conducts himself with the perfect nonchalance that typifies ultra sophistication.

I have always agreed with these many, but because I know Powell intimately, there has been a baffling other side to him that, until recently, I never quite understood. A short time ago, Bill and I—over a bottle of near beer, I think it was—lifted the veils to our inner souls, and on that occasion I discovered an amazingly different William Powell.

I hardly believed my own ears when he admitted that his worldliness is purely a business pose. One after another, he made six incredible admissions:

He is cursed, as most of us are, with an inferiority complex;
He fears strangers;
He is ill at ease in the presence of women;
He is afraid to turn his back when he leaves a crowded room;
He is a poor conversationalist, and he is not witty;
He is painfully aware that he is not, in real life, the bon vivant he is pictured on the screen.

"Sometimes I feel my life is a bluff," Powell confessed. "—a

Bill Powell *Exposed*

By
James M. Fidler

horrible bluff, and I am afraid to drop the pose. If other motion picture stars suffer as do I, it is no wonder nervous breakdowns are common in Hollywood.

"I can never forget that I am a motion picture actor, and that I am recognized and watched by thousands whom I do not know. My confounded inferiority complex tells me that they are critical; that they tear me to pieces in their minds; that they are disappointed because I do not, off screen, measure up to the William Powell who flits across the silver sheet.

"How would *you* like to live with the feeling that people are staring at you and whispering among themselves, 'How disappointing; he is not nearly so attractive as we imagined he would be'? That ghastly nightmare never leaves my mind. It is because I fear people's opinions that I rarely attend theater openings, premières, or public functions of any sort. Well, Carole, too, thinks I am better than I really am, bless her and keep her thinking so." (Carole, of course, is Carole Lombard, his wife.)

As Powell talked, it dawned on me that I had at last discovered that puzzling side of the man. It is his inferiority complex. Several years ago Bill told me when he first learned of this complex. It happened when he was a schoolboy. He dreaded leaving class rooms, eyed by other pupils. When it became absolutely necessary that he leave class, he had a manner of lifting his chin defiantly and marching from the room, looking neither to the right nor left.

POWELL still suffers that same schoolboy mental reaction. When he departs from a room where other persons are congregated, he involuntarily elevates his chin, stares straight ahead and assumes an air of extreme indifference which he does not feel. I have heard many people term Powell "high hat" because of this haughty mannerism. High hat? Bill Powell! If the real truth were not so tragic, the accusation would be laughable.

"I fought for years to overcome my inferiority complex," he says. "Before I arrived in Hollywood, I believed my efforts had been successful, but today my failing is more acute than ever, and I cannot fathom the reason."

Hi there, Bill, you old rascal. So that snootiness of yours the ladies all fall for is just pretense. We think Jimmy Fidler's close-up of what you *really* are is a perfect shot

Let me tell you, Bill. It is because you cannot do away with that inferiority complex. This over-developed sense of modesty is born in humans—in most humans—and it can no more be lost than the color of eyes can be changed. You never conquered your complex; you merely subdued it.

The reason you are again slave to that complex is simply that you are too conscious of the screen William Powell. That fellow the public sees on the screen is a studied person. He has to be; he is *acting*. Does Tom Mix go around shooting Indians in real life? Does Gloria Swanson throw herself at men in private life? Of course not, because they are *acting* when they do those things in motion pictures.

THAT screen fellow Powell makes brilliant sallies, and he speaks them easily and often. He is perfectly groomed, and as well mannered. There is never a hair out of place, nor a collar wrinkled, nor an awkward cuff shooting from a sleeve. Has it ever occurred to you why the screen Powell is so perfect? It is because he is the finished creation of dozens of other people's plans.

Scores of studio employees earn handsome salaries for moulding such screen characterizations. Powell's brilliant remarks are the dialogue written by the cleverest writers money can buy; writers who devote weeks to the task of concocting smart phrases to be spoken by the actor.

If a coat collar is drawn awkwardly from the neck, there are paid employees near the camera whose job it is to notice and correct such faults. If they fail to observe them, the oversight is discovered when the daily rushes are projected, and the scenes are re-photographed. As a consequence of these precautions, the William Powell who reaches theater screens is the personification of the ideas and concentrations of half a hundred skilled studio technicians.

But what occurs when Powell is introduced to a group of persons who have seen him only in motion pictures? The anticipated repartee is glaringly absent, because Bill is no more than ordinarily witty in conversation. The clothes are not perfectly groomed, no matter how careful he may be. Furthermore, because he suffers from his inferiority complex, slight faults assume gigantic proportions. If a cuff extends too far below a coat sleeve, Bill becomes as self-conscious as though he had neglected to wear trousers.

A short time ago Jack Warner, one of the owners of the producing company to which Powell is under contract, requested Bill to act as master of ceremonies at a premiere. Powell objected vigorously on the grounds that he could not



—But you can't fool *Bill* Powell. Not with a whole row of high-hats. He's on to his other self and gives *William* the loud horse laugh

fulfill the duties of the office. "You have seen me on the screen, poised and polished and full of pretty speeches," he told Warner, "but that is not the real me. I am a poor public speaker. I become self-conscious on the stage. I can never think of funny things to say. I am ill at ease before an audience."

Despite the protests, Warner insisted. Now I happened to attend the opening, primarily to see and hear Bill, and he made a favorable impression. But here is how he describes the occasion:

"I MADE a fearful mess of things. I felt like an ass the minute I stepped on the stage. I attempted one *bon mot*, and when nobody laughed, I was more self-conscious than ever. When it was all over and I had wrung the perspiration from my handkerchief, Mr. Warner told me I had done very well. I know better; I felt silly on the stage, and I must have looked it."

Powell's inferiority complex is particularly baneful in the presence of women, which I suspect is because the female is more deadly than the male when it comes to being critical. He is even abashed in the matter of magazine interviews. I have known him to plan, days previous to an engagement with a writer, the things he wants to say; things that will make him appear as brilliant as the screen Powell. When the interviewers arrive, his complex

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Just *Three* Years

By *Leonard Hall*



Two scenes from the life of a clear-eyed, long-legged girl named Kay Francis—in which the whole comedy-drama of a Hollywood career will be found unfolded

IT'S mid-May of 1929 in Hollywood, and Hall is on the prowl.

I've seen that pioneer talkie, "Gentlemen of the Press," in which Walter Huston is featured as the managing editor whose heart breaks while the presses rumble. But what catches my rheumy eye is a tall, grave-eyed and very beautiful girl named Kay Francis.

"Here," I mutter through my long, gray muff, "is a child who is going fast and far in these new-fangled talking pictures."

I decide, then and there, that I want my obituary to wind up "in addition to being a brilliant editor, writer and critic, the late Hall was noted as the journalistic discoverer of Kay Francis, screen star."

So, deported to Hollywood by the boss, I wangle an appointment with this Francis child, and chug Kayward through a lovely Spring afternoon.

Over glasses of celery tonic, we talk—this tall, clear-eyed Francis girl and I.

She's just another exile from the world of the New York stage, I find. She's lonely, rattling around in a rented house in a strange tropical town where bird-songs batter her ear-drums and she is smothered by the scent of posies.

She's working day and night at Paramount, she tells me—laboring as the menace in some now-forgotten circus monstrosity of a picture starring Clara Bow. She knows few people, and sees them seldom—Hollywood is still a mystery—she doesn't know a yucca from a mimosa, and is too tired to care much.

"But you do like pictures," I say, after another tug at the tonic.

"Of course I do," she says, stabbing me to the gizzard with those magnificent optics. "I want to graduate, eventually, from these siren things and play sophisticated leads—the Katherine Cornell type of part."

"Lady," I answer, "I'll bet my new red boots with the copper-toes that whatever you want out of this racket, you'll get."

And I mean it. With that I claps on my ten-year panama, shakes hands with the lady, and walks four miles out of my way, kerflummuxed by Kay Francis' beauty, keenness and charm.

In due course an ecstatic piece appears in these inspired pages. It hails Kay as the first great siren of talking pictures, and prophesies, with a dash of second-sight, that she will become one of the greatest figures in the new medium.

And that's that. The months and years roll on. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

The Kay Francis of today—smooth, slim and sophisticated, living in the madness of movie fame and fortune. What a different girl she was just three years ago!

By John
E. Rogers

An Amazing Lady

Hedda Hopper knows ambassadors, prop boys, clubwomen and Garbo. This story reveals what happened when the silent Swedish girl met the sociable Hedda

SHE'S Hollywood's most amazing lady.

Every city, town or village has one, of course. And Hedda Hopper is Hollywood's. And Hollywood, we may add, is Hedda Hopper's.

She's the "inside track" lady of the village. Inside here. Inside there. Inside everywhere.

She knows exactly why so and so did such and such. And where. And when. And whether it was rainy that night or just foggy. Without ever asking. Or particularly wanting to know.

For people walk up to Hedda's front door, ring the bell, walk in and tell her. That's all. They go out of their palm tree way to find Hedda's ear. While fan writers, motion picture executives and publicity departments bite their nails in suspense and walk up and down the near Oriental rugs wringing their hands in despair.

But Hedda—huh, she knows. And hands out advice like an old time judge.

AND all the time she looks like a million and a half dollars. On the gold standard, of course.

Hollywood builds twenty-two room mansions with swimming pools and solid mahogany bars. Littered with butlers, valets, maids and husbands. And with simply elegant parties coaxes, begs, invites, cajoles in the upper-crusters.

Hedda Hopper lives in the smallest bungalow in Hollywood, has a plain taupe carpet on the floor and one Swedish maid to her name. Yet people who form a line to the right to get into Hedda's, would bowl over Mrs. Astorbilt herself.

Santa Barbara, and you know your Santa Barbara if you know your "Town and Country," dotes on Hedda. The swank of the town crowd the roads to Hedda's cottage door.

Pasadena, and you know your Pasadena if you know your slightly frayed millionaires, burns up the twenty miles between palatial hotels to Hedda's cabin in the cotton.

Beverly Hills society, who generally pass out a couple of polite, but thoroughly chilled raspberries to aspiring movie folk, stampede daily over to Hedda's. And Hedda's movie friends, big ones and small ones, are there as well.

Inside, amidst the crowd and hubbub, is Hedda herself. Passing out the refreshments herself. No frozen-faced house boy who looks like a sure threat of murder is there to chill the proceedings. Beverage shaker in one hand and sandwich tray in the other, Hedda goes about serving her friends. Telling those priceless stories that only Hedda can tell. Everyone made to feel that comfy, wanted feeling. And they love it. And simply won't go home.

That Hopper woman. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

She'll attend, by invitation, of course, the graduation exercises in the garden of an exclusive finishing school in the afternoon and be chief bottle washer at a weiner roast that night.

At the studio she knows every prop boy, carpenter, cutter, stenographer, director and executive by his first name.



Hedda lives in one of the smallest bungalows in Hollywood, but the great and near-great try to wangle invitations to her social affairs. She has more real friends than any woman in town. But it has cost her her career, and she knows it

It's "Hello Joe" to the prop boy and "Hello Bill" to the executive.

And she'll say exactly what she thinks on every subject. She knows to whom she must make a certain remark in order to have it carried back to that person. A person who needs just such a remark to pull him up.

She talks incessantly, but has a reason behind every remark and action. She's far-seeing and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

COME ON —

Let's Watch 'Em Eat!

SH-H-H. Come inside and close the door so Sylvia won't hear. Bring a ten pound box of chocolates for you'll be hungry, and listen carefully while your Aunt Lois lets you in on a few inside secrets of the food habits of these movie stars.

Now who do you suppose has the biggest appetite in Hollywood? Wally Beery? Don't make me laugh. It's a gorgeous blonde siren who—. But wait. What is in that same mysterious package that reposes every day on the napkin covered tray that travels to Garbo's dressing-room? Who eats cheese and crackers for breakfast and what riot-with-the-ladies carries pockets full of peanuts everywhere he goes?

Ah ha, I thought you'd sit up pretty.

Well, when Constance Bennett entertains luncheon guests, what I mean is, the guests are entertained. Plump-conscious blondes sit in wide-eyed amazement as Connie reaches for a second helping of those lovely hot biscuits, a third generous serving of mashed potatoes (with butter) another slice of beef, and dear me, dear me, what elegant whipped cream. A little more of the cream, please.

For Constance Bennett eats more food than any star in town. While most people are contented (or have to be) with one small serving, Connie reaches for two or three helpings. And what? Nothing. She never gains an ounce. Connie, healthy, hungry and eager to gain, eats three square (and such large squares) meals a day and remains the same Connie.

"Have you had a guest today, Mr. Montgomery?" the cashier at the M-G-M commissary asked Bob, his first few days on the lot.

"Why no," Bob answered.

"Oh, excuse me," the embarrassed man replied, "but I see two sandwiches, two pie orders and two glasses of milk. I-er-that is—nice day isn't it?"

"Double order Bob." His name in the commissary. Not a heavy or elaborate lunch for Bob, but always two of everything.

Rare roast beef. The kind that merely rises up and bows to the oven enroute to the table. Heavy, hearty vegetables. Cabbage. Beans. No dessert. No funny fixings. That's Wally Beery.

"Naw I don't want that sissy looking cake. Take it away. I was raised on plain food and I ain't done so bad, eh?"

Clark Gable's favorite sandwich rivals the Empire State Building for dizzy altitudes

Someone concocted a Wally Beery sandwich at the M-G-M commissary which consisted of dainty squares of toast upon which reposed dainty peanut butter, a small slice of chicken and a dash of tomato. Wally took one look. Just one look. Now run on home and don't ask what Wally said.

ON gala days Joan Crawford orders two slices of raisin bread. And then very daintily, Joan plucks the plump raisins from their whole wheat beds and eats only the raisins, one at a time. Such gorging. Once in a while, Joan will order a "Joan Crawford" salad which consists of large mounds of cottage cheese literally surrounded by white cooked figs, over this goes a non-fattening dressing. But oftener Joan will have a shredded wheat biscuit with skimmed milk. But during heavy love scenes Joan takes nothing but (here, weep in my handkerchief) two glasses of sauerkraut juice a day. Sweet romance!

The M-G-M lunch-room is a big place with linoleum on the floor—nothing fancy, mind you—and, like all Gaul and studio commissaries, divided into three parts—the main dining room, the lunch counter and the glassed-in porch outside.



Loretta Young sends to Hollywood restaurants, from her studios at Burbank, for favorite tamales for luncheon



While Maurice Chevalier, with a lean and hungry look, is intent on his American waffles, Marie Dressler—bless her heart—nibbles like a gold fish

Loretta Young

Y VAN ARSDALE

high brow porch? Not Clark. No sir, he heads straight for the publicity table—where the press-agents eat—and sits right down amongst 'em to talk things over.

All sorts of people are gathered together in the studio commissaries. A man in full evening dress chats with a football player. They're both extras. And the little girl in big hoop earrings and a colorful shawl was born in St. Louis and never saw Spain.

An everyday studio commissary sight is that of two actors—one reading the script and the other reciting.

Nobody pays any attention to them.

Loretta Young has a flaming passion for tamales. And will send to Hollywood restaurants, from her studios at Burbank, for tamales for luncheon. Now, the minute a restaurant keeper in town spies a First National car passing down the boulevard, he begins wrapping up Loretta's tamales.

They have given up at the studio. They have given up at home. The impossible in Hollywood has happened. No one has ever yet been able to fill up Jackie Cooper. There seems to be, according to scientific research workers, a complete and mysterious vacuum within the diminutive Jackie. Eat? Heaven help us. Connie Bennett only can hold a candle to Jackie.

Two tenderloin steaks on toast. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ LOVE ME TONIGHT—Paramount

WHAT a picture! First, you have Chevalier (and last, you have Chevalier, and all through this riot of entertainment you have Chevalier)—zat Maurice who captures you with his risqué songs, his magnetic smile and his rakish straw hat. And, adding her beauty and lovely voice, you have that delightful Jeanette MacDonald. And those two ridiculous Charlies—Ruggles and Butterworth. And C. Aubrey Smith, who plays a doughty old duke and puts over a solo as inimitably as Maurice. Then there is Myrna Loy. And others equally good. The story? About a lowly tailor who woos a princess. The music? Woven through the whole picture like a brilliant symphony, accented with some of the catchiest tunes of the season. You'll surely be humming, "Isn't It Romantic?" or we miss our guess.



★ HORSE FEATHERS—Paramount

IT'S full of Marx Brothers. The four, mad, hysterical Marxes. It has horse feathers and horse laughs. Nonsense and no sense. If you want to forget your troubles and you yearn for a long laugh, a howl and a yelp, see Groucho as maniacal professor, Harpo as a dog-catcher and Chico as a combination bootlegger and ice man.

Through nine long reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom they race and tear, dripping wisecracks as they go.

Zeppo, the youngest, is Groucho's son, in love with the college widow. Groucho sets out in overshoes and carrying an umbrella to break up the romance, only to succumb himself. The football game is a scream. You won't know at all what it's all about. But then neither do the Marx Brothers. Who cares? It's that funny.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

LIFE BEGINS

LOVE ME TONIGHT

OKAY AMERICA!

TIGER SHARK

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

HORSE FEATHERS

ONE WAY PASSAGE

BIRD OF PARADISE

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

The Best Performances of the Month

Eric Linden in "Life Begins"

Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight"

Charles Butterworth in "Love Me Tonight"

Marx Brothers in "Horse Feathers"

Lew Ayres in "Okay America!"

Kay Francis in "One Way Passage"

Bill Powell in "One Way Passage"

Aline MacMahon in "One Way Passage"

Edward Robinson in "Tiger Shark"

Leslie Banks in "The Most Dangerous Game"

Charles Laughton in "Devil and the Deep"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126



★ ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Universal

EVERYONE wondered whether or not a studio would dare to make the film version of this famous stage play which poked the finger of fun at Hollywood, but Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious and screamingly funny manner that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss it.

The satire is all there; not a bit of the kidding has been left out.

Hats off to Universal for bringing it to the screen intact. In fact, because of the versatility of the camera, the picture is one up on the play and the book.

Prepare to laugh yourself out of your chair. You may not live in mad Hollywood, but you must know enough about its madness to appreciate an exposé of it.

Jack Oakie, as the dumb and therefore successful *Dr. Lewis* (producer), is a howl from start to finish.

Gregory Ratoff is perfect as the typical motion picture mogul of moguls.

Aline MacMahon brings her stage rôle to the screen and we're betting Hollywood won't ever let her go back on the stage.

Sidney Fox plays the dumb Dora adorably.

To pick out even a few "best performances" is impossible, because the whole cast is so excellent.



★ OKAY AMERICA!—Universal

HERE'S the picture Walter Winchell refused to make. And what a chance Mrs. Winchell's little boy missed. For the famous columnist is glorified and heroized. He's a snoop, nosy little scandal-disher with so much charm and nerve that you like him. Lew Ayres plays the chatter writer who goes newsgathering in every night club and speakeasy. And heaven help the cheaters. He accidentally barges in (where angels fear to tiptoe) at a kidnapping, agrees to act as a go-between, is double-crossed and finally is sent by the leader to barter with the President.

Boy, they've written a living, breathing column. It carries one along right to the big, dramatic ending.

Lew comes back in this one and Maureen O'Sullivan is great. It has suspense, thrills and good old hokum.



★ ONE WAY PASSAGE—Warners

BY far the best movie that Kay Francis and William Powell have turned out as a team. Believe it or not, it's a romantic ghost story—and it's swell stuff.

Most of the action takes place on a boat going from Hongkong to San Francisco with a stopover at Honolulu.

Aline MacMahon, as *Barrelhouse Betty* gone ritzy, and Frank McHugh, as the incorrigible petty thief with a silly but infectious laugh, give the picture some hilarious moments. And you'll get a kick out of *Betty's* bangs. About those ghosts? You'll have to see the finish of the picture to find out about them. But the gentle romance—love at first sight—is what you will remember.

Powell and Francis have never been more charming and sincere than as the lovers in "One Way Passage."

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

☆
TIGER SHARK—
First National



IT has everything a moving picture ought to have—exciting action, comedy, beauty and love interest. Edward Robinson is grand as the bragging *Portuguese Mike* and Zita Johann is a new shady dame, while Richard Arlen is perfectly cast as the sturdy young fisherman who loves his pal's wife. Salty and vivid, this adventure picture is exciting entertainment. You won't even mind the draggy ending.

☆
BIRD OF PARADISE—
RKO-Radio



LAVISH settings, gorgeous photography and the spirited musical score, plus good acting by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea, give this a good rating. Young moderns will thrill to the love scenes, as romantic and daring as any recent film has offered, but the story about a native princess and a white boy will seem out of date. The film actually cost its producers a million dollars.

☆
THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME—
RKO-Radio



HERE'S another "new idea" picture. It's originality with capital letters. Joel McCrea almost out-Weissmullers Johnny Weissmuller, while Leslie Banks is a refined and therefore twice-as-fascinating edition of *Frankenstein*. Acting honors go to Banks, who plays a Russian who has become so bored with life that hunting down men is the only thrill left for him. Don't pass this one by.

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY—
M-G-M



JACKIE COOPER'S best since "The Champ." This time he has a real story. What happens to children after their parents divorce and marry again? It's a tough road beset with both tears and laughter. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. Jackie does some of his best work, with his amazing naturalness. Very much worth seeing, but more for grown-ups than children.

CROONER—
First National



CROONERS are would-be singers that girls go for in a big way and men would like to choke, according to this picture. It hands a loud but quite amusing razz to all such radio performers. It took courage for good looking David Manners to play a college lad who becomes one of these ridiculed crooners. Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help to make this bright and entertaining.

DEVIL AND THE DEEP—
Paramount



THIS Charles Laughton—what an actor! He will give you a new thrill as you watch him almost steal the picture from Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper. You'll forgive him for doing it, too, because his portrayal of a jealous, crazed submarine commander who carries his wife and her lover to the bottom of the sea for revenge, is magnificent. The undersea shots are breathtaking.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

WAR CORRESPONDENT—
Columbia



THE CRASH—
First National



YOU'LL be vastly amused by Ralph Graves' trench-side broadcast of activities on the Chinese battle front. He's a tinhorn hero, turned war correspondent, and there is plenty of punch and also hokum in this story of his feud with Jack Holt, another American who is mixed up in the foreign fracas. Lila Lee, pleasingly continuing her picture comeback, is the other side of the triangle.

THIS is a thoroughly unbelievable story. How come, Ruth Chatterton, since your contract says you may select your own? It's all about the depression and really is too stupid to synopsise. Ruth looks lovely and her clothes are gorgeous. George Brent, her recent husband, does the best he can with such bad material. And these two are usually so charming on the screen. Too bad!

GUILTY AS HELL—
Paramount



THE LAST MILE—
World Wide



MYSTERY with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And there are Edmund Lowe and Vic McLaglen the same old friendly enemies. A snappy little crime mix-up with Richard Arlen almost getting the rap for a crime he didn't commit. But leave it to the "Sez You" twins to find it out in time. Adrienne Ames is grand as the girl and Henry Stephenson is one swell villain. It's new, sparkling and entertaining.

IF you like intense drama with a morbid note, you'll like this story, the action of which takes place almost entirely in the death house of a penitentiary. Seeing how men in all walks of life face the electric chair is both blood-curdling and illuminating. A doomed man's mother is the only woman in the picture. Georgie Stone's performance should place him among the headliners. Powerful if shuddery.

THE NIGHT CLUB LADY—
Columbia



BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES—
M-G-M



IF you like mysteries, you should see this picture, for it has an abundance of thrills that will make your flesh creep. It's a big break for Adolphe Menjou and he certainly makes the most of the opportunity. In this you'll get the first glimpse of Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage, while old faithful Skeets Gallagher again turns in plenty of laughs. Save an evening for this.

ASPRIGHTLY, well-framed story with brilliant backstage atmosphere, thrills, suspense and some very tender moments. Marion Davies is charming as the little Eastside girl who makes a success in the Follies, and Billie Dove has never been more lovely. The high point comes when Marion and Jimmy Durante do a burlesque of "Grand Hotel." Bob Montgomery plays the lead. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 97]

Marie Dressler's

MY philosophy—the grand lesson life has taught me—this is the real story of my life.

What happens to you, day by day, doesn't matter much. It is what you think about what happens to you that is important.

The whole course of your life may be changed by an open window, or, getting the wrong number on a telephone, or a traffic blockade. But your mind and your heart will keep steadily toward their goal.

Neither people nor events nor places make any real difference—only how much we love them, what we think about them, what we see in them. That is the sum of you and your history.

I have seen the face of existence change beyond recognition. Mechanical devices have altered the ways and means of toil and pleasure. We have worked out of the narrowness and suppression of my early days, and sometimes I think we have worked into license and danger. We have more sanitation and plumbing—but we have less homes and fewer fireplaces. We have more airplanes and fewer horses. We get places faster, but I am not sure that we see any more.

I know now that external things do not mean much and that human relationships are all that count. The road may look different, but it is the same road of life, the obstacles may have different names, but they are the same obstacles—and the goal is the same—happiness.

Depression? I have lived a lifetime of depression, skating on thin ice among the rich and the poor. Nobody ever knew. Why should they? It was my business. What did it matter? If I could not possess things, I could own them with my mind and my heart and my imagination.

Failure? Who cares? We are as great as the things we understand and love and appreciate. When you listen to a song with love, you are as great as the man who wrote it. When you enter into sympathy with a great poet, the real glory of his achievement is yours, too.

YOU live in your own world—a world you create for yourself. Yesterday is gone from that world, and tomorrow never comes. And today is yours, to think of as you will, to fill as you wish.

Three things are necessary to life. Laughter and music and religion. You may choose your own religion—but you must worship and believe in something.

And there is one prayer for all races, colors, creeds—Teach Me To Love.

If you pray that every day, you will not need anything else. And you will never need to fear the white wings of death.

When I was young I prayed for many things. For success—and wealth to buy



"Three things are necessary to life — laughter, music, religion. You must believe in something"



"The only worthwhile love is the love that expects nothing and that externals cannot alter"



"I look back over my life and realize there is nothing, absolutely nothing, ever to fear"

many things. For happiness—and someone to share it. For a place in the sun—and the world to watch me.

Now I make but one prayer—and I may make it anywhere. No need for church walls nor any altar. Anywhere, in the sun or the rain, in the darkness or the light, alone or amid a crowd, on the set or in my own garden, my soul may kneel and say, "Teach me to love."

TO love wisely, patiently, with generosity, with courtesy, with humility, with kindness.

You need nothing more for religion. You can be truly happy with nothing less. And there is always something and someone to love. It may be only a mongrel pup, like the one who cavorts in my back yard right now. It may be someone great, for the great are often lonely. It may be a sinner, who needs it most. And as long as you love, you live.

When you reach the rich glory of later years, you look back over the agony and the joy of living, and you know many things.

I wouldn't give up my hard knocks, my suffering, my hurts, for anything in the world. That is what makes my life so rich now. That is what makes the latter half of life worth living. Because from every one of them grows some new strength, some new knowledge, some new tenderness.

What is our greatest mistake?

Expecting too much of life. Too much ease, too much pleasure. Expecting too much of people—of friends—of marriage—of children.

The only worthwhile friends are the ones you can drop and pick up—and find them just the same. The only worthwhile love is the love that expects nothing, and that externals cannot alter.

I WOULDN'T give you two cents for the person who never changes, who has never slipped, never failed me. They aren't human. We all change. I look back upon the child I was, dreaming, yearning, hungry for life. Upon the young woman I was, unhappy because life had forced me into the theater when I thought I should be married and have a dozen children.

Upon the gray days of my first middle age, when it seemed that life was finished for me—had passed me by. And I realize how little we know, how little we can see ahead. I realize how I have been many women in my life, changing from year to year, sometimes from day to day. And it has all been good and I know that from darkness has come light and from discouragement has come beauty.

Years ago I sat one day in the old Polo Grounds. Some great batter was standing at the plate. The man who was my escort explained that he was

Own Story

As Told By
Adela Rogers
St. Johns

Marie Dressler, "Grand Old Girl" of pictures, opens her wise and loving heart to PHOTOPLAY'S family of readers in this revealing article

very great, that he hit more often than anyone else in the league. His batting average was .420. He was the very best—and his average was .420 out of a possible thousand.

That is a pretty good average. Love people in spite of the fact that they bat only .420. In spite of the fact that they fail almost as often as you fail yourself. Love your friends when they need you, and your lover when he has nothing but your love.

I am not afraid any more to be called changeable. I am not worried any more because I cannot take sides positively about this or that. I do not mind if my friends say I shilly-shally. It means that I can see all sides of life, that I have at least grown into a wider vision and a more tender desire to understand.

When I was a young woman and had made a sensational success at the Casino in New York, I lived with a woman friend at an apartment just in back of the theater. Nights when we had not been invited out for supper, we used to hurry home and sit in the window and watch the crowds leave the theater, and looking down upon them I would be thrilled to remember how they had applauded me, how they had called me back time after time.

ONE night, my friend said to me, "Marie, you are very lucky."

I was angry with her for a moment. Lucky? No—it wasn't luck. I had scored that success because I was *good*.

Then, when I seemed to be a total failure, when I couldn't find a job, when my money was very low, indeed, I found myself one day thinking, "Marie, you're unlucky."

When we are successful, we do not believe much in luck. But when we are unfortunate, we do.

I believe in luck. I know I have been lucky and I never cease to be grateful.

But I must explain what I mean by luck.

Luck is what we are given. Luck is what comes to us from some power outside ourselves.

To get it, we must keep open the windows of our souls. We must ask for the gift. We must call for luck.

We are always answered.

We use such a very little of the great thing we possess—the great power which is ours.

The day came when I had my great chance in pictures, at a time when it seemed to me I was through. And a young friend of mine, gay and a little hard in his success said, "Marie, you can't do it. You are foolish to try *Marthy* in 'Anna Christie.' The public will not accept you."

My courage faltered. I have always been conscious of my own limitations. I have always been dissatisfied, as everyone is who has a high ideal for his work. But I have learned at last not to be bothered about it. Our best is our best—and often, thank the dear God who watches over us so lovingly, it is good enough.

So when I came to do *Marthy*, I knew that I could not do it alone. From within my own hidden stores, or from without,



Marie at the Mayfair, swankiest of all Hollywood formal functions. Colorful and crowded as it is with the youth, the beauty, the talent of filmland, she steals the scene from all of them. Not because she wants to, but because great personalities like Marie can't help it—on the screen or in life

must come something better than just Marie Dressler. I do not know how that strength came. Whether in answer to my call, through the open windows of my soul, or from the depths of the spiritual reservoir every man and woman carries within, but it came—as it comes to everyone.

When I was quite a young woman, a great man, a great American, told me about that reservoir. That golden storehouse within which absorbs the overflow of our everyday thinking and praying and remembering, where we keep stored for all time the good and beauty and knowledge that have passed through our lives. Open [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



HERE'S the answer to, "What is a 'stand-in'?" In the foreground you discover Ann Harding and Richard Dix conferring with Director Wellman, while the lights and cameras are being trained on the couple, upper left. The boy stands in for Dix and the girl for Ann—to save the actors' time and energy. "The Conquerors" is the film

A Very "UNRELIABLE Fellow"

By George Brenton

"WATCH out for him," Hollywood whispers. "He'll arrive one hour late. Or not at all. He'll let you down and cost you plenty. Unreliable."

And so the whispering campaign against Lee Tracy goes on. At parties, at the Brown Derby or the Coconut Grove. Buzz, buzz, buzz.

Stories grow and multiply. By the time the evening is over, Lee has not only burned down the studio but choked each and every Warner brother into complete insensibility. It's quite dreadful.

And this impossible, tyrannical, despotic Tracy guy; this Lee; where is he hiding out while Hollywood whispers and warns?

Well, children, this dreadful bogey man is either one of two places. He's either on a rickety, wave-tossed boat deep-sea fishing on the Pacific or he's in some Hollywood studio making a picture that will knock the fans edgewise. And is no more bothered with Hollywood's back-fence gossip than Garbo is with quilting bees.

He's even amused by it. And thinks it's funny. "Listen," he'll say, "did you hear the latest about me? What? You didn't hear that I phoned such and such an executive and asked him kindly to go to a decidedly hot place with my compliments? And then walked off the set in the middle of the picture? Well, well," he'll say, "you haven't heard a thing."

"But, of course," he'll go on, "you heard how I made 'Blessed Event'?"

Half of Lee's acting is in the way he uses his sensitive hands. He learned that trick by trying to imitate Thurston, the magician, who was his boyhood hero



He leaped from "The Front Page"—stage version—right into the film, "Big Time." And Lee Tracy has lived up to both of those significant titles ever since

Oh, come now, surely you've heard that one," he'll grin. "Well, you see, it seems they had someone, or maybe a crowd, for all I know, to hold me up on the other side of the set. I was er—that is—I was supposed to be slightly inebriated. Falling down drunk, if you don't understand French.

"And then when the director was ready to shoot, they'd open the door and thrust Mrs. Tracy's little boy Lee through the door and before I landed on my coco-bean, they'd snap me making a grand entrance."

And then he'll throw back his head and roar.

And so will everyone else who sees "Blessed Event." For Lee Tracy walked into the part left vacant by the irritated Mr. Cagney and gave a performance that will go down in movie history as a pip. And no one could do that and be slightly swacked, as it were.

And all the time actors, loafers and good time boys are warning Hollywood against the fickleness of Lee Tracy, the studios are sitting up on their haunches howling and yowling for little Lee. "We want Tracy," they cry.

In fact the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

What is it about this lad that makes him so funny? Now, honestly, that's not such a comical face. He has nice eyes and wavy hair and looks well in his clothes. But there's something about his voice. That voice made him a star



Stuart Erwin's wife, June Collyer, heard him speak on the screen long before she met him and she laughed until she cried. "But, of course," she explained later, "I didn't know Stu, then." They are still on Hollywood's happiness list

It's *The Way He Says It*

EVERYONE in Hollywood likes him.

But no one can understand why he's so gosh-darned funny.

It isn't because Stuart Erwin looks just too comical for words that people go into stitches over him.

Shucks, Hollywood has seen funnier faces than Stu's. Take a bird's-eye view of Schnozzle Durante, for instance, or a profile. Or a Grand Canyon exposure of Joe E. Brown. Now, there are faces that are, what I mean, faces—ladies and gentlemen.

But Stu—why there's nothing screamingly funny about his face, exactly.

He has a pair of steady gray eyes that look kind of nice and thoughtful. His mouth sort of pouts, but what does that prove? Mae Murray has been pouting for years and years, and no one in particular has been rolling in any aisles at Mae.

And—why, Stu's even got wavy hair. Nice deep waves and everything.

Of course, he looks kind of dumb when he wants to, but so does Will Rogers, for that matter. And Garbo. And Mickey Mouse, and a lot of people that are running around loose in Hollywood that are dumb like a flock of foxes.

So that can't be why he's so funny, right in broad daylight, off the screen as well as on. Nor it isn't his acting exactly, for Stu himself complains about that.

"I've got all my gestures figured out, see," he explains, "before I ever begin a scene. Boy, I mean I've got gestures and things ready that is acting. But do I ever get a chance to show 'em? Do I?" he insists. "Oh no. Before I can twirl dramatically about, quivering, and say scornfully, 'So it's you, is it, you so and so,' why, they've laughed. They just naturally laugh for no reason.

Every time that Stuart Erwin speaks, Hollywood just dies laughing

"It's got me whipped."

It needn't. For Stuart Erwin has one of the rarest possessions in Hollywood. Has it and doesn't know it.

He has the only voice in Hollywood with the priceless quality of being funny without anything particularly funny to say.

It's just funny. A come-to-Stuie-voice that caresses, that tickles the hearer exactly as if a straw had been waved beneath the nose. A soft, caressing little voice that annoys pleasantly like a feather in one's ear.

His funnybone is in his throat. And that hesitant, quiet, easy, breathless, rural little way of speaking, that dying down in the middle of a sentence where no living, breathing person would think of halting, that gentle strangling of the last word in every statement, that tantalizing tone, always brings forth a chuckle, a giggle, a titter, a guffaw or a shout.

HAVE you got something, Stuart! Dietrich can keep her legs, Garbo her eyelashes and Chevalier his accent, and yes, his lower lip, too, for what the Erwin boy has got is plenty.

The director on a certain set was in a rage. A gorgeous, deep purple rage. Things had gone wrong all morning. The leading lady had arrived twenty minutes late. The lights went bloeey and the leading man had a boil and couldn't sit down in the love scenes.

It was awful. Life was just a mockery, the director decided. A hollow mockery. He stormed up and down the set. He was through. Through with the whole crazy, insane business. He would leave that minute, no later, for home. Back to the old country for him where people arrived on time and heroes did not get boils.

The stage door opened softly.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

By Sara Hamilton

Starring The New Trends

THE furless coat is being billed right up among the brightlights of new fashions this fall. Katherine Hepburn, a new bright star herself, wears the favorite mannish tailored coat of Hollywood. A rich red woolen is given a decided swagger by a double breasted cut. Wide lapels give the important top interest—note the slash pockets. You will see Katherine smartly wearing this in "Bill of Divorcement."

WHEN you see Kay Francis in "One Way Passage," don't fail to look for this very wearable black woolen dress. It is just the sort of thing to choose for your first fall outfit. A detailed sketch, shown below with the photograph, gives you an idea of how smartly cut it is. The seaming is used diagonally on bodice and skirt. Flaring cuffs of the fabric stress the sleeves. A trick leather belt has a bow studded with nail heads. Collar of white satin.



JOAN MARSH lets the silhouettes of her own Scotties decorate her smart linen hankies.

YOU can't wear too many bracelets—try seven in different colors.



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by Photoplay Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of Photoplay Magazine are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names appear on Page 121.

— Seymour



EVENING clothes have a new purpose this year—they have a "five-'til-midnight" personality, like this stunning white crepe gown, at left. Adrienne Ames wears this in "Guilty As Hell." All the interest centers at the top where a tucked guimpe buttons high at the neck, and tucked sleeves give a covered shoulder line. Rings of brown fur circle the armholes. Note the straight silhouette.



ADRIENNE again, at left, in a stunning cape ensemble. A contrasting blouse has leg o' mutton sleeves with cuffs of the dress fabric.



ALL of the costumes Adrienne wears in "Guilty As Hell," show important fashion trends. Look closely at the details of this trim woolen dress, at right. It has the slim, straight silhouette with neckline closing at the base of the throat. The sleeves are wide at the armholes, tapering to the wrists. A side-front closing is marked with loops of the fabric. Adrienne's dress is a violet-blue, but you may buy it in several colors—and without the silver fox lei scarf, shown here. Sixteen button suede gloves, black suede shoes and an unusually shaped black suede bag with silver trim are accessories. Tricky belt, too.

LEILA HYAMS wears a dress you are all going to want! Here it is at the right, and isn't it smart? The dress is simplicity personified but the unusual collar that flares down one side and just reaches around the neck on the other, gives it a special dash. The butcher cuffs are new, too. Both cuffs and the collar are in the new rough satin. The dress is a pebbled black crepe—those white buttons are adroitly placed. See this soon in "The Big Broadcast."

— Seymour



PERHAPS you saw this good looking jacket dress in "Skyscraper Souls." If not, look for it. Verree Teasdale wears it. It is made in black wool crepe with that clever scarf neckline in white satin. The jacket is quite plain with little epaulet capes to give shoulder width. Don't miss the way the scarf buttons.

SLEEVES, as you know, are the pet child of fashion this season. They do all sorts of gay things as on this wool frock of Myrna Loy's, sketched left. The drop shoulder line with the sleeves puffing out below is very new. The buttons and the unusual use of cording are good details. In "Thirteen Women."



HERE'S an idea for making over last year's bunny coat. Verree Teasdale wears a brief white ermine jacket with armlets of fox. A tie at the neckline and again at the waist, is different. And note the jeweled pin in front.

New Fall Woolens

THERE'S a Victorian flavor to this red woolen dress which you see Katherine Hepburn wearing in the sketch at left. The demure high neckline, the epaulet capes on the shoulders, and the fitted bodice are all reminiscent of your grandmother's time. That trick belt buckle is wooden. See this in "Bill of Divorcement."

FOR all the traveling Kay Francis does in "One Way Passage," this coat, sketched below, is the perfect choice. It is one of those practical affairs that you can wear with or without a separate fur piece. Clever criss-cross collar—and the sleeves have a jacket-like cut. Kay's coat is a beige-brown plaid but you may buy it in a smart two-toned tweed. Her shallow crowned felt with scalloped brim is new and different—it's brown

Seymour



Here is the third and last of this year's Cut Picture Puzzle series. All the men are married. One is English, one Hungarian and the other American. All have brown hair. Two of the women have never been married. One has recently re-married. One has a beautiful singing voice and all came from the stage to pictures. One has been called "The First Lady of the Screen"

Cut Yourself A Prize

1. Eighty-three cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$300.00
Second Prize.....	100.00
Third Prize.....	50.00
Thirty Prizes of \$10 each.....	300.00
Fifty Prizes of \$5 each.....	250.00

2. In three issues (the August, September and October numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Six complete puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When completed, six portraits may be produced. \$1,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named, spelled and most neatly arranged set of eighteen portraits, and who name a motion picture in which each of these actors and actresses has appeared.

3. This is the third and last of this Cut Picture Puzzle series. You may submit your solutions any time after September 15. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of eighteen only. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry and that it carries sufficient postage.

4. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired. The eighteen puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below, together with the name of some motion picture in which he or she has appeared.

5. Contestants can obtain help in solving the puzzle pictures by studying the suggestions appearing below the pictures in

each issue. They apply generally to the six sets on the page. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

6. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions should be in at that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be impossible to return any of the entries. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1933 issue of PHOTOPLAY.

egard
made
nutes
aper-
of the
Take
e end

The
month
this
ide of
ercise
sh off.
your
ptor's
you
exer-
body.

g, but
nails
slim
in of
k too

nice hands that you're not ashamed to play bridge. Many women miss the fun of playing cards because they have ugly hands.

Lots of folks say that a tiny hand is the most beautiful. That's bunk. A large hand can be as lovely as any, if it has character, is lean and is well cared for. I don't know what people mean when they say Garbo's is a peasant's hand. It's a big hand—that's true—but I've seen plenty of society women with big hands.

THE worst looking hand is a pudgy one and I can tell you how to get rid of that fat, just as I've told you how to get rid of fat on your stomach.

First of all—here's the general routine for lovely hands. Wash the hands in lukewarm water and soap every night. Rinse them carefully in lukewarm water and dry them gently. Then, with feeding cream, massage the hands with the same movement you use to put on a tight glove, being careful not to neglect in between the fingers, and continue the pulling on of a glove idea over your wrist and forearm, paying particular attention to the elbows. Do this for about ten minutes and then, with the cream still on, sleep in a pair of loose kid gloves.

In the morning wipe the cream off with tissue and, after your bath or shower, gently rub lotion into the hands. Do this for one week—that's all I ask you, just give it one week's trial. You'll be amazed at how lovely your hands will look.

Now, that's the general routine. Here are some of the individual problems. Girls who use typewriters or play the piano for any great period of time are inclined to have blunt, stubby fingers. This can absolutely be corrected. I know it. It can



Here is Sylvia—known all over the world as the beauty marvel of Hollywood. For the past five years she has been making the stars lovely and has received as high as \$100 a treatment. Now this *masseuse de luxe* is teaching you how to do for yourselves what she has done for the stars. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine for which she is writing

easily, that's a sign something is lacking in your system. In that case drink a small glass of orange juice in the middle of the afternoon and eat plenty of cottage cheese.

Here's another excellent dish to supply the system with what it requires. Allow a pint of milk to sour. Dip up about a soup-dish full of this clabbered milk. Into this put a handful of stale pumper-nickel bread that has been grated. Add a tablespoonful of brown sugar. This makes an excellent dish and one upon which you could make your entire lunch. It's an "old country dish" and I'll bet that Garbo is enjoying it right this very minute in Sweden.

Don't overload your hands with rings. Make your hands useful and vigorous looking. Nothing looks so awful as an anemic hand. Do things with your hands—if it's only to make gestures as you talk, but above all things don't let them just hang lifeless at your sides. Get pep in your hands.

IF your hands are too thin the rest of your body is probably too thin, too, and the only thing to do is to build yourself up generally. But remember that you can mold the hands to suit yourself, by pinching, squeezing and kneading as I've shown you how to do this month. Beauty can be hand-made.

Large veins usually mean poor circulation and the way to get good circulation is to get up and do things. Get some life into yourself. Get a little pep. But hard work also causes large veins and there is not much that can be done for them then except to hold the hands above your head for a little while before you go out and then sit so the hands are a little higher than the arms and the blood has a chance to run away from the hands.



Fingers made blunt, stubby by pounding a typewriter can be molded into long tapering ones



Here is the way to squeeze excess fat off of ugly, pudgy hands. You must use a good firm grip



Make the muscles tense. Draw in fingers like this. Relax and repeat. It will reduce hands

For red hands use a good bleaching cream every other night and the feeding cream on alternate nights. Avoid hot water and don't expose the hands to cold or wind. Always wear gloves. And don't neglect the general hand routine and the "glove movement" massage. There! If you don't get pretty hands it's your own fault. I've told you how to do it, now go to it.

And now for the feet. You shouldn't need me to tell you to have properly fitted shoes, but there are a lot of silly women who still persist in squeezing their poor feet into shoes too small for them. I've told you often enough just what a lovely carriage can do for your figure and you certainly can't have a lovely carriage if your feet have corns and bunions. You won't look pretty if your face is drawn up into wrinkles because your feet hurt. Go to the chiropodist every second week. It's not a luxury. It's as important as having your hair done and your nails manicured.

Now, here's the way to walk. Put your feet straight in front of you. In fact, rather than spread your feet at an angle—as some of you were taught to do in school—walk a little pigeon-toed. Look at Joan Crawford's walk. Isn't it graceful? She is slightly pigeon-toed. Gloria Swanson has the most beautiful feet of any star. She walks with her feet absolutely straight in front of her.

THIS month you see pictures of the right and wrong way to walk. Get a spring into your step. Step on the entire foot at once but don't come down too hard on the heels. Walk lightly, as if you liked just moving yourself along, as if you really were going somewhere and felt life coursing through every vein. You will spring along the street if your feet are comfortable.

Flat heels—absolutely flat ones—are not good for most people, except for playing tennis. A medium heel, like the

one in the picture, is best for walking and every-day use. High heels, in the evening, are all right. Be sure that your shoe is long enough for, as with hands, it is not always the small foot that is the most beautiful.

I've shown you a daily exercise that you should take to avoid fallen arches. Lean back on your heels and then come up high on your toes. Do this twenty or thirty times a day. It will also strengthen the calves of your legs. And don't overlook the

advice I've given to girls who stand all day. I've given that same advice to hundreds of stars. Remember that they, too, work hard—as hard as the clerk or saleslady, and not only do they stand for hours at a time, but they stand under those burning lights.

NOW girls—go to it! See that your hands and your feet are as well cared for as your letters have told me your figures and your faces are.

And don't fail to listen to Sylvia's little talk in next month's issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

For Girls Who Stand All Day

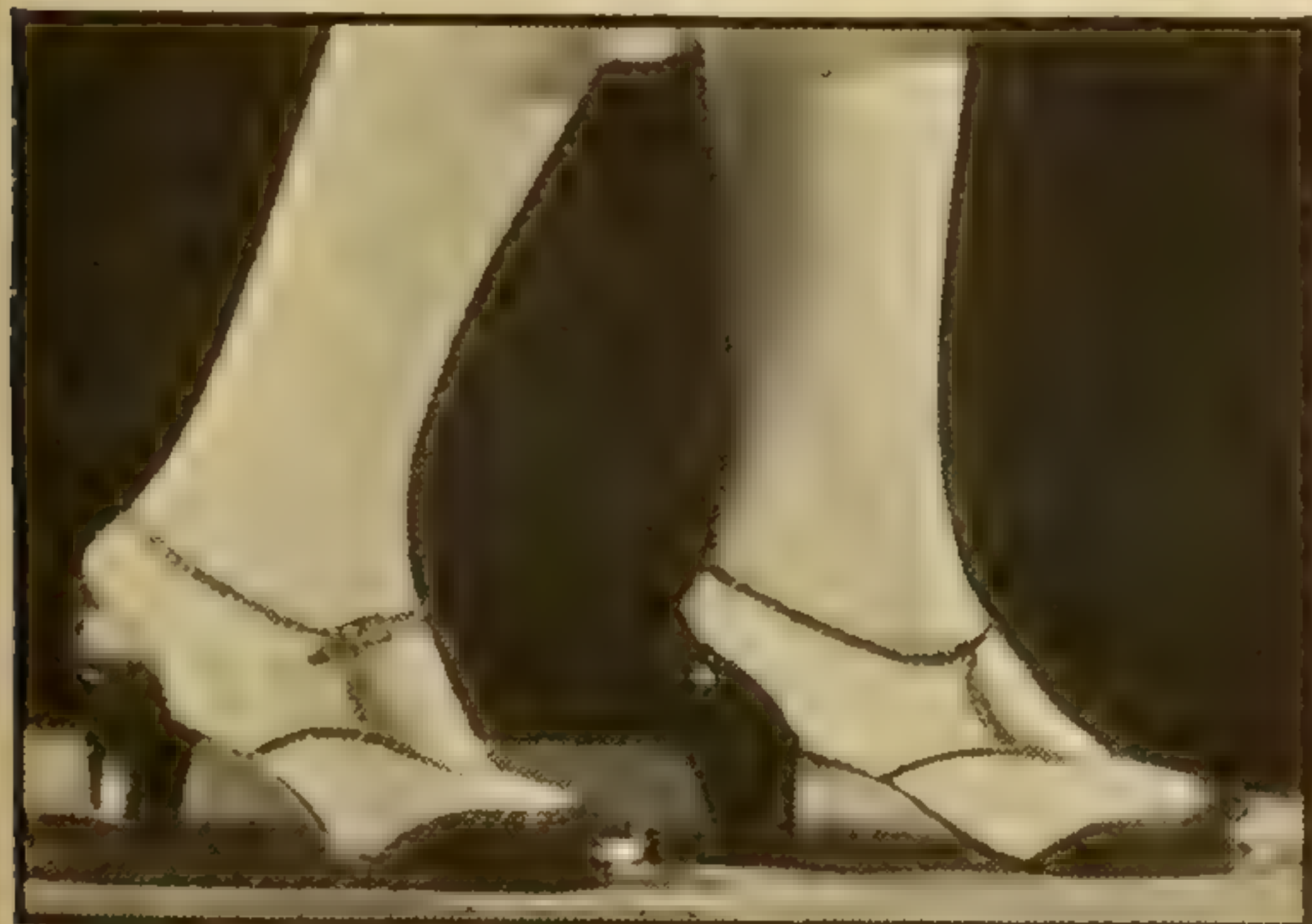
If your feet swell from standing a great deal or from any other cause, here is the cure.

Have two pails of water—one as hot as you can stand it and one cold. Soak the feet alternately in the hot and cold water, a few minutes in each, for about fifteen minutes altogether. Dry them well and then apply rubbing alcohol with the hands, working the alcohol well into the feet and ankles.

Then, for ten minutes, lie on a couch or bed, with pillows under the knees so that the feet are higher than the head. Relax completely.

This will not only reduce swelling but it will make the feet and ankles permanently thinner.

Sylvia has given this remedy to hundreds of stars who stand under the hot studio lights for hours at a time. It is invaluable for saleswomen and all girls who must be on their feet a large part of the time.



The right way to place the feet when you walk. Put them directly in front. Walk lightly



To strengthen the arches lean far back on the heels like this. Then raise up on tip-toe. Try it



The wrong way to walk and stand. Never have the feet in this position if you want grace

"Quiet!" When These Folks

Meet the directors. You don't see their faces on the screen, of course—but



Dorothy Arzner—once a script girl, but now the only active woman director



Frank Borzage, famed for "7th Heaven" and "Bad Girl," rehearsing Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon in "After Tomorrow"



Von Sternberg at the "location" microphone. He directs Dietrich



Clarence Brown directing Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in "Possessed"



Stephen R. Roberts, who was responsible for that thrilling film, "Sky Bride"

Speak, Great Stars Listen

Without them there would be no movies. They're powers behind the camera



The great Lubitsch and his cigar, with George Cukor. These two guided Maurice Chevalier through "One Hour With You"



Norman Taurog knows all about children and his skill produced "Skippy"



Mervyn LeRoy, youngest director of hits. "Little Caesar" was one of his



Director Goulding, Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery in "Grand Hotel"



Al Santell directing Marian Nixon in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

By
Evaline
Lieber



No place on the screen because she is neither pretty nor glamorous, she insists. But what do you think?

No Headlines For Helen

IF Helen Hayes had her way she would dust her own furniture, darn her husband's socks and clean her own shoes. Honestly! And I'm not trying to hand you one of those "bored with fame" stories.

Helen hates the headlines and the poor girl has had her share of them. While Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford have skilfully kept their names before the public, Helen has asked for privacy only. But she hasn't been able to manage it. Her name has again and again taken the place coveted by others.

In reality she is a quiet woman—a homey, domestic sort of person—a woman made for the placid back waters of life, yet because she was born with a divine genius (recall what she did to your emotions in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith") she has been thrust into the mad ballyhoo of first the stage and then the movies.

And her private life has been flung across the newspapers of the world. Take the recent case, for instance. Four years after her marriage her husband's ex-wife sued Helen for alienation of affection. It is just one of the many suits that the first Mrs. Charlie MacArthur has brought against Helen Hayes MacArthur which shoved her into a front page position.

Then there was the famous "Act of God" baby.

Helen's lips quiver when you mention that. "It will follow the child through life," she says.

Helen Hayes—of all people to be involved in headlines—when she hates them so much! For if she had her way the papers would never mention her except to discuss her professional performances.

Her marriage to the tempestuous, temperamental genius-author Charlie MacArthur has caused her much of the head-

Although she dislikes publicity Helen Hayes discusses her marriage with utter frankness

line publicity. And yet, sorry though she may be that the blatant publicity trumpets have blared near her, she never regrets her marriage.

Helen should have fallen in love with a quietly dominant, thoughtful type of man. Instead she gave her heart to Charlie MacArthur, whose sensational moves and eccentricities would fill a five foot shelf of

very readable books. Charlie is a genius and he behaves as geniuses are publicized as behaving.

I think an incident that Helen told me recently about Charlie describes him pretty well.

Never, in the four years that she has been married, has she been able to make him jealous. She tried telling him about the impassioned love scenes that she and Gary Cooper were doing in "A Farewell to Arms," but Charlie would not nibble at the bait. She often quoted flattering remarks that men had made to her — only to discover that Charlie smiled with perfect equanimity.

BUT not long ago a man sat down at a table with friends and did some very steady drinking. Although the liquid in the tall glasses was not ice water, it might have been for all the effect it had upon him. The next day Helen said to Charlie, "At last I have beheld the perfect drinker. The way that man holds his liquor is magnificent."

"Huh," Charlie replied. "I could be a magnificent drinker, too, if I wanted to."

In relating the incident, Helen's eyes sparkled. "He was simply furious with jealousy," she giggled.

Last year Charlie went to Europe for eight weeks, alone. Later, he took a trip to Bermuda—without Helen. Because he is not only a genius but acts [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]

Doug, Jr. Walks & Talks

An interview set to a pacing Marathon.
Just that inimitable Fairbanks touch

By Carlisle
Jones

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., took a Russian orchestra along with him on a recent trip to Mexico on a leased yacht. He invited them one night at the Russian American Art Club in Hollywood, where he and some friends had gone under pretense of getting atmosphere for Doug's picture, "Scarlet Dawn."

It seemed like a good idea at the time.

As a matter of fact there was no extra cabin room on the yacht for the five orchestra members, but the prospect of floating idly about in tropical waters with a Russian orchestra on deck, strumming soft accompaniments to day dreams, was too interesting to resist.

It developed that there was no time for day dreams on that two weeks' bachelor cruise and that Russian orchestras do not strum. Doug and the three other young men who shared expenses with him on this particular venture took turns helping a short-handed crew and there is more than a suspicion that the orchestra members, too, were pressed into sailor service during a couple of stormy days at sea.

And if you have ever tried to do one of those sitting down Russian dances, you know how restful a Russian orchestra can be. Anyway, it didn't cost much to have them along. They came as guests—not as paid entertainers.

Somehow or other, that Russian orchestra incident seems to be significant in Doug's case. He is always planning to be lazy, always hoping for the chance to practice indolence, forever on the verge of letting down—and never actually doing it. He is as restless mentally as he is physically.

He plans more than he can possibly do and then does more than he planned. He is the type who runs up a hill and saunters down, who works, as he says, "like the devil to get through with a job when I know it's got to be done," but who approaches it with reluctance, although generally at full speed.

Take this interview, for instance. Doug was a willing subject.

"I've some ideas," he said. "Suppose you come out to the house some—some afternoon. When we've finished going over this new script."

"Fine."

A FEW days later he reminded himself of the appointment.

"I've some ideas," he said. "Suppose you come out some morning. Take a sun bath with me. I've got to get a coat of tan for this new picture." He rubbed his closely cropped head. "Got to get my head tanned, too."

"Good idea."

Later in the same week Doug called on the telephone. "About that interview," he said, "I've got some ideas. But I'm leaving tomorrow night for two weeks in Mexico. Suppose I meet you at the studio—in half an hour." An hour later Doug was there. He sat still long enough to light a cigarette. Then he began pacing the floor. "I thought perhaps we could dope out a story about my having—having—" he felt for the right word, but didn't seem to find it—"having sort of arrived."



A mere boy (left) engagingly frank and uncritical, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. possesses a virility that permits him to depict convincingly the strong soldier type in "Scarlet Dawn." And Nancy Carroll seems to think so, too

"Certainly," I agreed. "I can say that you think 'Scarlet Dawn,' will be the finest picture you will ever make—that you have reached the—the peak of your artistic career as an actor."

"Good Lord, no," said Doug. "Don't say that. If I thought that I'd go shoot myself this afternoon at the corner of Hollywood and Vine—or some place. I haven't started to do the things I want to do. Don't say that!"

"Well, then, we can say that you've arrived at financial independence so young that you hope to do all the things you want to do—later—without financial worry. We'll say you have 'arrived' financially." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood



Conducted
By
Carolyn
Van Wyck

VARY your face cleansers for best results. Bette Davis introduces a new one, yellow vaseline, excellent for thin, dry skin. Apply like cream, remove and then bathe the skin in mild lotion.

PHYLLIS FRASER'S cheek diagram will help you spread your cream rouge evenly. Touch three or four light dots to the dampened skin, blend by rubbing gently and evenly toward the center.



Beauty Shop

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



DIANE SINCLAIR is much elated over her new dry shampoo. It takes only fifteen minutes, is odorless and non-inflammable. Grand for that sudden date and as a wave-saver



CECILIA PARKER enjoys shampooing with that big sponge. She finds it leaves her hair beautifully clean and soft. Use the pads of the fingers in rotary movements for cleansing the scalp, and the sponge for the hair. Cecilia believes that a liquid shampoo is better for the hair and is easier to use. Remember to rinse thoroughly

THOROUGH brushing is one of the beauty secrets of Una Merkel's curly, golden hair. But notice that Una's brushings are no meek pats. Instead, they are strong, sweeping strokes that separate and brush every strand, distribute oil, cleanse the hair and leave it glimmering. Rub your brush clean on a towel after brushing each strand. Una finishes each shampoo with a lemon rinse, especially glorifying for light hair. Use the juice of two lemons in a bowl of tepid water as the final rinse. Camomile tea is also a good old dependable for keeping the life and gold in your hair

Good Lines for Good Looks



A LESSON in lipstick. Here are Bette Davis' lips charmingly curved, without any grossly exaggerated Cupid's bow or that sullen fullness of the moment. Bette says her upper lip is rather straight, so she lines on that gentle arch—an artifice by which many lips may profit. Use the edge for outline, the blunt surface for filling in



PHYLLIS FRASER holds a cleansing tissue between her lips to prevent rouge marks as she slips on her frock



GERTRUDE MICHAEL is mixing a facial cocktail. An egg white is mixed with powdered milk (for infants) to a paste, applied to the cream-cleansed skin, allowed to dry, removed with cold water. Bleaching and smoothing

A NEAT little accent, that upward brush of Joan Marsh's characteristic eyebrows. Interesting. Thus they avoid an undue heaviness they might otherwise present



Four Fine Make-Up Points



TRICKS for luring lashes. Una Merkel, left, applies a bit of one per cent of yellow oxide of mercury to her lashes for day. It accents them. Phyllis Fraser, right, puts a little cream on her lashes before applying the darkener. Nicer, thinks Phyllis



OUR sleeping beauty is Frances Dee, with eyelids diagrammed to show the correct use of shadow for day and evening. Day shadow should follow the line at the right. Use lightly with deeper emphasis at the lash-line. For evening, shadow may be used more generously and over a larger area. But beware of shadow beneath the eye. Usually it gives a world-weary effect



A LITTLE brilliantine is a decided aid to hair chic and beauty. Bette Davis finds that a practical way to use it is in an atomizer made especially for the heavier hair lotions. Her shoulder-length bob is worn straight at top, softly banged and loosely permanented at ends, one of the nicest arrangements for the younger girl



COIFFURE Classique, especially created for Tala Birell, the Viennese star, may suggest some charming arrangement for your own hair. If your hair-line is good, that backward sweep from the face is often a strikingly individualistic touch. You need several inches of hair for that first arc of curls. The under hair must be shorter and thinner to permit those rows of curls to remain in place without pins. Good with these tilted autumn hats



From the right, the head contour is smooth, unbroken



A short, high part lends interest to the left side



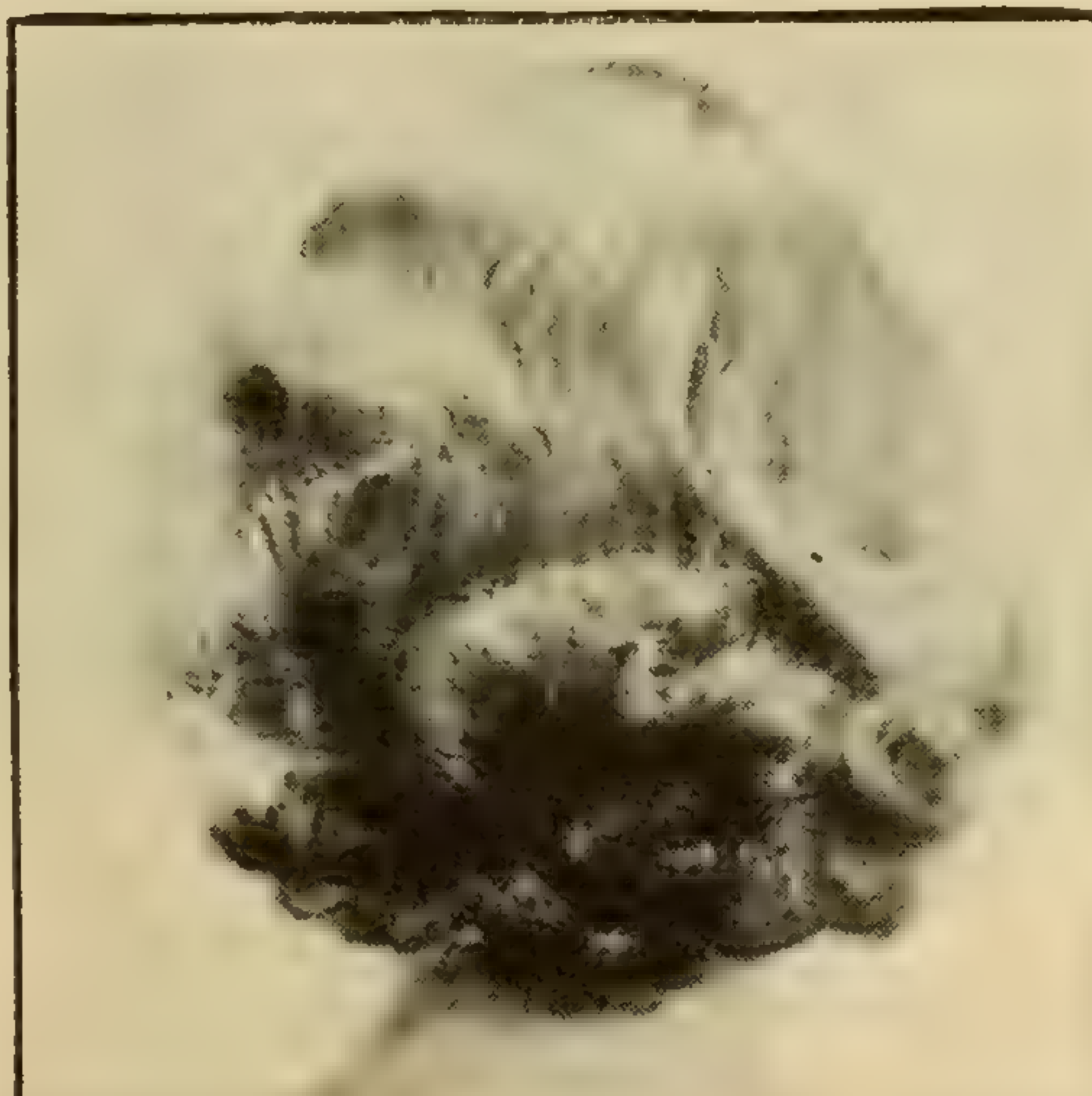
Lovely, isn't it? And very different and distinctive



If you are young and just a little lovely one of the nicest things you can do for your hair is to leave it in its natural state without much fuss and fixing. Constance Cummings' arrangement with that modified bang and the fluffed ends is typical of all that is simple and charming. School girls, débutantes and young girls in business, take a lesson from this star and look your loveliest. As accommodating for evening as for day



There are gentle little curls and a part at the right side



Natural or artificial curls adapt themselves to this line



The pièce de résistance of this bob is a grand bang

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 92)



THAT must be an intensely interesting story Adolphe Menjou is reading. Well, it's the script for "A Farewell to Arms" and all these actors look as though they are pleased with their parts. Jack LaRue, Mary Phillips, Blanche Frederici, Gilbert Emery, Helen Hayes, Menjou and Gary Cooper are all in the cast. Looks well for a great picture, doesn't it?



Mrs. McAdoo demonstrates the first step — the Cold Cream and the Tissues give a thorough cleansing.



Last step, the Vanishing Cream protects and holds the powder.

“Keeping my skin lovely is easy with this quick daily care . . .”

MRS ROBERT H. McADOO



Brilliant young society matron shows just how she gives herself her home beauty treatment

MRS. McADOO is famous both for her crisp smartness and her many activities. Her chic young figure is snapped by society reporters at the smartest gatherings everywhere.

How does she care for her piquant beauty?

“It’s marvelously simple,” she says. “Here’s what I do:

“First, *cleansing*—this Pond’s Cold Cream is the best cleanser I’ve ever found, it’s so rich and pure. It floats every speck of dust out of the pores—and these Pond’s Tissues wipe it all away in a second.

“Now, being absolutely clean, my skin is ready for the second step—*stimulating*. A pad of cotton soaked with Pond’s Skin Freshener and pat, pat, pat—it tones the skin and brings up the natural color.

“Now comes *protection*. This Pond’s Vanishing Cream is the protection I always use. It’s invisible but it makes powder stay on for

hours. And it doesn’t dry my skin. Now a bit of powder and a touch of lipstick and I’m ready to face the world.

“At bedtime—after cleansing with the Cold Cream and Tissues I always put on a bit more of the Cold Cream and leave it on.”

For 25 years, in the most scientifically equipped laboratories, Pond’s has been making and testing preparations to beautify the skin. Be sure that you get Pond’s Creams—they are the most reliable that your money can buy.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for free samples of Pond’s four products.

POND’S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. K
114 Hudson Street New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1932, Pond’s Extract Company

Special Uses for Pond’s Two Famous Creams

POND’S COLD CREAM is more than a cleansing cream. It is wonderful for bringing life and freshness to a tired skin. And to make a dry skin soft and supple. It has the perfect consistency. Not too heavy. Not so thin it dries the skin.

POND’S VANISHING CREAM is a godsend to women whose skin roughens and chaps. It smooths and heals the skin. Is not drying. Use it before and after exposure. And to hold your powder. One application will give your hands a lovely white transparent finish.

Which star do you *most*

"Beauty
is not a matter
of Birthdays"

*screen stars declare—and
these pictures prove it*

WHICH of these lovely stars do you think most beautiful? Your choice may be charming little Virginia Lee Corbin, who is only eighteen. But, too, it may be the fascinating Nazimova, who is over forty!

Surely, you will decide, beauty is not a matter of birthdays! These recent photographs prove the screen stars *keep* youthful charm. You want to *share* their secret!

"We stars *have* to stay youthful," Hollywood stars explain. "So we're very careful about our *complexions*. Almost all of us use Lux Toilet Soap, because it's such a *sure* way of keeping your skin youthful!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap which is so beautifully *white*! It is *official* in all the great film studios.

"I'm
32"

GILDA
GRAY



"I'm
34"

BEVERLY
BAYNE



LUX

think *Beautiful?*

"I'm
28"

MARIE
PREVOST



"I'm over
40"

ALLA
NAZIMOVA



"I'm
18"

VIRGINIA
LEE CORBIN



"I'm
22"

NOEL
FRANCIS

Toilet Soap

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

FROM over there in England comes the report that all is not so well between Gloria Swanson and hubby Michael Farmer. Folks say the reason is because Gloria is in the midst of one of those one woman productions of hers in which she has sunk a lot of cash, with things not going any too well. You can't expect a lady to be continually cheerful under those circumstances, now can you?

BEFORE they were married Jack Gilbert gave Virginia Bruce a smart sports roadster and a dazzling diamond-studded wrist watch.

Hardie Albright is going every place with Helen Vinson, a beautiful newcomer at First National.

THAT romance between Norma Talmadge and Georgie Jessel has a way of bobbing up fresh as an extra girl's wisecrack despite frequent denials. Georgie arrived in Hollywood recently by plane. Norma's car met him at the landing field. "Certainly Norma and I intend to marry," Mr. Jessel told the reporters, "we are in love with each other."

Norma alighted from the car, spied the reporters, heard George's confession and made a bee line back to the car. The astonished Mr.

Jessel was snatched into the car, the blinds were drawn and the auto sped away. "No romance. Just business," Norma told the papers.

AND now the frozen faced Buster Keaton must go his own way, alone. Mrs. Keaton has secured her divorce and the custody of the two children. Buster, it seems, would stay out late and cause Mrs. Keaton no end of worry. Constance Talmadge, sister of Mrs. Keaton, was witness for her sister. And Buster doesn't have much to say about it.

WELL, it looks as if the movie career of Michael Farmer, husband of Gloria Swanson, is over before it started. Gloria was anxious to have her husband play the romantic lead, but Michael just couldn't act.

He tried hard enough, goodness knows, but just as soon as he would appear before the camera something would happen. His garter would break or Michael would have to sneeze. It was awful. Finally they gave him a car to drive and believe it or not the engine went dead in the middle of a scene. So Michael excused himself and made a grand exit from the acting profession. He promised to do anything for

Gloria except be an actor. And Gloria, somehow, feels he's right.

THE bumper crop of Hollywood babies increases. The latest stork expecter is Arline Judge, wife of director Wesley Ruggles. And it's rather amazing that a little harum-scarum flapper like Arline should really want to have a baby and be just that happy about it.

When Carol Lee Stuart, tiny daughter of Nick Stuart and Sue Carol was born, Nick revived an old Roumanian custom. Seems over there whenever a new baby is born all the friends must gather together to sing songs and make toasts and Nick is a Roumanian lad. Little Carol was born at three A.M. Half an hour later Nick had all his friends on the phone demanding their presence at the house. Bing Crosby, who lives just next door, protested the loudest about getting out of bed. But nothing can be done with a jubilant father. He and wife, Dixie Lee, showed up for round after round of health drinking.

Still speaking of babies (and hasn't Hollywood gone domestic!) Bebe and Ben are proudly announcing that Barbara Lyon is cutting her first tooth.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Billie Burke was working in "A Bill of Divorcement" at the Radio Pictures Studios when word came that her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, the famous glorifier of American girls, was dying. Through his illness Billie had been the good little trouper she is and had stuck to her job of acting. That's Jack Barrymore who stands before the camera with her, and director George Cukor is giving them both a couple of ideas about how to play the next scene



WHERE A "PULLED" SEAM WOULD COST THOUSANDS



Ann Dvorak and David Manners in a scene from "The Crooner", a First National Picture. Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe scores both smartness and dependability before the critical eye of the camera.

A "PULLED" seam . . . the slightest rip and production stops when a star's gown gives way under the stress and strain of movie acting. And when production is held up, even for a few minutes while a seamstress makes repairs, costs go up . . . impatient tempers blaze . . . scenes have to be retaken . . . a bad time is had by all.

Such situations have taught Hollywood studios to use materials they can depend on. They know there *are* silks to be had which stand the strain of action scenes — silks which come from the looms of William Skinner & Sons.

Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe! A favorite today in Hollywood. Woven of specially-twisted threads which make it four times as strong as ordinary crepes at the seams. Pre-shrunk and fast color—can be washed repeatedly. Pure-dye, with soft draping qualities and lovely dull texture — pleasing to the stars for their smartest gowns.

A favorite also with women everywhere who have to watch their pennies—this Troubleproof Crepe. With so many dress fabrics now on the market, with extravagant claims made for nameless goods that quickly go to pieces, it is striking evidence that by paying a fair price, you *can* obtain silks in which you can place implicit confidence.

William Skinner & Sons—Established 1848—New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Skinner's

TROUBLEPROOF CREPE

[Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.]

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



By the time you see this picture Joan and Doug will be back in Hollywood busily making movies, but we couldn't resist this jaunty snap-shot of them leaving Waterloo Station in London. And Joanie, the good little citizen, bought all her clothes in America before she went abroad. A gay couple!

WHEN the big salary cut descended upon M-G-M many of the stars walked in to boss Irving Thalberg's office and told him they understood perfectly and that the cut was O. K. with them. Wally Beery—big, jovial, even-tempered—was the only one who kicked up a fuss.

But you can't blame poor Wally. He has been caught in two bank crashes and both times everything that he had saved was rubbed off the slate.

SOMEBODY asked Bob Montgomery how he was feeling the other morning.

"Just sixty-five per cent," Bob answered. "You see I just took a thirty-five per cent salary cut."

ONE of the strangest things that is happening in Hollywood is the way that little Maria, the seven-year-old daughter of Marlene Dietrich, rules the roost around the Dietrich ménage.

Maria goes to the studio every day with her mother and has the run of the lot. Her every whim is granted and it's no secret that Marlene's life is woven about that of her child.

MARIE DRESSLER was playing bridge one evening when the door bell rang.

"Good heavens, I hope that's no one who will interrupt this game," she said as she cocked her ear to listen for the butler's greeting.

She heard nothing. Finally, she led her guests to the front door. Jerry, the butler, was bending over a market basket and pulling away an old piece of blanket.

"Oh, Lord," moaned Marie. "It's an abandoned baby."

But it was just a baby alley cat. A card was attached to the basket which read: "From the kids in your block. With love."

Marie added the kitten to her family of strays. And, of course, there'll be an ice cream cone party of appreciation for the gang of kids who live near her.

WHEN Ann Harding pulled her famous gag at the opening of "Strange Interlude," folks began to wonder just how long she had been wearing that black wig. You've probably heard about the gag. She and Alexander Kirkland went to the picture. Kirkland introduced the dark haired miss with a broad Southern accent as a visitor from out of town. She met all the movie stars and was "so thrilled."

One director even offered to make a screen test of her because her voice was so beautiful and the only person who caught on—but didn't spoil the fun by saying anything—was Elissa Landi.

But there's more to it than all that. Going about in a dark wig is one of Ann's pet stunts. That's how she was able to dodge reporters so successfully during the period when she was

getting her divorce. She even drove around Hollywood in her own limousine, posing as her own maid.

ANN first got the idea when, upon going to a concert one night, she was held up in the lobby autographing programs and missed the first number. The next day Ann bought the black wig. Just to make sure that she could get away with it she tried the effect out on her voice teacher, Samuel Kayser, with whom she had studied for ten years.

For an hour and a half she talked to him and he, after listening to her give a very bad dramatic reading in the Southern accent, advised her to give up the idea of a stage career and go back home.

For two years she has escaped detection but she never tried the stunt before at such a grand occasion as a Hollywood premiere. The joke was too good to keep and within a week it was all over town.

The only catch is that now Ann has to think up a new way of escaping recognition.

NOW isn't this funny? Stars who make \$5,000 a week and more complain about their salaries and walk out on their studios because they think they are worth more, while a kid named Robert Young, whose popularity is leaping like an old Ford and whose fan mail staggers a couple of postmen every morning, never complains about his \$250, out of which he pays an agent a big slice and supports a family. Bob still drives his old car and pays \$16.25 a month rent.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Here's the first still from that much talked about picture "Rockabye." Remember the gossip? Gloria Swanson wanted to do the film. The story was bought for her. Then things happened. Gloria went to Europe and Connie Bennett, who is married to Gloria's ex-husband, got Gloria's pet yarn. What a mixup. But they say Connie is doing a swell job

She never omits her Daily Bath

yet she wears
underthings a
SECOND DAY

FRESH AS A ROSE, she steps from her tub and then—too often she puts on yesterday's lingerie!

She *can't* escape offending when she does this! For all healthy people perspire, and underthings absorb perspiration. Even though we don't notice it ourselves, other people do. It ruins the charming effect we want to make.

Why should any girl run such a risk? It's so *easy* to remove the slightest danger of offending. For Lux coaxes out every trace of perspiration acids and odors! So swiftly, too. Just 4 minutes Luxes all one day's underthings—stockings, too. Keeps colors and fabrics lovely as new so much longer. Economical!

Avoid Offending—
Underthings absorb perspiration odor—Protect daintiness this 4-minute way

- 1 *Wash this 4-minute way.* One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.
- 2 *Wash after each wearing,* for perspiration acids left in silk fade colors and rot threads. Lux removes perspiration acids and odors completely—leaves colors and fabrics like new.
- 3 *Avoid ordinary soaps—*cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

LUX for Underthings— *removes perspiration acids and odors—Saves Colors*



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]



Portrait of a glamorous, mysterious lady—oh, what the dickens, it's Talulah Bankhead who, since little Dickie Moore came to the studio, gave up her very, very British afternoon tea, my deah, for good, plain American ice cream cones. And the funny part of it is that she likes them better

JACKIE COOPER—godfather by request. When director Norman Taurog's new baby girl was born, Norman asked his sister, Mrs. Cooper, to be godmother. This was too much for Jackie. If a member of his family was going to have a high-fallutin' title—so was he. So Jackie begged to be godfather and went through all the church ritual without a slip. What's more, he says he is going to take an active hand in the raising of little Patricia.

JIMMY DURANTE'S favorite food is cornflakes and milk . . . There is a woman in one of the studios who does nothing but put runs in silk hose to be used in certain pictures. . . . Miriam Hopkins can't find a name suitable for the little boy she adopted. . . . C. B. DeMille says there are no beautiful stars in pictures—they just give the illusion of beauty. . . . Barbara Stanwyck munches celery on the set, to the despair of the sound technicians. . . . John Miljan has adopted two sons of his wife's by a former marriage. . . . And was there a lot of excitement when, at a smart night club, a waiter placed Helene Costello right next to the table occupied by Lowell Sherman, her former husband about whom she said bad things in court. . . . The Hollywood newspaper folks are sore because Garbo gave out interviews to

the Swedish reporters. After all, the local scribes reason, she went home with American made fame and American money, didn't she? . . . Ralph Morgan, who is playing the rôle of the former *Czar* in "Rasputin", looks so much like him—when he's all made-up—that Hollywood Russians just check themselves from bowing to the ground when they see him. . . . Director Mervyn Le Roy brought back two trunkfuls of presents for his girl friend, Ginger Rogers, when he returned from Honolulu. Among them was a grass skirt. . . . The wardrobe women sew Tallulah Bankhead into one of the costumes she wears in "Tinfoil."

OOH, that Lily! Isn't she the one! It seems the popular Austrian prince, Prince von und zu Lichtenstein, in Hollywood for the Olympic games, was invited to dine with the luscious Damita. But when he entered the room Lily took one look and gasped, "You look ghastly with that mustache."

So the amazed but obliging prince proceeded to Lily's bathroom, found a razor, and promptly removed the offending hirsute adornment. He walked back into the Damita living room and Lily took another look. "Oh," she wailed, "you look even worse." And the poor prince left to ponder on the ways of women.

YOU would never know hot tamale Lupe Velez. Lordy, Lordy what a change. She's as quiet as a one man conference. Because she hasn't gone out much since her return to Hollywood from New York the folks haven't had a chance to see all the new things she brought back with her. So here's a list of them.

A new diamond bracelet.

A set of matched rubies.

A chinchilla coat.

An ermine coat.

A half dozen ordinary fur coats.

A diamond necklace.

And two hundred pairs of new shoes!

THERE is a man in Hollywood who actually earns a good living by shooting people.

Earl Bunn, in a machine gun battalion, lost an arm and a leg in the war, but learned plenty about crack shooting just the same, so came to Hollywood and has been making good money since. It's Earl Bunn who does half the expert shooting that's done in movies.

He did most of the shooting in "Scarface," "What Price Glory" and "The Big Parade."

In "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Bunn etched a halo of shots about the lovely head of Barbara Stanwyck, who never blinked a long eyelash.

A GROUP of children in a Hollywood school whispered about one of their little pals. Finally, they made up their minds to tell her. They surrounded Carolyn Sammon.

"Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Peggy Shannon?"

"I'm glad you think so."

"Why don't you send her your picture, Carolyn? Maybe she will send you one of hers all signed and everything."

"I could do that, of course," answered eight year old Carolyn, "but, you see, Peggy Shannon is my sister."

And she had been in that school an entire season before she told them!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Ronnie Colman's new leading woman, Anna Sten, who starred in Soviet Russian dramas. The story in which she is to appear is still untitled

that unfortunate
feeling of bulky,
revealing outlines gone!

the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

SOMETIMES one offends unknowingly! Perhaps unconsciously *you've* overlooked certain things no fastidious woman should overlook. Those telltale outlines . . . those revealing wrinkles . . . that mar the outlines of your close-fitting dresses.

But now no danger of offending again. Kotex, originator of the modern sanitary napkin, presents the new Phantom Kotex. A sanitary pad fashioned to fit smoothly, invisibly, even under the filmiest fabrics.

Flattened, tapered

The ends of this new Phantom Kotex are flattened, and skilfully tapered. They leave absolutely no outline . . . not the slightest bulk. And because it is so self-concealing, you are almost unaware of this modern sanitary protection. It molds itself to the contours of the body.

In efficiency, softness, safety, the new Phantom Kotex is exactly the same Kotex you have always known. Wonderfully absorbent; disposable, of course. Hospitals alone last year used more than 24 million Kotex pads.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

And doubly important, today—you get this new, vastly improved product at no increase in price. Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history.

Be sure when buying it wrapped that you do get genuine Kotex. For your protection, each tapered end is plainly marked "Kotex." On sale at drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.



To ease
the task of
enlightenment

This message is sent to
parents and guardians
in a spirit of con-
structive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heart-breaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2101A,
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Copyright 1932, Kotex Company

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



Hot-cha-chaaaaaaa! We can't fool you. Right away quick you know that the gentleman in the stove pipe lid is Jimmy Durante, but who's the lad in all that burnt cork? Yep, it's flag-waving George M. Cohan, much, much farther away from Broadway than forty-five minutes. He and Jimmy are making a picture together—"The Phantom President"—out in Hollywood

ALTHOUGH Lupe brought back a lot of new jewelry and new clothes from New York she has not redecorated her house, and that big Chinese rug that has been in her living room for four years is still there. There's a very funny story about the rug.

Four years ago Lupe had a business manager and she promised him that she would not buy anything without his permission.

One day, she telephoned the manager from a store and asked him to come down right away because they were trying to charge her twenty dollars for a small bathroom rug and she thought it was too much.

The manager was just that pleased—Lupe was learning the lessons of economy—imagine asking his permission to spend twenty dollars! Ah, his teaching had not been in vain. So he rushed right down to the store only to discover Lupe giving directions for the delivery of a \$3,000 Chinese rug she had chanced to see and had bought while she was waiting for the manager to arrive!

HERE'S a swell story that every Hollywood husband should read.

Una Merkel's new husband, Ronald Burla, an aeronautical engineer, dislikes the publicity and attention that follows his cute little movie wife.

Recently Mr. Burla and Una went camping, pitching their tent along the roadside and roughing it like good fellows.

One morning a group of small boys gathered by the tent and began staring intently at the pair. More boys joined the group until there was a big crowd of kids.

"I don't like this," Burla grumbled. "No privacy at all. It gets my goat."

"Now, honey," Una drawled, "we've just

gotta expect this. As long as I'm in pictures, there will always be this curiosity."

Finally one of the boys could stand it no longer. He approached the tent shyly and walking up to Una, said,

"Lady, excuse us, but isn't that man you're with Ronald Colman?"

And Mr. and Mrs. Burla passed right out of the picture.

WHEN Sally Eilers began her career one of her ambitions was to be able to buy her mother and father a gorgeous home in Beverly Hills. Now she has bought the home and it just goes to show what happens to a girl when she decides that come good or come bad breaks she won't give up.

For five years Sally has been in—and out—of pictures and dozens of times she has been tempted to yell, "quits." It's no secret that her husband, Hoot Gibson, would like her to remain at home. But Sally has stuck it out. And look where she is now!

"JUST what does Ethel Barrymore really look like?" someone asked an M-G-M worker. "Ethel Barrymore looks like John Barrymore trying to look like Ethel Barrymore," was the answer. Got a clear picture?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is, at the moment, Hollywood's happiest young woman for she has a rôle that she thinks is different from the average leading lady parts she has been handed for the last year. When she heard the big news she rushed around to all her friends screaming, "I'm going to play the bad girl in 'The Sign of the Cross.' I'm going to play the bad girl in 'The Sign of the Cross'."

Incidentally C. B. DeMille has brought back a bit of old Hollywood atmosphere in directing this story of Christian martyrdom—and doesn't that sound exactly like C. B.? The studio is alive with Nubian slaves, ladies with trick curls, big actors with gold bracelets and—yes, honestly—sunken baths. And DeMille, in all his splendor of puttees and megaphone sits high up at the top of the set and directs it all.

That sort of directorial splendor went out when talkies came in, but DeMille is such a swell showman he wouldn't miss a chance to give the town something to talk about.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]



Trust that Connie Bennett! She can think up new ideas faster than Harpo Marx can chase blondes. Now look what she has done. At her famous Malibu home she has ornamented her mantelpiece by combining two plants. At either side "tiger-tails" share a spot with graceful vines. In the center an amusing Staffordshire cow placidly contemplates the room

Mouth-Happiness

IN 3 MOVES . . .

MOVE NO. 1

Light a Spud. Don't let its menthol coolness take you off-guard. That's where Old Man Habit may try to head you off. Good players always look several moves ahead to the objective. And Move No. 1 in Spuds leads to mouth-happiness.



MOVE NO. 2

Smoke several Spuds. The menthol taste is gone . . . the coolness remains. Old Man Habit is surrounded. He is about ready to admit that Spud's moist-cool, clean taste keeps your palate keen and increases your tobacco enjoyment.

MOVE NO. 3

Smoke through a pack of Spuds. You've mated Old Man Habit. You've acquired the taste for Spud. You've gained your objective . . . Spud's fine tobacco flavor; Spud's continual cool, clean taste . . . Spud's mouth-happiness.



SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 20 FOR 20c

(30c IN CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Now!

YOU, TOO, MAY WEAR THE *Fashions of the Films!*

How often have you admired the smart costuming of Kay Francis, of Adrienne Ames, of Leila Hyams, of many of your favorite Hollywood stars in latest motion pictures and wished you might add their lovely frocks to your own wardrobe!... For years the well-dressed young woman has watched the films for Fashions—until now, however, without hope of having them for her own. Today, through the cooperation of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE with many of the country's leading department and ready-to-wear stores, you, too, may wear the styles of the stars!... Turn to the Fashion Section (Pages 61-64) of this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Faithful copies of the charming originals shown in those pages are being offered at moderate prices by many enterprising stores. (See Page 121). If, however, "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your city write PHOTOPLAY, using the coupon printed for your convenience below.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHICAGO " " " ILLINOIS

In Association With
WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, INC.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



MR. DALE NORTON, DIRECTOR "HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS"
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MR. NORTON: I am interested in "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of the smart frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures), but know of no store in my community where they can be secured.

I like to shop at (Please name the department store you prefer).

My Name and Address is _____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



E. E. Thomas

Now to look at this jolly chap you would think that he never had a malicious thought, yet when he wants to he can turn on villain stuff that makes your flesh creep. And if you don't believe it, see Charles Laughton in "Devil and the Deep." Oh boy! Heralded as the Emil Jannings of the stage, he is now in Hollywood. His next will be "The Sign of the Cross"

WHEN Fatty Arbuckle faced the cameras again after all these eleven years, he broke down and cried like a baby. Poor Fatty, I wonder how many know what his banishment has meant to him. And however you feel about him, you've got to admit that he took his medicine, without ever indulging in self pity.

He's worked at anything he could find to do—and jobs haven't been plentiful. He has been a gag man, a cafe proprietor, a writer and director of short comedies. When he directed he used the name William Goodrich. Recently he took a vaudeville tour and its success has given him the chance to act again. For eleven years Fatty has taken the punishment and not broken. He broke when his chance came again and when, once more, he heard the purr of the cameras and knew that his big chance had come—he cried. But they weren't tears of self pity. Fatty was weeping for joy!

THERE'S a man in Los Angeles who foretells with deadly accuracy the chances of every new arrival for stardom in pictures. He is neither a fortune teller nor a mystic. He reads no card and gazes into no crystal.

His name is Daddy Lane and he sells newspapers at the Santa Fe depot in Los Angeles. He spots the newcomers and can tell instantly whether they're looking toward Hollywood or just on a visit.

"It's the way they look around with their eyes shining, that tells me they're here for a

try at the movies," says Lane. Daddy, sixty-five years old, began checking the arrivals he had banked on to see the result. Opposite such names as Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins, Elissa Landi, Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak is Daddy Lane's O. K.

There was one that puzzled him. She had all the ear marks of a potential star but declared she hadn't the slightest interest in movies, which was quite true at the time. "Well, if you ever do," he said, "you'll be a star sure." And his prediction to Jean Harlow has certainly come true.

But his biggest winner was a long, lanky girl who stepped off the train with no one to care particularly whether she arrived or not. "She's a winner," Daddy said. And sure enough in that famous notebook of his is written the line:

Greta Garbo——O. K.

FOR once, at least, pictures took a back seat for the Olympic games in Hollywood. And movie stars did a grand fade-out for the winning athletes. Merely spectators, and thrilled to be so, the movie stars crowded the Olympic stadium and cheered their favorite with their best microphone voices. In fact, Lew Ayres became so excited he stood up to shout. "Down in front," the crowd roared, uninterested in seeing a movie star, and Lew, grinning sheepishly, sat down. Douglas Fairbanks never missed an event. Gary Cooper and Harold Lloyd rooted by his side and argued over points and favorites.

CLARK GABLE, Bob Montgomery and other polo players actually sneaked away from the studios in makeup to watch the equestrian events like little wide-eyed kids.

Johnny Weissmuller simply lived at the swimming stadium, while Bebe Daniels yelled for her favorite at the fencing matches. And the debonair William Powell became so excited over the 800 meter dash, he almost fell off the grandstand while his wife, Carole Lombard, was so intent on the Finnish javeline thrower, she never noticed Willie tumbling.

Strange, indeed, was the sight of world famous stars, asking the Olympic winners for autographs.

All of which proves Hollywood isn't so self centered and all in all, as we imagined.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Hurrell

Come, come, Billie Dove, do you think it's fair to give Marlene Dietrich so much competition? But you've got to admit that the Dove has never looked so lovely as she does in this—ahem—may one call it costume? that she wears in Marion Davies' new picture, "Blondie of the Follies"

Bring Out Your Best In Beauty!

By Carolyn Van Wyck



LORETTA YOUNG wears her golden-brown hair soft and full at the back because she thinks her neck is long and this effect minimizes its length. These new, wide shoulders and necklines are very flattering to her type



ROACHELLE HUDSON'S nice crop of lashes are aided by nightly applications of olive oil. Good for brows, too. A small brush is handier than the fingers for application. Brush top lashes upward, bottom downward



ANITA LOUISE is making a little face to save her nicely rouged lips from powder. Draw them in lightly, if you lipstick first, to protect them from the drying, dulling effect of powder

HOLLYWOOD has an important beauty-glamour secret from which we might all take a helpful lesson. That is, its way of emphasizing certain features for effect—not for mere beauty, mind you. Take the face of your favorite star. Examine it carefully. See if you can detect just that certain something that makes her face distinct, memorable even, above the thousands of pretty faces about us. The Dietrich eyebrows for example. The Crawford mouth, which you may not like but which you certainly cannot forget. Garbo's hair, plain to the point of primness, drawn back, but revealing every shade of feeling in that star's face.

There is in your own face a feature, an effect, which you might accent with pleasing pointedness. Look at yourself critically. Perhaps you have unusual brows. They may not be thin and arched like Tallulah Bankhead's. They may grow in that amusing wayward manner of Elissa Landi's. But they may frame your eyes perfectly and not look like any other brows you know. Then leave them alone. Don't go bobbing and plucking here and there to make them look like another's.

Or your mouth. It may be large, irregular, but animated, vivacious. Then don't curb it with a lipstick, trying to make it smaller and less mobile.

And so on with every part of your face, from your chin to your ears. Pick out what is good, try to throw it into prominence, whether it makes for mere beauty or not, and forget your little deficiencies by letting them alone.

In this way you can wake up latent loveliness, find, perhaps, a face you never knew you had. And it is amazing how this kind of good looks impresses, lasts and pleases. Hollywood knows.

JEAN HARLOW uses platinum polish on her nails to match her platinum hair. We brunettes and semi-blondes can't quite match ourselves up like that, but I suppose you all know of the delightful vagaries in liquid polish, emerald, sapphire, amethyst, all the jewel tones. Charming accents when worn with the right evening gown, but be sure to remove this gay conceit before you go about your daily affairs. There it would be awful. A platinum tip on a rose nail is a flattering touch to any hand.

LONG before I met Una Merkel I heard this kind of comment about her, "Grand girl. Grand disposition," etc. Well, not long ago I met Una, very rushed for time between personal appearances at the Capitol Theater, but perfectly willing to get up early and pose for those pictures you see in other pages of this department, patient, smiling and willing to try this pose, that. And so I thought, that is what a good disposition does for a girl. People talk about it, like it. She develops a reputation in this respect. So when you see Una on the screen it is like greeting a pleasant friend, in addition to being entertained. A good disposition is something to take seriously if you want true, lasting popularity.

BETTE DAVIS' brows and lashes are black and her hair naturally ash blonde. But she bleaches it for the camera to a nice corn color. It is shampooed weekly and receives generous treatments with olive oil to keep it in good condition. Her eyes are among the bluest I have ever seen, truly violet. Bette keeps appointments to the minute, which ought to send her to the head of her class any time.

Ready for you—our leaf-
leton on common skin ills, re-
ducing booklet and letter
on new autumn make-up.
Just ask Carolyn Van
Wyck, Photoplay, 221
West 57th Street, New
York City, for these or
for help on other prob-
lems, and be sure to
enclose a stamped,
self-addressed envelope.

This Magic MAKE-UP

IS HOLLYWOOD'S

Secret of Attraction

Any Girl Can Now Double Her Beauty with Hollywood's New Sensation...Make-Up in Color Harmony.

In Hollywood, we've found that the magic secret of attractive beauty lies in make-up...a new kind of make-up created for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and eye shadow for day and evening are now harmonized in color to give personality and individuality to the various types in blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads.

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you in the beauty effect created. Each shade of face powder, for example, is created to some living screen star type. It is a true color harmony tone that blends beauty with complexion colorings. Not just a flat color, but composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that even strongest daylight or artificial light will never cause Max Factor's face powder to appear off-color, spotty or powdery.

It creates that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen...and clings for hours too,

for screen stars cannot trust their beauty to a powder that fluffs away.

Proved perfect for you by famous stars of the screen in the severest make-up test known...before the blazing motion picture lights and the searching camera lens. Remember, you've seen the faultless beauty of Max Factor's make-up in every picture released from Hollywood.

Now this luxury...Max Factor's Face Powder...created originally for the stars of the screen is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar a box.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eye shadow to blend in color harmony with your Max Factor face powder for your type...fifty cents each. At leading drug and department stores.

Like a screen star, have your complexion analyzed and your own color harmony in the complete make-up suggested for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Mail coupon immediately.

How to apply Face Powder for Perfect Make-Up



Claudette Colbert and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Paramount Star,
with

George M. Cohan
in

"THE PHANTOM
PRESIDENT"

Max Factor's Make-Up
used Exclusively.

Photographed by
Otto Dyar
at Paramount
Studios

3. With the Max Factor face powder brush, lightly brush away surplus powder and clear all lines. Thus, with Max Factor's face powder is created that satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up that clings for hours.

1. Start powdering at the lower cheeks. Gently pat and blend powder toward center of the face. Powder the nose last; otherwise the nose will be over-powdered, making it appear more prominent. Use correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's face powder.

2. To assure completely powdered surface, gently stretch the skin around the eyes, nose, mouth and chin, pressing powder lightly into the tiny lines.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP



Cosmetics of the Stars ★ ★ HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder...Rouge...Lipstick...Eyeshadow...in Color Harmony
96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



© 1932 Max Factor

Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

Max Factor—Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

1-10-58

Without obligation, send my complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart; also 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ... ☐	Blue ... ☐	BLONDE ... ☐	Dry ... ☐
Grey ... ☐	Grey ... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Only ☐
Creamy ... ☐	Hazel ... ☐	BRUNETTE ... ☐	LIPS
Medium ... ☐	Brown ... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Mouth ... ☐
Ruddy ... ☐	Black ... ☐	BROWNETTE ... ☐	Dry ... ☐
Olive ... ☐	LASHES ... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
Sun Tan ... ☐	Light ... ☐	REDHEAD ... ☐	
	Dark ... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

Ask The Answer Man

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

STEP forward, Tom Brown. The boys and girls have just filled the mail bag this month, asking questions about you. And I'm going to tell all.

Tom was born in New York City, on January 6, 1913, and in private life answers to the name of Thomas Edward Brown. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Attended Professional Children's School in New York. His father and mother were both on the stage so it is not surprising that Tom made his stage debut at an age when little boys wear dresses. Among the plays he appeared in are "Is Zat So?" "Many a Slip," "Neighbors," and "In This Room."

As a child actor Tom appeared in silent pictures, namely, "The Wrong Doers," "The Hoosier School Master," and "That Old Gang of Mine." His first talkie was "The Lady Lies" with Claudette Colbert. Since then he has been in "Queen High," "The Famous Ferguson Case," "Fast Companions," and "Tom Brown of Culver." His latest is "Hell's Highway."

Tom's greatest ambition is to be a director. He says they last longer in pictures than actors do.

HARRY BROWNING, FLORIDA.—Marie Dressler's picture "Prosperity" has been held up for retakes, so you won't see it for a while yet. That's what I call "Depression" not "Prosperity," when they make us wait so long for a Dressler knock-out.

R. M., BUFFALO, N. Y.—It is true that the gorgeous Garbo has returned to Sweden. And has she come out of her shell! Why, she talks to everyone, at least four or five people. She even posed for a couple of news pictures.

JOAN BLENOWE, BUENOS AIRES.—You ought to make a good aviator, Joan, because you are interested in altitude records. Well, here they are. Lionel Barrymore soars to 6 feet, 4 inches; Adolphe Menjou, 5 feet, 10½; Charlotte Greenwood, 5 feet, 9; Greta Garbo, 5 feet, 6; Marlene Dietrich and Kay Francis, each 5 feet, 5; and Lilian Harvey, new European discovery, is just 5 feet tall.

TOOTSIE OF UNION CITY, N. J.—Gary Cooper's monk answers to the name of Toluca. It is treated like one of the family. Even has its clothes made to order. I don't believe that Gary has learned to play the hand-organ yet. Not a bad idea, though. With all the big salary cuts who knows but that Toluca may have to help earn her daily bread some day.

ALICE SALMON, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Alice, your assignment is quite simple. The picture, "Hell's Heroes," was taken from Peter B. Kyne's story "The Three Godfathers." Now that that's straightened out, your bookseller won't have any trouble getting the book for you. If "The Three Godfathers" were "Hell's Heroes" what would they call some mothers-in-law? See, I can ask questions as well as answer them.



This lad, Tom Brown, has won two distinctions. First, they named a picture after him—"Tom Brown of Culver." And then he did such fine work in it that he topped the month's list of favorites in this department

MARY LOU, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Yes, it's too bad that the Natalie Talmadge-Buster Keaton divorce had to come. And after ten years of married life. Natalie was given the custody of the two boys. The kids were taught plenty of tricks by their famous dad, which they may be able to use if they ever decide to follow his profession.

CLARA BOW FAN, DETROIT, MICH.—Clara has taken off many pounds and is her old buoyant self again. Look at that grand picture of her in the gallery this month. "Call Her Savage" will mark her return to the talkies. Remember way back when Clara was almost called that, when she was reported engaged to Bob Savage?

PATSY, OMAHA, NEBR.—Now I ask you, Patsy, why should I rave over a mere man? It would be different if you asked my opinion of some fair damsel. Anyway, Georgie Raft hails from the toughest part of New York City, known as "Hell's Kitchen." Wouldn't that be an appetizing title for a movie? George will be 29 years old on September 26. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 160 and has black hair and brown eyes.

MARI ARPEN, PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Tom Douglas was the chap who played the rôle of Edward Smith in "Sky Bride." If Tom were to marry all the girls who are just crazy about him, he'd have quite a harem. But Tom hails from Louisville, Kentucky, not Turkey, and therefore to save many hearts from being broken, he's still a bachelor. How long will that last? Tom is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 140 and has blond hair and brown eyes. He will be 26 years old on the fourth of September.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

BLONDIE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—With all the bachelors in Hollywood, why fall for a married man like Stuart Erwin? I agree with you that Stu's a grand comedian. Everything he does is funny. Why, he was even born in a place called Squaw Valley, and on Valentine's Day, too. In case you never heard of Squaw Valley, it's located about fifty miles from Fresno, Calif.

MARY WARDELL, KANSAS CITY, MO.—I thank you for your interest in me, but I never send out autographed photos of myself. Besides, my long gray beard hides too much of my handsome face. However, you can get a photo of Miriam Hopkins by writing to her at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif., and enclosing 25 cents. Look elsewhere in this issue and you will find a complete list of stars and their addresses.

HELEN MADDEN.—Was I skeered and did I keep the lights burning all night after seeing "Dracula"? Your memory is correct. It was Helen Chandler who was persecuted by that awful Count. The name of the little ditty is, "What a Little Thing Like a Wedding Ring Can Do." Believe me, it keeps many a chap home nights when otherwise he would be out singing "Sweet Ad-dul-line."

BOB AND BABS, EVERETT, MASS.—Yes, children, George Brent did play the part of Allen Scott in "The Lightning Warrior" with Rin-Tin-Tin. Weren't you sorry when you heard that poor Rinty died? He left a two-year-old son to take his place and carry on his name.

VIRGINIA RUSTAN, WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.—There are a lot of other girls, too, who are writing in asking about Charles Boyer. Well, here's the low-down for all you Boyer fans. Charles was born in Figeac, France, on August 28. (He forgot to mention the year.) He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 154 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Is very well known on the French stage. In 1929 he made his screen-debut in Berlin. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer brought him over here to do French versions. He appeared in the French version of "The Big House" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." His contract with M-G-M calls for pictures during six months of the year, leaving him the other six months to return to the French stage. Has written many published short stories and has a large collection of French first editions. He plays tennis and is an excellent violinist. Paramount borrowed him for the lead in "The Man From Yesterday."

TOOTSIE ANDERSON, MELISSA, TEX.—Tommy Conlon was born in Philadelphia, Penna., just fifteen years ago, June 21, to be exact. He is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 100 pounds and has auburn brown hair and blue eyes. Lots of girls think Tommy's just grand, but thus far he has managed to stay single. Have you seen him in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"?

EDNA ANN CROWE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Here are the vital statistics about Marlene Dietrich that you want. She was born December 27, 1904. Get busy with your pencil and paper and figure it out. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, and weighs about 120 pounds.

W. A. SANDAHL, CHARITON, IOWA.—Sorry to disappoint you, but it's quite true that Janet Gaynor did not do "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" after all. Little Marian Nixon got the break. Janet, you know, is trying to get away from those ultra-sweet rôles. But Old Man Public just won't let her.

MARGARET ELIZABETH GREEN, CHARLOTTE, N. C.—I thought everybody knew everything there was to know about Garbo—and a lot that there isn't to know. At any rate, she is 5 feet, 6 inches tall.

ISABEL FRANCIA, TONDO, MANILA.—Wouldn't you have been excited if Mary Astor had gone on to Manila when she was cruising around the South Seas on her yacht? Her baby was born in Hawaii, you know. Mary is a middle-Western girl; Quincy, Ill., is her birthplace. The last picture she made before the baby was born was "A Successful Calamity."

NELL TATE, RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.—If all the wagers I've settled were laid end to end they would three times encircle Hollywood. Well, Nell, I'll settle your wager for you. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893. Who wins?

K. L. HOLLOWAY, BORDENTOWN, N. J.—If May Robson could see your letter I know she'd take a big bow. I agree with you. She was great in "Letty Lynton." And if you liked her in that, wait until you see her in "Strange Interlude." After playing those two intensely dramatic parts, you'll find her doing a comedy rôle in "Red-Headed Woman." Picture fans have just discovered her, but she has been known and loved on the stage for forty-seven years. However, it looks as if she is a permanent fixture in Hollywood, now.

How About Your Hands and Feet?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mold the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

AUGUST—Advice to office and other workers who sit all day. How to take off that "desk chair spread." What to do when you feel nervous and jumpy. How to get good, relaxing sleep at night.

SEPTEMBER—How to keep a good figure if you have one. How to take off the lump of fat from the back of the neck and how to get a firm chin. Also a grand exercise for reducing the stomach. How to tell when your figure needs toning up, and a figure-preserving diet.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.

"Her great-great-grandmother's?
How'd she dare wash it?"

"IVORY SNOW, silly!
That's as gentle as the
soap you use on your face."



No soap spots to strain cobwebby threads

—with **IVORY SNOW**. Fine, sheer fabrics need delicate handling. If a flake of soap flattens into the mesh, it takes rubbing to rinse it out and if it dries in, it makes a stiff, brittle spot where the threads break easily. That is why Ivory Snow is so safe for washing precious laces, trousseau lingerie, fine woolens, sheer silk stockings. Ivory Snow has no flat particles that can cling and make soap spots! Instead of being cut into flat flakes, it is **BLOWN**. Each particle is soft and *round*, so that it melts even in *lukewarm* water like snow itself.

Instant suds without using hot water.

No danger of plunging your fine things by mistake into too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow! For with Ivory Snow you can *start* with safe, **LUKEWARM** water. In an instant you'll get thoroughly dissolved suds that won't redden your hands . . . that will be gentle to fabrics and colors . . . that will rinse quickly and clearly away.

PURE as the babies' bath soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. Where can you find as safe a soap for costly fineries as Ivory, which doctors advise for a baby's tender skin? Be economical. Get Ivory Snow from your grocer and take care of all your good things with this pure soap. The big box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢.

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

Mexican Rice—Del Rio

HOT tamales and frijoles may be your idea of Mexican cookery, but after a dinner at Dolores Del Rio's you will find that Mexico needs a whole new section in the cook book!

Dolores doesn't pose in an apron just to make a pretty domestic picture, she actually can whip up some very tasty dishes when urged. There's a rice dish which is one of her best. It may have a long Latin name but for convenience it shall be called Mexican rice—and here's how you go about making it.

Mexican Rice.—The ingredients for this dish include 2 cups of cooked brown rice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of melted butter, 3 tablespoons chopped green peppers, 1 small onion chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stewed raisins, 2 tablespoons tomato ketchup, a dash of cayenne or tabasco, as you wish, and 1 teaspoon of salt. All of these are mixed together, put into a baking dish and covered with grated cheese.

Dolores uses brown rice for this dish; however, if brown rice is not available, ordinary white rice will work out just as well.

Another Del Rio favorite is a hot sandwich—it has all the Mexican zip and is a grand suggestion for your late evening supper parties or for a special luncheon delicacy.

Hot Mexican Sandwich.—Here's what you will need: 2 tablespoons of chopped onions, 2 tablespoons of melted butter, 3 cups of canned tomatoes, 1 chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped celery, 1 tablespoon of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of sliced bacon, 10 slices of bread, thin slices of American cheese, salt and pepper.

You sauté your chopped onion in about one tablespoon of the butter for a few minutes, then add the tomatoes, green pepper and celery. Let this mixture simmer uncovered for a half hour. Blend your remaining butter with the flour and add to the sauce with the salt and pepper to taste. Stir this until it thickens slightly. Fry the bacon until it is crisp. Toast the bread on both sides. Then make sandwiches of the bread and bacon, laying thin slices of the cheese on top. Put these sandwiches on hot plates and just before serving, pour the hot sauce over it all.

You can't imagine how delicious this is until you try it!

Speaking of sandwiches, Fredric March is a connoisseur in that line. He likes them for luncheon particularly, or for a late snack before retiring at night. After eating several of the March sandwich specialties, we begged Fredric to break down and tell you how to make them. Here are the results!

Royal Sandwich.—This one has an impressive name and tastes even better! You need a half



Even the cooks of screen stars have "nights out"! When Dolores has to cook, she conjures up some of those old family recipes

cup of shrimps as a starter. Then add another half cup of cooked chicken livers, the same amount of red peppers, ditto of Bermuda onions, salt and mayonnaise dressing.

Mix and force through a meat chopper the shrimps, chicken livers and peppers from which the seeds have been removed, also the onion. Season all this with salt and moisten with the dressing. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

Penobscot Sandwich.—Here's a sandwich with glamour! Start out with one-half of a cup of cold, boned and cooked salmon. Mash the salmon, adding the white of one hard-boiled egg which has been chopped and one tablespoon of finely chopped cucumber pickle. Season this mixture with salt and paprika—moisten with cream salad dressing. Next, mash the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, adding one and one-half tablespoons of melted butter, one and one-half tablespoons of chopped nut meats and a few drops of anchovy essence.

This done, remove crusts from a stale loaf of white bread, then cut the loaf lengthwise in five slices. Spread three slices, on both sides, with butter worked

until creamy. Spread the remaining two slices on but one side. Spread the two mixtures alternately between the slices of bread, sprinkling the egg yolk mixture with the finely chopped green pepper. In serving this sandwich, you cut the loaf crosswise in thin slices, each piece looks almost like layer cake. This sandwich is a perfect suggestion for your afternoon bridge menus.

Mrs. March contributed her husband's favorite salad recipe to the general conversation. It is composed entirely of mixed greens—this, incidently, is the classic salad of the French race who are supposed to be the best salad mixers in the world. Green tops, string beans, peas, lettuce, endive and watercress go into the March's best salad bowl. The whole is marinated in French dressing, placed in the ice box, and served an hour later.

Liver Loaf is the favorite dish of charming Adrienne Ames.

It is an excellent, healthful one to add to your list of recipes, too. It takes two pounds of calves' liver. Scald the liver well and put through the grinder, using a medium knife. To this add two cups of Zwiebach crumbs, one white onion, salt and pepper to taste. Mix the whole together with one well-beaten egg and one-quarter of a cup of milk. Butter a bread pan, fill it with the liver, placing strips of bacon on top.

Bake this for about an hour in a 300 degree to 500 degree oven.

Before serving, turn out onto a platter and slice.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THE NIGHT MAYOR—Columbia

A GRAND satire about a frivolous but honest young mayor with his problems, feminine and political, brought to the screen in an amusing, snappy fashion. Lee Tracy, as the mayor, falls for a chorus girl (Evalyn Knapp) and gets himself in a complicated mix-up. Tracy is priceless as the dapper fashion plate and the supporting cast is swell. The story is more than timely. See it.

THE CABIN IN THE COTTON—First National

DICK BARTHELMESS comes through with one of his best performances in a beautifully told story of simple folk of the old South—their trials, their poverty and their heartbreaks. Dick plays one of the poor white trash. Bette Davis fairly scintillates as the rich planter's daughter, while Dorothy Jordan is splendid as the poor girl. It's Dick's picture, however. Scenery gorgeous and cast excellent.

70,000 WITNESSES—Paramount—Charles R. Rogers

A FOOTBALL picture that ends in a murder mystery. It's that new. Within sight of 70,000 witnesses, Johnny Mack Brown, the victim, races for the goal line and falls. Phillips Holmes, his room-mate, is accused. So, play by play, the game is re-enacted and the villain trapped. Suspense, action and thrills are packed into the picture with Charlie Ruggles a riot as the woozy reporter. Dorothy Jordan is the heart interest.

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners

CONSTANCE BENNETT looks lovely in this picture and does good work as a gay butterfly made to face reality. The story is pretty weak, but Connie and Neil Hamilton do their best to make it seem believable in spite of itself. And in what lovely clothes *la Bennett* is decked. Young Allen Vincent, who plays the brother, has a face that takes kindly to the camera.

THIRTEEN WOMEN—RKO—Radio

MENTAL suggestion causing fantastic results is the brand-new theme of this picture. A Hindu woman, played magnificently by Myrna Loy, attempts to destroy thirteen sorority girls who were her enemies at school. Disconnected scenes are a bit confusing at first, but there is a strong cast, headed by Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. Entertaining and gripping once you get into it, but it leaves you depressed.

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS—Columbia

WITH all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood, it's too bad that this one should come along. If you must see some more movie sets and more films in the making, you might like this. But it isn't Hollywood and don't let anybody tell you that it is. Pat O'Brien gives his usual consistent performance, but Genevieve Tobin is badly miscast as the spotlight-maddened girl.

THE PAINTED WOMAN—Fox

ANOTHER *Sadie Thompson* finds herself stranded in the South Seas with the usual result. Peggy Shannon is good as the little

How Old is Ann?



Sometimes 40
... sometimes 25

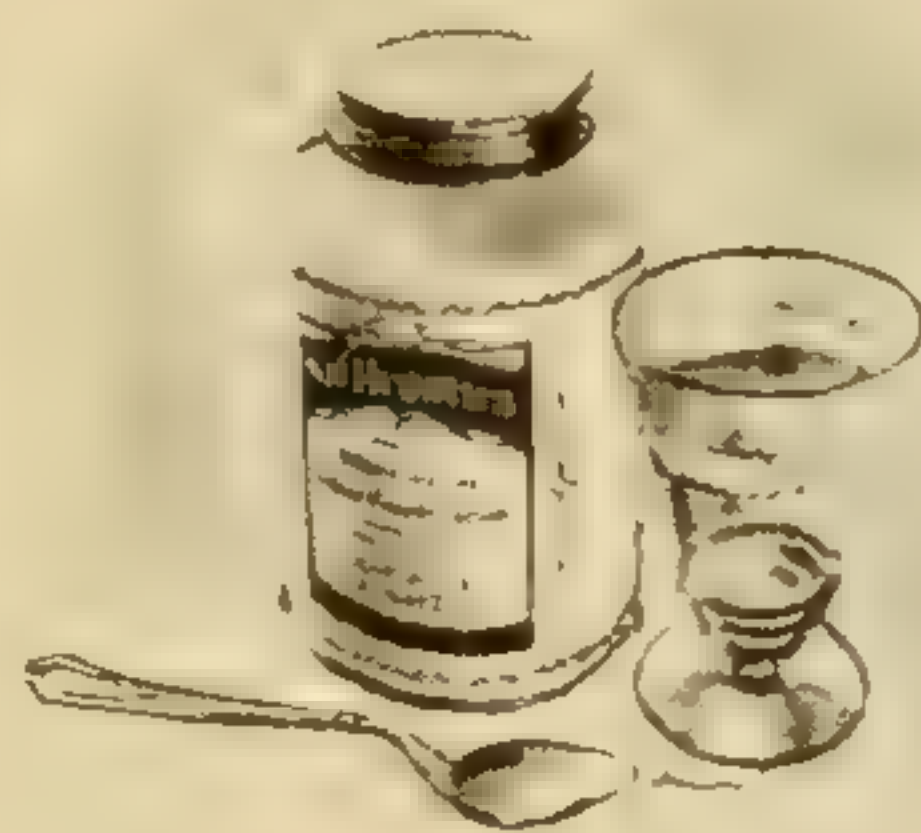
TO tell the truth, Ann is 33—but sometimes she *feels* "not a day over 80"! What's the matter?

Why is she just as tired at 8 A. M. as at midnight? Where's her freshness of spirit? Why is her skin so sallow and blotchy? What's wrong?

Perhaps you have a lot in common with Ann. Perhaps you, too, are overlooking a primary law of health and beauty. *She neglects to keep clean internally.* Do you? She needs the saline treatment—with Sal Hepatica. Do you?

Unless the digestive tract regularly eliminates its wastes, these ferment, and send poisons through the blood stream.

An ordinary laxative isn't



what is needed, but a finely blended saline like Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica not only flushes the poisons and wastes from the digestive tract, but it also cleanses the blood stream. It freshens the whole system. It counteracts acidity.

Sal Hepatica gets at the causes of headache, colds, indigestion, rheumatism. It tones you up to new vitality.

Trust the lovely Continental to keep brilliantly good-looking and fresh! *She* goes for a holiday at Carlsbad or Aix—and drinks the saline waters. Sal Hepatica offers the same saline benefits. One week with the famous Sal Hepatica saline treatments—at home—and you'll feel as if *you* had been to a European spa! Try it—beginning today!

SAL HEPATICA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-102, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

FREE—a flacon of Exotique perfume with every box of Luxor powder

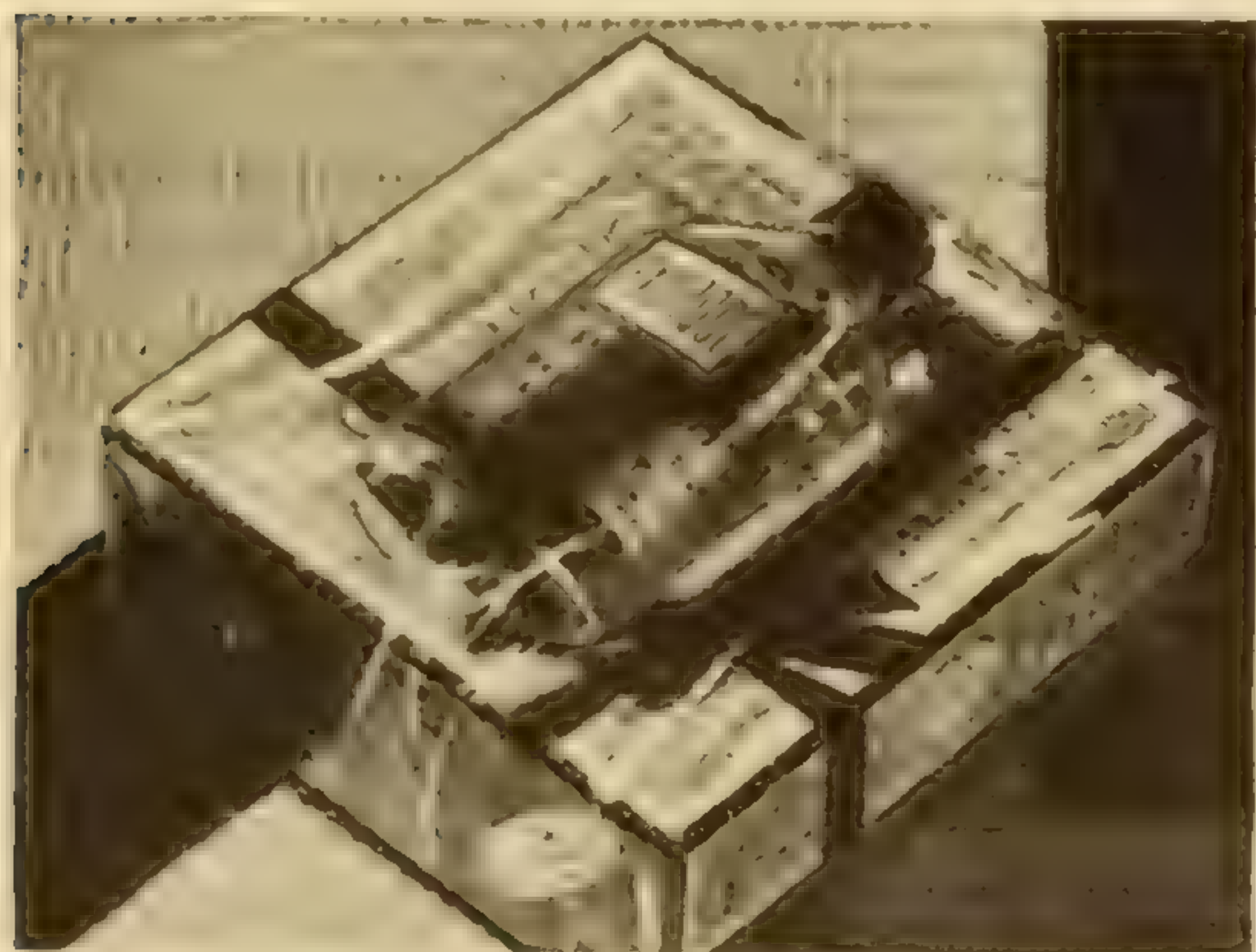
HERE is luxury with real economy . . . you get twice as much as you pay for, in this \$1 value that costs but 50c*. It is offered as a complimentary gift to present and new Luxor users.

Luxor Face-Powder couldn't be better if it cost \$5. The purity of its ingredients not only safeguards your complexion, but makes this powder transparent and lovely in texture. Luxor is so delicate and fine, it brings to your skin the satin-smoothness of a flower-petal.

The perfume is a rare and lovely fragrance. It's "Exotique," a most popular bouquet. The flacon you receive is of generous size. Exotique sells for \$3 an ounce.

This offer is good for a limited time only. Make it a point to stop in at your favorite store tomorrow. Select the shade of Luxor powder you like . . . get your free flacon of dainty Exotique . . . and you will find your fifty cents has brought you months of satisfaction, pleasure, and new beauty. Luxor, Ltd., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Illinois.

*Subject to tax.



50c but we couldn't make it better for . . . \$5

Luxor, Ltd.

outcast who marries Spencer Tracy, a pearl hunter, only to find herself entangled with a former lover. Raul Roulien, as a native, makes the glorious sacrifice for Peggy and all is well. Good cast with picturesque background.

A PASSPORT TO HELL—Fox

JUST another white woman bored by the monotony of an isolated army post. Just another jungle yarn with the usual three-way complications. Hubby takes a trip, hubby's best friend steps in with the accepted recipe for feminine boredom. Somehow, Elissa Landi and Alexander Kirkland just miss the trick that might make it convincing. A few new twists lift it from the completely commonplace.

THE SIGN OF FOUR—World Wide

MYSTERY thrillers may come and go, but Sherlock Holmes continues to be the greatest detective of them all. You'll enjoy every minute of this famous story played excellently by an all-English cast. Arthur Wontner makes a perfect *Holmes*. There's a thrilling capture at the end.

BEAUTY PARLOR—Chesterfield

IT pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. Two little manicurists, Barbara Kent and Joyce Compton, find that out. Joyce steps out a bit and lands in trouble. Barbara agrees to marry a rich but ancient admirer in order to help Joyce. But, three cheers, Johnny Harron, the young hero arrives in time and all is rosy. It's a homey little tale with a brand-new setting.

ISLE OF PARADISE—Adolph Pollak Prod.

BALI—the isle of paradise, where the cameras seem to be finding new inspiration for travelogues this season! The highlight of this colorful picture is the famous cremation service for the dead. Sounds morbid, doesn't it? Not so in Bali, a funeral seems to be a lot more fun for the natives than any other festival! Excellent photography.

UNHOLY LOVE—First Division-Allied

BASED on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," that rôle being played by Joyce Compton. Not even such dependable actors as H. B. Warner, Lila Lee and Ivan Lebedeff succeed in making this important or entertaining.

"I'm Through Being Bossed"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

His first step toward a new independence, when he returned from abroad, was to take a house by himself. Bachelor's quarters! To live alone, to order his own life, to decide things for himself. One can only guess a little of what that means to Gary. Not that he cares for his family less—I think that he will love them more wisely and more tolerantly if he lives apart from them.

I LUNCHEd with him in "the dump," as he calls it, a few days after he moved in.

"It's not very big," he said, as I followed him obediently on an enthusiastic tour of inspection, "but it's *mine*. It's what I *want*. Nobody decides what to do about things in it but *me*." He was as smug about it as a small boy who has been given a shack on the vacant lot next door for his very own. He was full of plans for the disposition of his trophies from his African trip. Heads, skins, antlers and what-not to bedeck walls and couches and fireplaces. "Maybe it will look like a museum. But I *want them*."

That was the first thing. Then there was that little tilt with the studio over his part in the first picture he made upon his return. He considered the part an unsympathetic one. And he astounded Paramount executives by walking into their offices and saying so! Gary! The dawdling, good-tempered Gary, speaking his mind!

Well! He didn't get upset over the thing. He didn't tear his hair or beat his breast or indulge in a commonplace, "temperamental" outburst. He stated his case, reasonably, and indicated his firm intention of taking a stand and staying put.

He says he hasn't had any trouble since. "It's amazing how easy it is, once you learn to discover what you want and then go after it. Once you convince people that you aren't just a puppet or an unreasonable child. They want to be fair and they will listen to reason—if you give it to them. Things are swell—now!" He loves his rôle in "A Farewell to Arms." He loves working with Helen Hayes, whom he admires intensely, both as an actress and as a person. He admires Frank Borzage, who is directing the piece to Gary's complete satisfaction.

"The thing works out in the same way in your life," he told me. "You have to know

what you want and then you have to be smart enough not to want it too much! That's what licks you. *You have to hold back something of yourself*—a little part of your ego or whatever you call it. You mustn't give everything in any human relationship. Especially in love. The person who falls in love—*all the way*—is bound to lose. He loses control of himself and of the whole situation. He ceases to be a whole person. You have to keep a part of yourself detached so as to get a perspective on things and to know what is happening to you! I ought to know. . . ."

In addition to this strength and this new assurance that he has gained, Gary has acquired a new and very engaging sophistication. He fences nimbly with words. He makes adroit and audacious *bon mots*. He has—this shy boy from Montana—acquired a little of the Continental manner!

Of course, there are the Count and Countess di Frasso. That friendship which sprang up while Gary was abroad, and which led to the distinguished pair coming to Hollywood to take a house almost next door to his own, probably accounts for much of this new and interesting polish. Hollywood has been pretty agog over that situation. Well, there it is. The Count and Countess are among us. They spend a part of every day with Gary. The trio are inseparable.

And the elder couple are intelligent, sophisticated, worldly people. No disadvantage at all to a young man!

Talking with him recently, I recalled the Christmas Eve before he went away. He came to spend the afternoon with me. His mother called me two or three times before he finally appeared.

"Please tell Gary he had better bring his suit-case in the house with him," she directed me, worriedly. "He has his new evening clothes in it and it would be a shame if they were stolen out of the car. . . ."

The second time, she wanted to know whether he had arrived. "Maybe you'd better watch for him and call to him when he appears. You know, he's just as likely as not to forget where he is going and drive right past your house in that vague way of his. . . ."

Good gosh! Wasn't the man able to drive a few blocks from his house to mine, by himself, I wondered? What had come over Gary?

He arrived, eventually, without our having to call out the police, and strolled in—as limp, as wan, as miserable a human being as you ever saw. That day, in addition to his other troubles, he had a cold in his head. He helped me trim my Christmas tree but it wasn't a very gala occasion. Gary was so depressed that he could hardly speak.

He didn't talk about his troubles very much. Gary has never been a complainer. But one knew. One knew of the rift between Gary and Lupe (and there was real grief in that parting). He talked a little about his worries over his work. But he didn't seem to think that anything could be done about *anything*.

He was hurt and ill and silent. He was a man who had given up.

I believe Gary's mother came to Hollywood to save her son from the tangled web of Hollywood. It has been said that Gary's mother caused the break between Lupe and Gary. Let's think of that mother for a moment.

A TYPICAL Middle-Western, old-fashioned woman, she had nourished the thought that Gary might some day become great.

She read the publicity about him and Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez. What more natural than for her to come to Hollywood to save him from what, to her, were "those women"?

Lupe once said that every time Gary didn't do as his mother wanted him to, she became ill. "She is just trying to hold him by sickness," Lupe sobbed. I can easily imagine his mother saying, "These women are trying to take my boy from me with their appeal."

Each woman behaved according to her own lights; her own background.

But the Gary of today is different. This one is sure that he has mastered himself and his destiny. At least, he will put up a fight and that other Gary wouldn't have. . . .

This Gary is self-sufficient. "I shall always live alone," he said. "No one to tell me what to do—or when—. No one to make scenes or cry or have hurt feelings. . . . I am my own man—now!"

I doubt whether Gary will always live alone! He will marry one day, almost surely. But no one will ever dominate him, wholly, again. I think he is right about that. Gary has learned a great deal in the past year. . . .

Heart Throb

If you should see us some afternoon you would probably think us just a middle-aged nurse and her charge out for an airing. But oh! how mistaken you would be, for my eleven-year-old son and I are off for our neighborhood theater, where a corner is reserved for his wheel-chair, and our adventure begins.

We're never quite sure where the magic carpet of our movie will take us and for that reason we're always eager to go. We can be sure that thrills a-plenty await us, be our destination metropolitan city, Gobi Desert, battle front or high seas. With our film friends we may dance, sing, love and be loved and for a time share with them all the glamour and adventure which limited means and illness have denied us.

A woman with graying hair and a little boy destined never to walk may enter the theater, but once inside we become parties of a grand expedition into the heart of a glittering, throbbing life and all that it has to offer.

Mrs. V. E. Starks,
Denver, Colo.

The world's worst job— washing dirty handkerchiefs

now ended by
KLEENEX
disposable tissues

Madam, will you let us prove to you that you need never wash another handkerchief?

Send us your name and address—we will send you a trial packet of Kleenex Tissues. Use them for a week, in place of handkerchiefs.

Then see if you can think of a single reason why you should continue that disagreeable task of washing handkerchiefs.

Softest—yet strongest tissue

Kleenex is many times more absorbent than linen or cotton; and though the softest tissue on the market, it is also the strongest.

Because Kleenex costs so little, you destroy each tissue when used. Think how much more healthful, to select a nice, fresh tissue every time, instead of using a soiled handkerchief over and over!

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Authorities say it's best, because Kleenex is so absorbent that it blots all impurities from the pores.

In rolls and packages

Kleenex comes in smart convenient packages and in 25c rolls, in delicate pink or white.

Try both; and then try the larger, household size as well! It is marvelously convenient for guest towels, for dusting, for many kitchen tasks.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.

KLEENEX disposable
TISSUES



HAVE YOU TRIED
'KERFS?
... a formal version
of Kleenex smartly
bordered, 4 thick-
nesses instead of 2
... nice enough to
appear as "regular"
handkerchiefs or tea
napkins. Big box 25c.



When

You Wear FEU-FOLLET You're Romantic . . . to Yourself and to Him

Feu Follet (FLAME OF FOLLY) will make you feel like a gay and devastating masquerader. An exciting French fragrance does wonderful things to us in this all too practical world. It creates a mystery around us—it makes us colorful and glamorous to ourselves—to others. *Feu Follet* toiletries include extract, face powder, soap, talcum, sachet, toilet water—all reasonably priced. So also are *Le Jade* and *Fleurs d'Amour*, equally exquisite fragrances. Send coupon below for FREE copy of "Fashions in Fragrance". This interesting booklet tells how the smart Parisian woman is using *Feu Follet*.

ROGER & GALLET PARIS • NEW YORK

Agent for Canada
J. ALFRED OUMET
Montreal



ROGER & GALLET, 1071 6th Ave., New York
Please send me your free booklet by a famous beauty specialist, on the correct way to use perfume.

Name.....

Address.....

Jackie Tells Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

"Just when am I going?"

Jackie named the day and hour.

Doug roared. "And there you're wrong, Mr. Smarty," he grinned, "I'm leaving this evening."

Ten minutes later Bob Montgomery, old beret perched on his head, came into the dining-room. The day of the sailing had been changed, he told Doug.

And changed to the exact hour a little curly-headed boy had named.

And with one wild war-whoop, Doug, Jr. was up over the back of his chair and trying to climb the dining-room wall.

"AT Kybur you saw a great big herd of fierce animals," he calmly announced to Gary Cooper, while Gary looked wildly about for a means of escape.

It was Fredric March on the "Merrily We Go To Hell" set who lured him away from his everlasting playing. He gazed at Freddy in a puzzled manner. "You used to be somebody else." "Why, no, Jackie," March said, "I've always been me."

A few minutes later the child wandered back from his play to stare long and hard at Fredric March. "S'funny," the boy said, "I think you're a doctor, too." "What doctor?" Freddy asked. "A *Dr. Jekyll*," the boy said, while Freddie threw his book ten feet in the air and fell back on his dressing-room couch flabbergasted.

"Let me hold you for just a moment," George Bancroft begged on the "Lady and Gent" set. As usual the making of a picture was entirely forgotten, as the crew and actors, script girl and director, flocked about.

It was his mother's name called out to Mr. Bancroft, that sent him stumbling to gather a little boy up in his arms.

"Sure," Jackie replied as Wynne Gibson scribbled a few words on a piece of paper.

"Sure what?" his father asked. "Well," Jackie said, "she asked if 'The Strange Case of Clara Deane' would run in New York and I said, sure; see daddy?"

Passing Clive Brook's dressing-room he peeped in at an Englishman at tea.

"Who's this?" a publicity woman asked.

"It's Clifford," he said looking long and anxiously at the cake.

"Why Jackie," the woman said, "that's the first time I've heard you make a mistake."

But Clive Brook was putting down his tea cup. Shoving back his cake.

"Come here, son," he said. "It's the first time I've heard my name for a long time. It brings back many memories."

"You see," he said, looking up, "my own name is Clifford."

And then in rapid succession came the name of a tiny little village near London—birthplace of Brook, Faith and Clive, nine and five, the Brook children. A secret pet name of Mrs. Brook. A secret plan long cherished, revealed in a few words, and then a strange sight.

A calm, dignified Englishman sank slowly and in an undignified manner to the floor, legs crumpled beneath him, while Jackie still eyed the large square of cake.

Yes, he has Hollywood, a pretty hard-boiled town, on its ear.

His name buzzes from set to set. From lot to lot.

OUT-HOLLYWOODED by a child, Hollywood for once is stopped dead in its tracks. Mystified. Bewildered. And it took a baby to do it.

Jackie is the son of a Swiss acrobat whose mother dropped from a trapeze to her death when he was four months old. Even his father is unable to understand. "I don't know, please," is all he can say.

"That watch," he said to a tall young stranger he met, accidentally, on the Radio lot. "That watch in your pocket?"

"It belonged to a great man. He was an actor."

"But Lon Chaney doesn't act any more."

"He's dead."

And Creighton Chaney, son of Lon, stumbled away, wondering.

A Very Unreliable Fellow

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

clamor grew to such proportions that Tracy's agent stepped in with a plan that quieted what promised to be a medium size riot.

He makes two pictures for Columbia, one independent, one for Paramount, two pictures for Radio and two for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

And there is the answer to all Hollywood's dirt slinging.

"You see," he says, "I made my mistake in being too open. Too honest in what I did in public."

"Then, too, I made four pictures in three months out here and I was tired. Exhausted. I arrived one morning on the set fifteen minutes late. Which was bad, I know. The next day I was thirty minutes late and the next one I didn't get there till noon. Which was just unforgivable. I believe, if I remember, it was after a week-end," he grinned. "And that's the absolute extent of my undependableness in Hollywood. I mean it. I've worked all day and all night without complaint. I've cooperated in every way I know how. I played the lead in 'Broadway' on the New York stage for 880 consecutive performances and never missed a single performance. For 280 consecutive performances I played *Hildy Johnson* in 'The Front Page' on Broadway. And didn't miss a second's time."

And this, mind you, after the seething tales we hear of Mr. Tracy's gay times along Broadway. He's a real, regular, honest-to-goodness man's sort of man, this Tracy fellow. He doesn't give a fig for beautiful women. Or any kind of women. He's never been married and lives his own life. His own way. Bothering no one. He can act circles and semi-circles around any ten average movie stars. And does it with an ease that's beyond description.

He's a humdinger crap shooter and will sit in the bleachers at the ball game and scream himself hoarse. And yell names at the umpire that would curl a pig's tail. He's a rooter. A real honest-to-goodness baseball fan. And would rather catch a 140 pound tuna than have dinner with Garbo.

He attends no Hollywood parties or openings. He's a regular business man sort of guy in a slightly goofy business. And makes it seem entirely sane. And natural. The only unnatural thing about this Tracy party is his complete indifference to contracts. Movie contracts. The thought of one gives him a horrible breaking out. Just the thought of it.

You see Lee has had a rather bitter experience with contracts and they worry him.

He's been in Hollywood before, it seems.

The talk of New York with his "Broadway," his "The Front Page" and other hits, they brought him out to Fox on a contract that gave him, in six months' time, three little parts that any extra could play blindfolded and half-dazed. And it hurt a bit. So when Warners offered him a contract, he shied off. But they kept urging and urging.

But no, Lee felt he'd had contract fever once, and once was enough. So finally Jimmy Cagney, who, strange to say, had been Lee's understudy in the play "Broadway" and never got a look-in, walked out on Warners and left the part in "Blessed Event" wide open. Lee wanted the part. And Warners wanted him to have it. But first, they said, he must sign a contract. He did. He played "Blessed Event," was half a day late and walked out of Warners—with no contract.

WHEN Irving Thalberg offered a contract, Lee just couldn't see it, but is glad to play in those two M-G-M pictures without a contract, if they don't mind. And they don't mind as long as Lee plays 'em.

So you see what a strange sort of fellow he is. Independent, woman-shunner, swell actor.

The best part of his acting is done with his hands. You noticed that, perhaps, in "Love Is a Racket," "The Strange Case of Molly Louvain" and "Doctor X." Those expressive, gesturing hands are wide, strong and very white for a man's. His gestures are confined within a narrow margin of space, but they speak eloquently of love, disaster, grief and joy.

He thinks that because he spent half his boyhood palming cards and doing all sorts of very bad tricks of magic, the practice may account for his using his hands so much in his acting.

He wanted to be a magician. Thurston's assistant. The off-stage string-puller and saw hander-on. But, instead, he studied electrical engineering. And landed in the army, a second lieutenant, at Camp Lee, Va. And went from the army to ten long, barnstorming years of stage work. And then Broadway and Hollywood discovered Lee Tracy. Or Lee discovered them.

He's thirty-five years old, Lee is, and a blond with the keenest pair of blue eyes imaginable. He's a bit Scotch and will, no matter where, gather up all his cigarette butts and smoke them again. People who eat oranges on a train drive him wild. Keep it up and he'll get off the train in the middle of Death Valley, if necessary. Bananas, now, aren't so bad. But oranges—

Sort of set in his bachelor way, Tracy is. And his imitation of a hen-pecking wife would roll you on the floor.

He has many friends he's quite fond of, but there's one person in Lee Tracy's life he gives the greatest and deepest devotion. It's his mother. They're pals, those two.

And while Hollywood tongues were wagging the hardest over Lee's latest escapade, of how he'd told a certain executive to go places and then lunched off on a midnight train to New York, Lee and his mother were flying back home together, for a short vacation. And Lee was pointing out the different sights so that Mrs. Tracy could read that paper entitled, "How I Flew with My Son, Lee Tracy, Star of 'Blessed Event,' from Hollywood to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania," at the Tuesday afternoon Women's Club.

Does Lee chuckle over that?

A MAN sidled up to a certain producer in Hollywood with a long tale about the newest outbreak of demoralizing Tracy.

"Listen," the producer said with gestures, "it's like Lincoln said about Grant or somebody when the boys complained about him. I wish I had more like him."

And with a huge snort, walked off. And with no producer in these times willing to squander five cents on an unreliable actor, there's the finest answer to Lee Tracy's whispering chorus that could be given.

The painless way of SPENDING A PRECIOUS 1932 DOLLAR . . .

Just to cast a glance at the new Rollins Hosiery for Fall is to find a sufficient excuse for some reckless spending . . . but, luckily, it isn't necessary. Not in these times. Not with Rollins Hosiery.

For, while Rollins has the sheerness, the style, the appearance to justify a spree of extravagance, it also has the price—and the quality—which make extravagance impossible.

Women who are as thrifty as a housewife with a market basket . . . and those who are as finicky about personal appearances as a deb on a man-hunt—all are being very careful this season to go to the Rollins dealer, and nowhere else, for stockings.

It's a thing that you should do, too.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
New York Chicago Denver Des Moines San Francisco



Style 2323. A fine gauge, all silk, Runstop protected, lace top chiffon that positively multiplies the buying power of a one-dollar bill.

Style 5454. A two-thread, 51-gauge chiffon, which means it's super-sheer. Extra-dull in finish, also. Proving that a taste for the highest luxury in silk hosiery need not cost you more than a dollar ninety-five.

NEW

COLORS • Dovebeige • Brownwood • Rhumtone
Crystal Taupe • Haze Beige • Fawn Brown

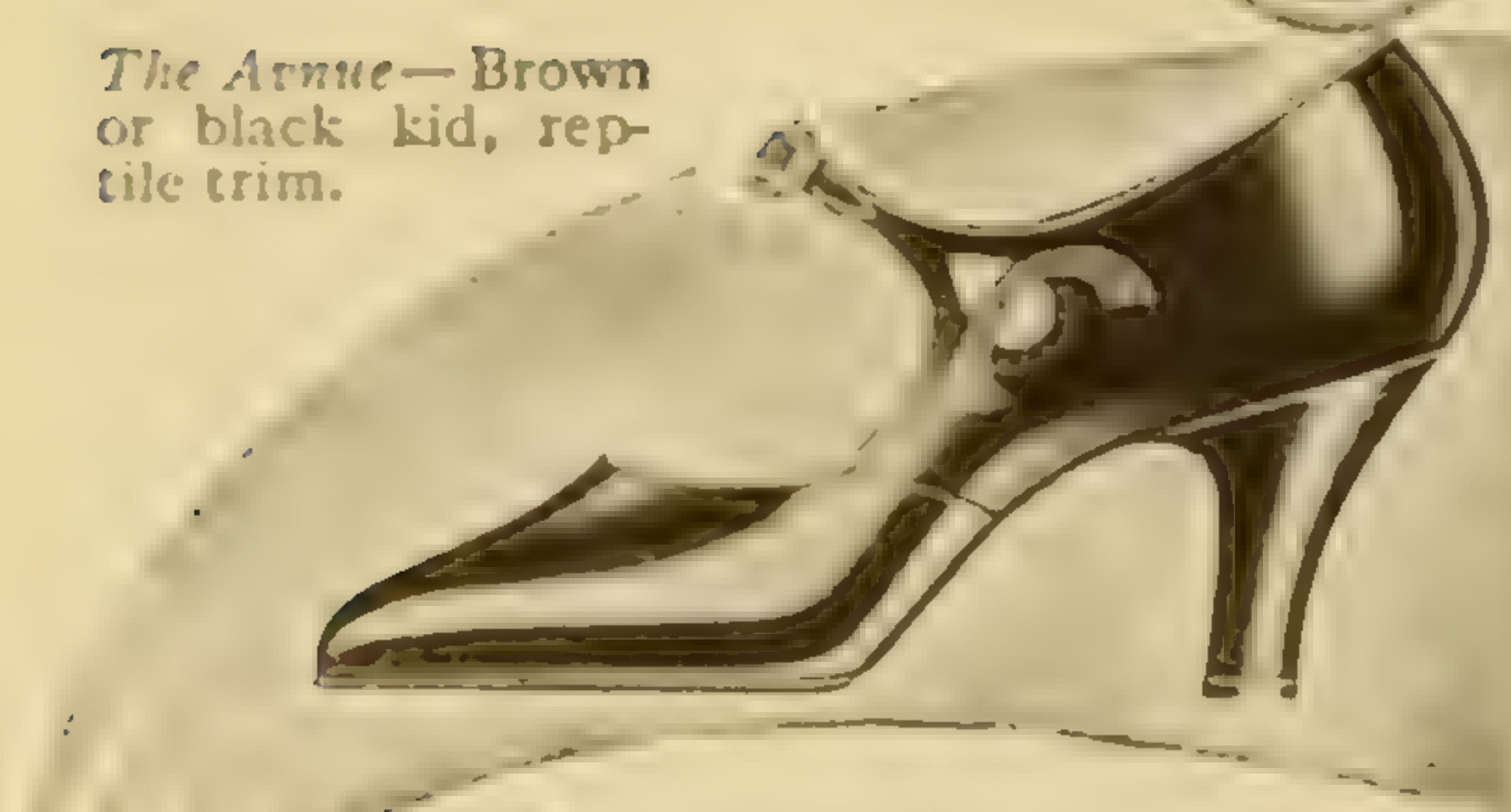
FOR FALL

Rollins Runstop Hosiery

DRAWS THE LINE ON GARTER RUNS



The Adella—Patent, brown or black kid.



The Arnie—Brown or black kid, reptile trim.



The Bally—Black or brown calfskin with suede inlay.

Lasting Beauty and Foot-Ease

Most Styles Now **\$5**
Others \$4 & \$6

YOU step into a new world of foot-ease... standing, sitting, walking... when you step into Natural Bridge Shoes. That lively freedom springs from the Natural Arch-Bridge, with its constant, normal support for your natural arch. That perfection of fit comes from the light, airy combination lasts individualized to your foot's exact contour. Advance styles for all occasions, with finer leathers, more beautiful workmanship, and shapeliness that lasts. Junior Hi line for growing girls, \$4. Natural Bridge Shoemakers, Lynchburg, Va.



Natural Bridge dealers all over the country are expert shoe fitters. Name of your nearest dealer on request.

**Natural
Bridge
Shoes**

COMBINATION LAST
AAAA to EEE



Marie Dressler's Own Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

that reservoir, when you need it. Let it bubble up into your life.

The magic of time will have mellowed all memories into helpfulness.

Not long ago, when I was very ill and could only lie hour after hour and think, a message came to me from an old sweetheart. He wrote, "Marie, you have something within you that will never allow your soul to be crushed." I was happy to get that letter. We had remained friends for many years, long after romance faded. When you have loved and parted, always leave a loophole through which you may find each other and share in a different way those mutual things which made you lovers. But I wondered what was the thing I had which would not allow my soul to be crushed by illness, by pain, by disappointment or loneliness.

Perhaps I am wrong, but I think he meant courage to fight. I was given that, it seems, in the beginning. It is good to be a fighter, if you fight in a good cause.

I AM afraid of only two things in the world. Fear and self.

Fear is the devil's only weapon. I look back now over my life and realize that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, ever to fear. If I could pass on to you one thought, share with you one thing that life has taught me, it would be that there is nothing to fear. We magnify, we worry, we make ourselves subject to fear.

When you have experienced everything that life can deal out to you, when you have passed through every human experience, when you have seen birth and death, war and pestilence, poverty and riches, hunger and satiety, you will know that life has nothing to offer that you can't meet.

That is the truth. And you can meet it and get something out of it and survive it and be happy. Within yourself.

The unhappy people are those who think too much about themselves. They kill themselves by thinking too much of self.

Don't you know that there is nothing and nobody with whom you can live twenty-four hours a day, year in and year out? Why make yourself an exception? Escape from yourself. Love others—be interested in others, really and genuinely—enjoy and sorrow with them. The right kind of tears shed for others will wash away bitterness and resentment and envy and jealousy.

Sorrow never kills. Envy and jealousy and bitterness and resentment do. They kill the spirit and the soul.

And they are all children of self—self-love, self-glorification, self-pity. Escape from yourself at any cost.

You have only one obligation to self. To live up to the highest you see. To live for yourself only so as to make yourself a better person for the rest of the world to live with and love with and laugh with.

IN the days of my youth, I believed that religion was confined within the narrow walls of a church. I don't believe that any more. All roads to God are good roads. We need not look for too narrow a path.

The Church—the real Church—is within us—the Temple of the Living God. But sometimes now we feel that churches are too selfish, that people who go to them go to pray for something for themselves, that they are fighting for themselves only.

And I know now that we shall be judged by one record and one record only. The record we have left in the hearts of those with whom we came in contact. That makes it very simple, very easy, doesn't it?

I learned a great lesson from a great woman when I was a very young actress.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the social leader of New York, was very kind to me and befriended me.

One day when we were driving in the Park together—at the very beginning of our acquaintance—we passed a Victoria in which sat a beautiful young woman. As our carriages came abreast, the woman dropped her eyes. But I—I was young and bubbling and friendly—called and waved to her. When she had gone by, Mrs. Fish said to me, "Marie, who was that divine creature?" I hesitated. We were not as free in our speech then as we are now. I said, "She is a girl I met in the theater. But she isn't in the theater now. I—I feel very sorry for her. I think she needs a friend."

MRS. FISH put her arm about me and said, "My dear, I am proud that you remembered to speak to her. That endears you to me. Never change, Marie."

Now, I didn't deserve any credit. I had done it without thought. If I had stopped to realize the girl's position, and that I was with Mrs. Fish, I might have been afraid. But it taught me a great lesson.

Kindness, friendliness, is always so much gain. And when folks are up against it, when the breaks are going against them, that is when they need us.

After all, who are we to condemn?

A cardinal of the Church of Rome once reminded me that there were three crosses upon the hill of Calvary. Upon two of them hung thieves. But upon the third, hung Christ. It might have been very easy to miss Him altogether.

We must never condemn. Let us fight evil. Let us try to help others.

If we cannot, let us pass on. But always without condemnation.

As I grow older and life seems simpler to me each day, I often remember that Dante did not put into his hell those who committed crimes or deeds of passion. The greatest of poets painted there only the unloving. Only the unforgiving.

There is too much talk about everything, anyway. Almost everybody talks too much. During the war, when we were gathered to make plans for raising money, for selling bonds, for helping our boys, it was decided that we should send out speakers. Then I got up and said, "All right. Let them speak, but for heaven's sake limit them or they'll talk everybody to death and there'll be no one left to buy bonds." That was the origin of the four-minute men.

WE have been going through lately what some people call a bad time.

I cannot agree with that. It is the finest and the greatest time that has ever happened to the United States of America.

Had we gone on as we were a few years ago, we should have gone under—we should have fallen as Babylon fell, as Rome fell.

We had lost God, we had lost our sense of values, our sense of humor, our "guts" and our strength.

There was a little family in the Middle West that made candles by hand for many years. They just eked out a living for themselves and when they heard of the depression they were frightened, for a very little depression would make an end of them. But, suddenly, business picked up. They had orders and more orders. People were burning many candles. They had remembered God.

The other night a man dined with me—an old friend. He is the head of a great drug concern. He told me that business was bad. "We aren't selling many drugs because people are too busy to be sick."

My servants, who have been with me, in good times and bad, for twenty years, have a brother who is an undertaker in a small Southern town.

He had planned to come to the Coast this year, but he wrote that, because business was so bad, he could not make it. "People," he said, "are too poor to die."

Yes, the depression has been a good thing. Some of us have suffered greatly, but in the end we shall all be closer to God.

There is nothing in the world so unimportant as money.

I shall be criticized for saying that. We, who have made the golden calf our idol for the past years, do not like to hear that said. But it is true.

THE women of this country have been falling down on their jobs. A woman occupies the greatest place in the world. What is that place? It is to be the inspiration, the comforter, the helper.

It is her job to prevent panics, to hold steady the ship of life. To fortify husbands and sons and fathers. To keep the glow of joy burning in every home.

That is woman's first business. To keep God alive in the heart of the world.

When my husband was dying he said to me, "Marie, I am not afraid to die, because I know that God loves me as you love me."

That is my crown for all time.

That is the crown of womanhood for all time. That, in times of trouble, men should turn to a woman and know that fear cannot triumph, that faith is still alive somewhere, that bravery still flings high its banner.

Bill Powell Exposed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

overwhelms him and all the clever speeches melt into thin air. He turns into a near-Sphinx.

"My brain fogs in a maze of self-consciousness," Powell told me once, "and I suffer agonies until the interviewer bids me goodbye."

Strangely—and luckily—his self-effacement disappears the minute Powell faces a camera. I have studied this miracle, and I believe it can be traced to the fact that Bill actually assumes the character of the person he portrays on the screen.

He moves from the body of the real William Powell into the guise of the screen Powell. He forgets himself in the character of the rôle he portrays.

YES, Bill's confessed inferiority complex explains clearly the side of him that has always puzzled me. You see, among his real friends, Powell suffers no ill effects from his complex. He is as charming a host as Hollywood boasts.

An evening in his company is as entertaining and rewardful as an evening with O. Henry or de Maupassant. He is as full of information as the encyclopedia; as up-to-date as today's newspaper.

In brief, he is exactly the sophisticate of the screen. That's among friends.

Among strangers, he is all the things I have told you before.

It is when he is among strange people that I feel a real sympathy for Bill.

Persons who are not cursed with inferiority complexes cannot fully understand the anguish Powell goes through every day. Those who have such complexes will appreciate Bill's suffering, and will feel a new and warmer comradeship toward him. They will understand that he is really a grand guy afraid of his Nemesis.

They will know William Powell for what he is—a man haunted by his shadow—his screen shadow.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins

1

WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW LET'S HOPE *THIS* ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN. NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE

OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS



2

LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA



3

A MONTH LATER *he found out*

A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!

YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING



4

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE GUILTY WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY TODAY



5

NO "B.O." NOW

to spoil his chances

I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE. HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?

WHENEVER YOU SAY DEAR



Don't let "B.O."

(body odor)

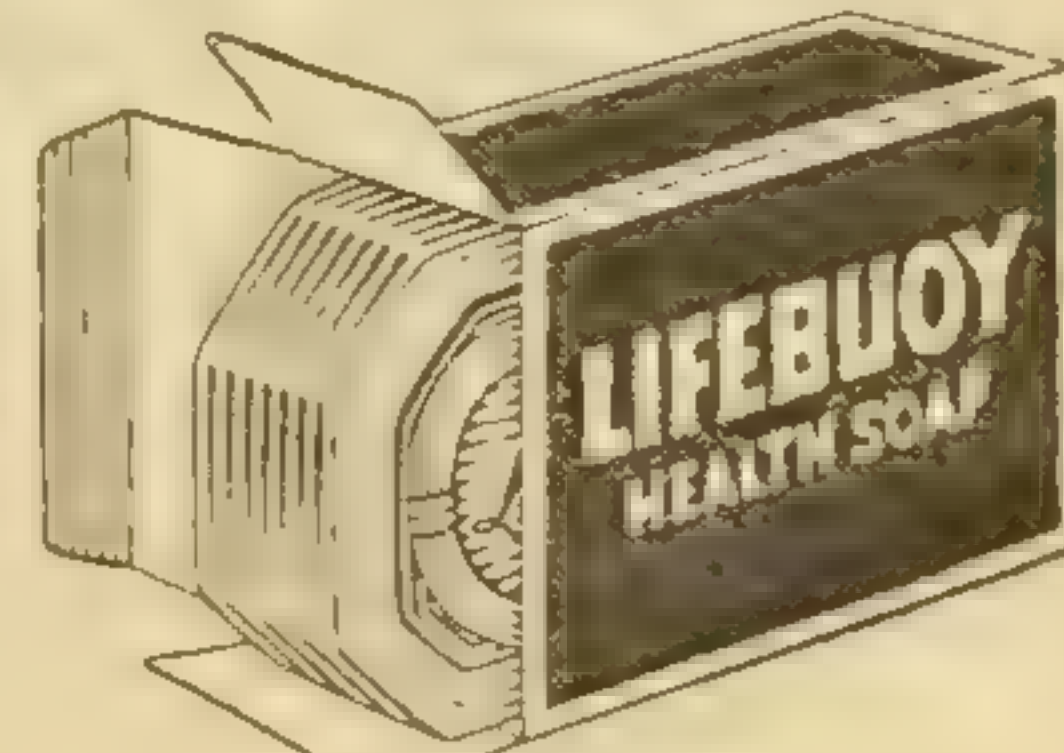
bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (body odor). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBOUY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 4710, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.)



Don't Gamble on secret formulas in Laxatives!

Don't take any laxative unless you know what is in it!

Beware of any laxative made by a secret formula. It isn't enough that it "works". It must work *safely*.

The wrong sorts of laxatives do more harm than good, and doctors will warn you against them. Many of them are viciously habit-forming.

No secret about Ex-Lax

Ex-Lax contains a single medicinal ingredient—the scientific laxative, phenolphthalein.

The exclusive formula of Ex-Lax is simply the perfect blending, into a delicious chocolate base, of phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

Doctors approve the Ex-Lax way. It checks on every point they look for in a laxative.

Since Ex-Lax was offered to the public 26 years ago, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax is still the leading laxative, holding its millions of old friends, and winning hosts of new ones every year.

Acts as Nature does

Ex-Lax simply "nudges" the intestinal muscles gently and so stimulates the bowels to gentle activity. It does not force or gripe. It doesn't disturb digestion. It acts naturally, but surely. It isn't habit-forming.

Tastes like delicious chocolate

There is no more delightful way of taking a safe, gentle laxative than the Ex-Lax way.

In 10c, 25c and 50c boxes. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolate Laxative

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170

Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A102

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Refereeing the Royal Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

room from the most beautifully toned vocal cords of the American theater. "Who is that so and so who is talking?"

Other words follow—curt, vigorous, expressive. The saintly expression never leaves the face of the praying woman. The cameras do not stop grinding until the scene is completed.

At last it's over. The Queen rises. Her knees crackle. An ankle turns. Snap. A ligament is out of place. That means a stiff bandage throughout the remainder of the picture.

Fortunately, the clothes of the Romanoff czarinas always covered the ankles!

She stumbles to the assistant director. "Who did that talking while I—"

Boss Lionel had been the one talking. Ethel may have been a *Czarina* but to him she was no Queen. Just a *sister*. Why should he remain silent?

"Well, it was your fault anyway. It's your business to keep people quiet, isn't it?" she turned to the assistant.

What she said to Lionel will never go down in history. It was within the private chambers of the Romanoffs.

Referee Brabin acted exactly as though nothing had happened.

To fully comprehend this Barrymore situation, you must know something of the tradition of the American stage. The Barrymores are that tradition. Generations—including the one of John Drew—have immortalized them. Ethel Barrymore could take a bad play out on the road (not that she has!) and give it a bad performance and still do a capacity house business in every town. She is the absolute Queen of the American stage and the Queen can do no wrong.

The Barrymores can do no wrong. It is

the inherited psychology of all royal families. It is the birthright to which they are born, bred, educated. They must believe it or they could not live it.

It is what the Romanoffs believed. Who better to interpret this regal tradition?

But Queen Ethel has had no real screen experience. She knows acting but not pantomime. It was not to be expected that she should drop into the tricks of this new trade without making mistakes. It would not be human, and even royalty is human.

She circled about the set in the grand mannerisms of the traditional stage Ethel. But the circles were a bit screen-awkward. The gestures of the arms would have rather over-shadowed her personality—on the screen.

Lionel looked at Brabin; Brabin looked at Lionel. Boss Lionel took his position opposite Ethel. He read his lines. In between them he stage-whispered to Ethel. "Lower that arm. Turn the other way. Take it slowly, kid; take it slowly."

Then another line from the script—loud and emphatic; in the best Lionel manner. Then another whispered warning to Ethel. Easing her along into the technique which she must master if she is to uphold the tradition of the Barrymore regality.

She took her cues from Boss Barrymore, confident that those watching could not know what she was doing.

But when anyone else attempted to help! Referee Brabin suggested she should stand in a certain position. "But I stood there!"

He repeated a line for her. "But I said it that way!"

The Queen could do no wrong. To an outsider.

The supervisor took a hand. "But the



Gentlemen, the Queen! And a queen who, like Garbo, can do no wrong in the eyes of thousands of devoted theater-followers. Now, since Ethel joined brothers Lionel and John on the "Rasputin" set, the entire Barrymore clan are in Big Time

Czarina wouldn't do it that way, Miss Barrymore."

"Oh, wouldn't she! You forget I knew Her Majesty personally. It is exactly as she would have done it."

The supervisor might have answered that it wasn't the way the Czarina would have done it before a camera, but he didn't. He acted as though nothing unusual had happened.

Nor was this a pose on the part of Ethel. She was a personal friend of the woman whom she is portraying. They met while the Czarina was in London for the funeral of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty of Russia was told that there was a famous actress in town who looked remarkably like her. She asked that actress Ethel be presented. They became as chummy as royalty becomes chummy.

And John Barrymore knew Grand Duke Alexander and Prince Youssoupoff. They used to quaff each other's health. The part of *Paul* which John plays in the picture is a combination of these two men who were his personal acquaintances.

LIONEL alone did not know the Russian nobility. He could not be outclassed by the other members of this League of Blood Relations! He could read. He did.

And if you asked the members of that cast to vote on the Barrymore who knows the most about the Russian Royal family, I'll wager they'd all vote for Lionel. Except Ethel and John.

Lionel learned so much that he even corrected the instructions for his own wardrobe before Natalie Bucknell, head of the research department, caught the error in the script. The script called for the *Mad Monk, Rasputin*, (who is Lionel) to wear sandals. But the real Mad Monk wore boots. On the first day of the picture, Miss Bucknell went to the set to tell Lionel of the error. She found him in boots. She said nothing about it.

That script! It is being revised from day to day, from hour to hour. No one knows in the morning just how the lines will run in the afternoon. Not even Referee Brabin.

They were not ready to start "*Rasputin*," but Queen Ethel had to make it now or never. She was due back on Broadway in the autumn. Only six weeks could her majesty give them. Writer Charlie MacArthur was instructed to prepare the words as they were needed for the mouths of the Barrymores.

Perhaps it's just as well. The Barrymores are really helping to write it. MacArthur doesn't object, now. He's happy to have assistance—or direction. But if he had worked for months and completed a script it might have been difficult for him to deport himself as though nothing unusual were happening when each word of his was revamped through a Barrymore inspiration.

THE other day, it was the word "graft" which stalled production for several hours.

"But they must have the word 'graft,'" author, supervisor and referee argued.

"But they would never use it in the court!" the Barrymores grunted.

Two hours later the word was changed to *dishonesty*.

Of course, it is only natural that the Barrymores should desire that Court of St. James English be used in Russia.

Who ever heard of American grammar or slang or pronunciation going into the throne room of any country?

Poor little Tad Alexander, who plays the *Czarovitch Alexis*, is having the toughest time with this royal language. He hails from Iowa.

And although it is easy to take little boys out of Iowa, it is almost impossible to take Iowa out of little boys.

Ethel has undertaken the task. She spends hours in a corner of the set training him in the correct manner of royal speech. And there are already rumors that Tad is likely to give a surprise performance.

Pepsodent Antiseptic

will save you \$2

and offers you over 50 different uses

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c or \$1 size you still get 3 times as much for your money

EVERYBODY is trying to stretch the dollar—so here's a way to make your dollar for antiseptic stretch as far as three. Change to the new discovery—Pepsodent Antiseptic. You see Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—by adding water you make it go three times as far—get three times as much for your money—get extra protection against sore throat colds, also against unpleasant breath.

When you pick your mouth antiseptic you have two leading kinds from which to choose. You have the antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. Or you have Pepsodent Antiseptic that is powerful enough to be diluted and still be effective, yet is utterly safe when used full strength. Add two parts of water if you wish—*it still kills germs in 10 seconds*.

It's costly enough to use an antiseptic that should be used full strength. But it's a lot more costly to dilute that antiseptic and fail to kill the germs. That's why we warn you to choose an antiseptic that can be mixed with water and still kill germs. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—developed by the laboratories famous throughout the world as authorities in matters of oral hygiene. Be safe. Safeguard the health of your family—and save your money.

Pepsodent Antiseptic
In 3 sizes—25c—50c—\$1

DANDRUFF

COLD IN HEAD

COLD SORES

IMPURE BREATH

HOARSENESS

SORE THROAT

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis). Remember Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics. Remember, even when diluted with water it still kills germs.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Cold in Head	After Shaving
Throat Irritations	Minor Cuts
Voice Hoarseness	Blisters
Bad Breath	Loose Dandruff
Cold Sores	Checks Under-Arm
Canker Sores	Perspiration
Mouth Irritations	Tired, Aching Feet
After Extractions	



Lose FAT

Safely, Quickly, Easily

Many women who reduce fat find themselves left wrinkled and haggard looking—their health injured.

But not so if you reduce by taking a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning. Kruschen is the SAFE, healthy way to lose burdensome fat—ask your own doctor if this isn't so!

Unhealthy fat rapidly vanishes—from the first bottle you feel stronger, healthier, younger. Many folks hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85c at any drugstore—make sure you get Kruschen.

TAKES 14 INCHES OFF HIPS, WAIST and BUST

"I weighed 256, my bust was 52, waist 46, hips 54. After taking Kruschen I now weigh 160, my bust is 38, waist 32, hips 40. I feel better and brighter." Writes Mrs. Thos. Crouch of Gladwyne, Pa.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." Dept. H, E. Griffiths Hughes Inc., Rochester, N.Y.

The **MADISON**
ATLANTIC CITY

"The Talk of the Walk"

Folks everywhere are talking about our fine new hotel and are coming back to enjoy our hospitality again and again

OUTSIDE ROOM \$5
WITH ALL MEALS

Weekly—Six times daily rate
Bathing direct from hotel
NEW AND FIREPROOF

FETTER & HOLLINGER, INC.
EUGENE C. FETTER, Managing Director

Overlooking Boardwalk and Ocean at Illinois Avenue

A PASTIME THAT PAYS—

PHOTOGRAPHY

Learn quickly in your own home at low cost. Same practical training, given by same expert instructors who handle personal attendance coaching in our completely equipped studios. Only home-study training offering this advantage. You may earn while learning. FREE placement service. LARGE BOOKLET. NO COST.

□ Still Photography (Commercial, News, Portrait)
□ Motion Picture Photography and Projection
NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
10 W. 33rd, Dept. 37-K, New York

Meantime John and Lionel settle their share of the family arguments. Certainly, John and Lionel argue. They are Barrymores, too, aren't they?

Of course, the picture should have opened with *Mad Monk* Lionel between two beautiful blondes. That was the way the story was intended. What a scene! All the executives were excited about the possibilities of such an opening.

But, alack! They had forgotten that there are *three* stars in this picture. And no one scene can give preference to one over the others.

There was no one resourceful enough to figure a way to bring the *Czarina* and *Prince Paul* into such an intimate introduction. So it was dropped from the picture.

ETHEL had several hours to concentrate on taking Iowa out of the *Czarevitch* on the second day of the picture. John and Lionel had a scene in which John asked *Mad Monk* Lionel to leave the room.

You know it is *Prince Paul* John who courts the death of this too-tempting *Monk* through-out the story.

As they left the set, John took Lionel's arm and gently propelled him forward.

Now, Lionel didn't object to being asked to leave but when it came to being helped—that was another matter. The real Monk wouldn't have stood for it—Besides, it did give John an extra piece of business. You've heard of those tricks for scene stealing.

There were several hours of argument. Referee Brabin shot it both ways and acted exactly as though nothing unusual had happened.

Rumors have leaked from that set that the three Barrymores were erecting a united front to the world and allowing no outside actor or actress to get an inning in their picture.

These are untrue. The Barrymores chose Ralph Morgan, Purnell Pratt and Diana Wynyard. They have known them and approved their work for years. They are giving them every opportunity to make the most of their supporting rôles.

A Morgan or a Pratt may steal a scene if he can. But not a Barrymore! Ah, well, that is a family matter. They do erect a united front to the world. Barrymores, one and all.

It's going to be one of those famed million-dollar productions. Exact in every detail. A jeweler was imported from New York to

make a replica of the Russian Crown jewels for *Czarina* Ethel. Each stone is made to exact scale.

And her court gown cost \$4,800.

She doesn't wear the dog collar. Metro has an excuse.

Something about a scene not being included where a dog collar is appropriate. I have an excuse, too.

A dog collar is uncomfortable and a bit awkward even for so slender a queenly neck as Ethel's.

The sets are also true reproductions. They were copied from the leaves of the famous Gold Book with its solid gold covers, valued at more than \$10,000. There were only two in a museum at Moscow. One was another refugee importation to Hollywood. It contains colored pictures of all of the palaces of old Russia.

The cathedral ceremonies! The cathedral-room is four hundred feet long and covers two sound stages.

The crown-room ceremonies! The crown-room is four hundred feet long and covers the same area.

Thousands of extras! Russians and Russian-bewhiskered Americans.

But when you watch these stupendous scenes reminiscent of the old days of silent pictures, where is the usual bustle of excitement? Where are the eagerly told "naughty" stories?

Where, oh where, are the card players who can be found behind the scenes of any other picture ever filmed?

Has a miracle happened? Has the depression sucked away the cosmopolitan atmosphere of picturedom?

No, not the depression. Just the Barrymores.

EVERYBODY walks on tip-toe. Talks in whispers. Goes off the stage to gossip. Only three voices are heard in *normal* tones on the set.

They come from the throats of the three Barrymores. While everyone is trying to act before them as though nothing unusual were happening.

And here's the joker! These Barrymores are so busy protecting the good John Barrymore profile, the good Ethel Barrymore profile (oh, yes she has her best side, too!), and the good temper of Boss Barrymore that they are the only ones on that set who actually act as though nothing unusual were happening.

Consolation Marriage? Well—Hardly!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

work of nature is the Empire State Building and where would I get a manicure in the mountains?"

It was then that I wanted to shake her.

Several months later Dorothy's voice came to me over a telephone wire.

"SIT steady," she warned hysterically. "Hold onto something tight. In ten minutes Bill and I are hopping off to Arizona or New Mexico or some funny place to get married. I told him he'd have to make it snappy before I changed my mind."

Later I learned that they didn't have time to get a ring and they were married with a star sapphire that Bill had given her on her birthday.

I wondered what was going to happen. I knew how well Dorothy liked parties. I thought that she could not exist without a lot of people around to tell her how pretty she was and what a good dancer, and I thought that maybe she was going to spoil a swell person like Bill Boyd by stuffing him into a dinner jacket every night of his life.

And then a funny thing happened. Up until her marriage Dorothy's name had been in the papers almost every day—she was seen at this and that function, dancing with this and that new beau.

But after the wedding was duly recorded in the public prints you didn't see either Dorothy's or Bill's name for months.

FOR about a year and a half I didn't see them. It was hard to get Dorothy on the phone. You would call up the Beverly Hills house and find that they were at the beach place.

And if you got a connection to the beach they were sure to be out on Bill's yacht.

In the meantime, I spent several months in New York and one note from Dot told me she was too busy to write. When I got back to Hollywood she called me. "I'm crazy to see you," she said.

"There's a party being given for me this afternoon," I said, "why don't you come to that?"

She hesitated. "Well, honey, I don't like

parties very well. You stop by the house afterwards."

What I found in that charming house on Arden Drive is something I'll never forget. Bill answered the door himself. Dorothy was right behind him in a little printed chiffon dress and looking prettier than I've ever seen her.

"LOOK at her," Bill said, "she's a sissy. She's got on a dress. Just wants to make an impression. She hasn't had on a dress for weeks—goes around all the time in white duck pants and an old sweater."

"Stop," I said, "I can't bear it. Dorothy was always so crazy about smart clothes."

"Well, that's all changed," Bill beamed. "She's a different girl now."

"Yes, I am, honestly, honey," she said and all that tenseness was gone out of her voice. Her mouth, which used to set itself in a hard line, was soft and smiling.

I sank to a chair. "Come on, give in. Out with the story."

It seems that Bill worked it all out very carefully. Knowing so surely where happiness was—or at least where it wasn't—he began to show Dot how rich life could be if lived simply and that you could work in pictures without kow-towing to anybody or playing anybody's social game.

For Bill Boyd has worked steadily as a star for years and years and is, today, one of the wealthiest men in Hollywood—and he has bent no hinges of the knee to anybody.

They spend most of their time on Bill's yacht. It isn't a smart yacht, either, but just a comfortable old sloop that goes about anywhere they want to go. There they loll around in white ducks and sweaters and watch the rhythmic rising and falling of the sea and are happy.

That is, of course, when Bill is between pictures. But even when he is working they spend as little time as possible in town and go almost every night to the beach place where they shut themselves off from everybody but the people they really and truly want to see.

They have a few friends—firm, fast friends who like them for what they are and not for their influence or power.

I'll bet that the girls who used to work with Dorothy in the chorus in New York couldn't believe that she is what she is now and that she is leading this sort of life because it's the way she wants to live.

In love? Say, you never saw anything like it!

He calls her "mother" and she calls him "pa" and the little brooks of understanding and sympathy that flow between them would make your eyes grow misty.

No silly stuff, mind you, no lovey-dovey talk and public petting—just a real love and tenderness.

"It took me quite a while to learn about this sort of life," Dorothy said. "I told Bill it was awful to shut ourselves away like this and be hermits."

"So he said, 'Okay, let's go out dancing.' Well, we got all dressed up and went to one of the places I used to think were grand. And about ten o'clock I was so bored I couldn't stand it. All the time I kept thinking, I wish I were on our little old boat."

SMART fellow—this Boyd. No telling her what to do.

No high handed attitude. Just letting her see for herself what was right.

"You don't have to play politics and go to all those smart places," Bill said, "to get along. I never have and I never will and I haven't exactly starved yet. We know that if we go out a lot we'll run the risk of having misunderstandings. Lots of people in Hollywood don't seem to realize that two folks can be married and still like each other."

"And how long is this going to last?" I asked.

They looked at each other. "It's already lasted two years," they said.

The World's Most Beautiful Women Demand BON-TON FOUNDATIONS



Bon Ton Step-In 4316E

A lovely 14 inch Tea Rose Semi-Step-In. Moderately boned for Normal figures. Has Dia-check and Abdo-check . . .

\$3.50



Bon Ton Girdle 5334E

A well boned Rayon Brocade Side Hook Girdle in Tea Rose, with a 2 inch Elastic Webbing at the top to insure perfect fit with absolute comfort . . .

\$3.50

No matter what your figure type may be there is a Quality made Bon Ton designed especially to mold it to fashionable lines. Your nearest Bon Ton Dealer will gladly arrange a fitting.



Bon Ton Dualiste 8585E

A lightly boned all-in-one foundation of Rayon Brocade with Alencon Lace Bust Section. Detachable Ribbon Shoulder Straps and easy adjusting hose supporters. Reinforced Diaphragm Section

\$5

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET COMPANY

Worcester, Massachusetts

NEW YORK ♦ CHICAGO ♦ SAN FRANCISCO ♦ LONDON, ENGLAND



ROCHELLE
HUDSON
POPULAR STAR

WHO IS SHE?

Wherever she goes, women envy her—men admire and whisper eagerly, "Who is that girl with the wonderful hair?"

Such hair is a precious possession. Yet there is no mystery about it. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo can make *your hair* lovelier than you ever hoped—no matter how dull and lifeless it may seem to you now! More than an ordinary shampoo. In addition to cleansing, it adds a subtle "tiny-tint"—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a vast difference it makes! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 604 Rainier Ave., Dept. K
Seattle, Wash. * * * * Please send a free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____



Whitens While You Sleep

*Freckles, Blackheads,
Blotches Vanish too!*

Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it. No matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, this famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night . . . or your money back! Gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that *work*. Perfected by 30 great specialists . . . absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast . . . you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream tonight. At all drugstores and toilet goods counters.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
859 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

An Amazing Lady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

far-doing. And will battle for her friends against any odds.

Nine years ago she came to Hollywood from the stage. A lovely and experienced woman. And has been under contract to M-G-M since her coming.

But she hasn't gone far. And she knows it. Because the people behind the throne are her friends. She's been with them through their troubles and their hard times. Naturally she can't say I want that part or else— One can't do that with friends.

IT has ruined her career. The social game has been the death knell to what could have been a bright and sparkling career.

"Here's a meaty part," they'll say. "Whom shall we get for that?"

"How about me?" Hedda will suggest.

"Oh, good Lord, Hedda, this part calls for a bum. You couldn't be that woman." Or they'll scream at her suggestion, "Good heavens, Hedda, she wears rags." And they picture Hedda as they saw her the night before at some smart party or as they see her night after night. In her Chanel model of gleaming satin. Her bright slippers. Her smooth sophistication.

And she's out.

And she knows it. But even so, she prefers the friends she has to the career she lost.

In all the mad scramble for exclusiveness, her name appears in the telephone book. Where anyone, at any time, may reach her.

She drives her own roadster like a mad woman and collects traffic tickets like a book lover gathers first editions. The Swedish maid spends half her life wringing her hands in anguish, waiting for Hedda to come home. She knows as sure as she's living that streak of lightning that just passed up Sunset Boulevard with the siren screeching after it is none other than Hedda herself. At least, it always has been so far.

Gracious and lovely, she's the official lady ambassador of Hollywood. Sent out all over the state addressing women's clubs and meetings. They know, this Hollywood, that the right thing will be said in just exactly the right way. But all the time that much coveted rôle, which suited her down to the ground, has been given to someone else, while Hedda is speechmaking in San Francisco. And Hedda knows it. Don't fret.

Recently the Junior Leaguers met at a convention in Los Angeles. As usual, Hedda was right hand lady. At a luncheon given them by the studio she sat next to a very austere delegate who gave off tiny sniffs at the whole thing. Hedda turned and looked at her.

"Why, I know you," Hedda greeted her. "We met at such and such a place three years ago." And the lady was so overcome at Hedda actually remembering, she thawed out and ran in a torrent of good will and fellowship all over the meeting.

That's Hedda.

A CERTAIN star of some prominence was scheduled to address a combined meeting of cooking classes all over the city, recently, and failed to appear. The studio wildly telephoned Hedda.

"Good heavens," she said, "I'm all ready for a party." "Hedda," they begged, "you must help us." It was the same old battle cry. And, as usual, she responded.

The auditorium was packed when she arrived. Calmly she took her place on the platform, hunted up a huge gingham apron, and proceeded to give a lesson on how to mix a special salad before the amazed group and to chat blithely between the oil and vinegar.

The crowd went mad. They wouldn't let her go. She mixed salads and gossiped until

she was a salad green herself. They couldn't get enough of her.

But the star who failed to appear was home resting for a test she made the next morning. She got the part. Hedda didn't. So you see

Her friends are worthwhile people. Writers, directors, men who think. Recently a very high and important official connected with the studio, arrived in Los Angeles.

The studio, to a gagman, was all dressed up and waiting. He didn't appear. Noon came and he hadn't shown up. Afternoon and he was still missing. Even Irving Thalberg didn't know why, or where he was. The studio had the jitters. No one could understand it.

LATER that afternoon, a writer from the studio passed by the dining room of the Ambassador Hotel and stopped dead in his tracks. There was Hedda and bless you, there was the official, still at the luncheon table. And he was shouting with laughter at the lady's witty remarks.

After all, Hedda was Hollywood. She knew it forwards and backwards. Why drive around and get yourself a choice sunstroke when here, wrapped up in this charming woman, was the whole story?

She says, herself, she'll rush in where no self-respecting angel would tread five cents worth. And often as not is rebuffed. But no one can say Hedda didn't try to help.

Recently the grief of a well-known star was brought to her attention. It was hinted the star was finding relief in the too-red beverage. "That can't be," Hedda said. "It mustn't be." And was off on that particular trail like a shot. Willing to lay herself open to snubs in order to help.

Recently, to her own amazement, she found herself playing three parts at once. "Must be this depression thing," Hedda said as she hurried from "Speak-Easily" to "As You Desire Me" and on to "Skyscraper Souls."

Seems fitting, somehow, that at last Hollywood's amazing lady should meet Hollywood's greatest enigma, Greta Garbo.

They stood near each other on the set that first day of "As You Desire Me." No one introduced them. For some reason, no player is introduced to Garbo until after they have made a scene together. Whether it's just an old Swedish custom or one of those Nordic things, no one knows.

The scene was called and they went through their part. Then Hopper came to know Garbo. And Garbo to know Hopper. And even that cold, shy exterior of Garbo's was not immune from that comfortable charm of Hedda. Like the sniffing delegate at the luncheon, she melted.

It was a few days after the picture started that Garbo came onto the set in a pair of men's gray woolen socks and huge floppy sandals.

"For heaven's sake," Hedda said, "look at your feet."

Garbo looked down at her feet in wonder.

"And only yesterday I knocked a newspaper man down because he said you had big feet. I said you hadn't because I'd tried on your slippers and they were the same size as mine. And now look at you."

GARBO looked at her with open mouth. "Ooo, ooo," she said and threw back her head and howled with laughter, "you knock a man down. That's the funniest thing I ever heard."

She wasn't at all concerned about the big feet. That Hedda, the last word in her smart frock, her tip-tilted hat from Paris, her dainty gloves, should even attempt to knock down a man was too much for Greta.

Each day as she came on the set she called, "Hedda, tell me about the man you knock down."

Friendship grew. Shy, faltering little confidences that Garbo knew hadn't and never would be told, were given. A friend, not anxious to capitalize on that friendship, was a new experience.

And then came the last day of the picture. They stood at the door of the stage. A firm hand clasped a firmer one.

Shy, strange gray eyes looked into twinkling, warm, gray eyes.

The inevitable had happened.

Hollywood's greatest and strangest of women, Greta Garbo, had met Hollywood's amazing and frankest of women.

And Hedda's old charm had worked again. As lasting friends—they parted.



Did you ever see anything that fits the description "demure" more perfectly than this dinner gown of Helen Hayes? Helen has a Victorian apartment in New York and we think she must have bought this especially to wear in it. The high waist and little black lace guimpe have a flavor of the "mauve decade." Incidentally, this is a new type of evening costume which promises to have a big vogue

For Mellowness! Flavor ingredients
are AGED 6 MONTHS

THE time it takes to perfect the flavor of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is not wasted. Indeed not! No hurried process could possibly accomplish the purpose. So choicest ingredients are *AGED 6 MONTHS* to ripen and mature while blending. Then, and only then, sugar and sparkling water are added. And at last it is ready for you to sip and to appreciate. *Aged flavor* is mellow flavor—the distinctive taste in Clicquot. Are you enjoying it?



That EXTRA Something: *Finest of real fruit flavorings True Jamaica ginger root Mellowed and ripened by Time Pure refined sugar Sparkling, crystal-clear water Bottled in brand-new bottles.*

CLICQUOT CLUB
GINGER ALE

Three delicious blends **PALE DRY · GOLDEN · SEC**

Only 40.00 TO California OR THE Pacific Northwest



from Chicago
one way in comfortable coaches and chair cars. Proportionately low fares from St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Omaha, Denver and many intermediate points. Only \$65.00 from Chicago, one way in tourist sleeping cars on certain trains. Tourist sleeping car charge additional.

J. P. Cummins, Gen'l Pass'r Ag't
Union Pacific System, Room 307
Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me information about fares
to the Pacific Coast from.....

Name.....

Address.....

UNION PACIFIC



EASY

You'll advance faster with an easy playing Conn. Choice of the world's greatest artists. Many exclusive features yet they cost no more. Home trial. Easy payments. See your dealer or write for free book. Mention instrument.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
1028 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

CONN

World's Largest
Manufacturers of
BAND INSTRUMENTS



Your Form Beautifully Developed

IS FASHION'S DECREE—a full, rounded form of feminine grace and charm. If you are flat-chested and unattractive, investigate the National Developer. Sold for sixteen years—praised by hundreds. Write for booklet, "BEAUTY CURVES DEVELOPED," sent FREE—no obligation.

THE OLIVE COMPANY
Dept. P Manitou, Colo.

THE "TEN YEAR YOUNGER" LOOK

Keep your youthful appearance, soft mouth as velvet, skin, banish wrinkles, blackheads, enlarged pores. Wins women who.

Dr. Bardsley's BEAUTY BAGS

skin-aiding ingredients, in a small round bag to be dipped into water and rubbed on the face. Within a few days you will notice a great difference, so helpful are the ingredients, and so efficacious is the method of application. If not, will gladly refund money. SPECIAL PRICE to readers of this issue, \$1 for box containing one dozen. Write today.

DR. J. I. BARDSLEY, 1401 Gilham St., Philadelphia



Enter the \$1,000 Contest! SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY

Subscription rates will be found on
page 112. Use the coupon.

Hollywood Keeps Fashion Wires Humming With New Ideas

By Seymour

KEEPING up with Hollywood fashionably has been a man's size job these past few weeks! Everybody, of course, did the Olympics and although summer officially still prevailed, all the real fashion forecasters of the cinema colony decked themselves out in new raiment.

At one event, Mrs. Clark Gable looked radiant in a smart frock of rose ostrich tweed. With this she wore a matching fabric turban and a scarf of silver fox.

Lily Damita, with characteristic French chic, sponsored the favorite Hollywood vogue—a mannish tailored woolen suit. Her suit was distinguished by unusually wide lapels on the jacket. She, too, wore a fabric hat to match. This fabric hat idea is becoming a greater fad every day—they are so practical and wearable.

At the Fairbanks dinner for some of the Olympic guests, Corinne Griffith, who has recently returned from great social successes in England, wore a striking color scheme. Her frock was a deep red and her coat a rich purple shade. It sounds wild but, actually, it was knockout. Purple in several tones is decidedly on the up and up for the new season.

GOLDEN yellow is a new color for furs. Jean Harlow started things when she appeared at a recent opening wearing a white broadtail coat trimmed with a lavish collar of natural sable. Sables in their natural skins are yellow!

And Madge Evans wears a scarf of canary yellow martin in her new picture. This scarf, fashioned of six skins, has another unique twist—one of the skins is caught about the wrist. You may have to see the picture to get the idea—but you'll like it.

Recent evening affairs have brought all the picture darlings out in full force—most of them have gone "demure" in dress. Really they look like pictures of the Victorian era—it's very attractive, I might add. Karen Morley, for instance, wears a vivid coral colored jacket that has tremendous leg o' mutton sleeves. These are fitted from elbow to wrist with the flare at the shoulders. She recently wore this over a white ruffled frock.

OSTRICH feathers are flying around again! Ruth Roland, who is now one of our smart matrons, wears a blue velvet cape edged with ostrich in the same shade.

Maybe you will be wearing velvet gloves this winter. They are the latest foible for formal costumes—they should be very popular with everyone.

Muffs of all kinds are joining the ranks of revivals. Fur ones will be seen this winter, and right now Ina Claire, who never misses a fashion trick, is carrying a little pink one to match a pink evening frock.

AT the famous "Strange Interlude" opening, one young thing wore a new style in hair ornaments. It was a jeweled round comb worn across her head in typical "Alice in Wonderland" manner. Very cute and a good note to jot down in your coiffure notebook.

Greta Garbo made quite a sensation when she appeared at lunch on shipboard in a bifurcated skirt slit up both legs to show shorts beneath. Greta on her homeward bound trip appeared every day in some form of trousers.

And Pola Negri may start a new fad at Malibu because she wears gloves with her beach pajamas!

It's The Way He Says It

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

"L-listen," a quiet voice inquired, "has anybody here—?"

That was as far as he got.

"Out," shrieked the director dramatically, "get him out. My God, I can't be mad with that man around. I won't have it. This is my time to be mad and I am going to be mad. Do you hear?"

"But—oh say, wait. I—that is—" Stu tried to explain.

The director stopped dead in his feverish pacing and listened. Suddenly he sat down on a prop couch and shook. Wiping three and a half pints of flowing tears from his cheeks.

"Mind," he yelled between gulps of laughter, "I'm still mad. Only there is something about this fellow that makes me laugh. What is so funny about him?" he laughed and cried at the same time. "Why am I laughing when I should be mad? Who knows that?"

Certainly Stu didn't.

Coming in from location after a hard day's work on his new starring picture, "Make Me A Star," the thoughts of his comfortable home, his beautiful wife, June Collyer, and a warm dinner awaiting him, urged Stu to step on it. He stepped.

Suddenly the sounds of the old familiar siren reached his ear and the next moment a motorcycle cop waved him over to the side of the road.

It was rather dark and drizzling rain. The cop was sore.

"I guess I was going a little too fast," Stu explained. "I—you see," the old caress was working overtime, "I was anxious to get home. I—"

The cop paused. Pencil in hand. "Oh, you were, were you?" the edge gone from his voice.

"Yes, you see—" Stu went on explaining. A slow twinkle grew in the eyes of the cop. The pencil dropped.

Fifteen minutes later a hard-boiled cop and Stu sat over a steaming cup of coffee in a little wayside inn, slapping each other on the back over the one about the Irishman and Abie. Having a swell time.

AND a little later, when Stu drove away, a bewildered cop suddenly came to and wondered what the heck had gotten into him. Must be a little bilious, he decided, or maybe it was the weather.

Stuart Erwin was born on St. Valentine's day. And the obvious wisecracks had him up many a time in the middle of the night peeping anxiously in the mirror. Could he look that funny?

And the fact that he was born in Squaw Valley, Calif., didn't mean he was any relation to a papoose, either. But the fact that he decided to be an actor and walked out on the

University of California to be one didn't exactly mean he'd be a movie star in Hollywood, either. But he is.

He went to Los Angeles and obtained a part in a show. And what a part that was. He was an Irishman, a Jew, a negro, a straight lead and a bearded gentleman all in one show. As a matter of fact, he was three of them in the second act alone. And half the time played an Irishman with an "Old Black Joe" accent, but the people laughed no matter what he said. So Stu was set.

Then on to "White Collars," and finally with Edward Everett Horton on the stage in Hollywood.

He even tried movies. But the movies hadn't learned to talk yet and Stu was just another actor.

AND then came sound, and Stu Erwin in "Sweetie." It slayed them. In New York a beautiful, brown-eyed girl with a dimple sat in the fourth row and laughed till she cried. "But, of course," June Collyer said, "I didn't know Stu then."

Several years later on the Paramount lot, he came onto the set of "Dude Ranch," dead tired. He had worked all night on the back lot. There is about him a wistfulness and appeal that is felt by everyone. June Collyer felt it. "There was something in Stu's voice that day," June said, "I don't know what it was." But suddenly they were in love. And one day they decided to elope. To Yuma.

Anxious not to have their marriage known, June's two brothers went along and stood between them and the usual crowd about a court house. Everything was quickly and quietly done.

They stood before the judge. And then a familiar voice saying "I do," and four stenographers jumped six feet in the air and the office boy upset ten bottles of ink. Even the judge looked up over his glasses and said, "Burrerrrrmph."

"That's Stu Erwin," a wide-eyed office force announced. "I'd know that voice anywhere." And immediately all secrecy was off.

During the making of "Playboy of Paris," Stu's big scene came, when Maurice Chevalier shot the plate over his head. Stu was to turn and just look at the plate. It should have been funny but it wasn't. They shot it again and again.

"What's the matter with it?" the director fumed. "Something's wrong."

They tried it again. Stu turned, looked at the plate and then added a soft, little "Ooooooooooooo."

It worked. Just that one word in Stu's own little way and that scene set more people to howling outright than any scene in a long time.

Behind that calm, stoical face lies a quick, active mind. Stu Erwin doesn't run to wisecracks. He's not a wit. But he has a sense of humor that's almost as priceless as his voice. "What's funny?" Fredric March and George Barbier used to ask him on the "Strangers in Love" set. And when Stu was through telling it, although they had seen the same thing themselves, they were convulsed. They hadn't noticed it being funny. But leave it to that Erwin lad.

MEN like working with him. He is unselfish in every way and can think up more monkey business than a director can shoot.

"Strangers in Love" was being previewed. Paramount executives, directors and actors in droves were present. As each actor appeared on the screen, he was applauded by the audience.

And then suddenly came a voice. Before the actor was seen. The audience, as one, went wild. Just a few spoken words and they yelled themselves hoarse. They had recognized the Erwin twang.

The next day there was a hurried meeting of Paramount executives. And there it was decided. Stu Erwin's voice was to be starred. With Stu, of course.

ANN; black kid
and brown kid



\$5

A FEW STYLES \$6



VITALITY

Health Shoes

SIZES 2 TO 11 • • WIDTHS AAAA TO EEE



LYDIA; black kid,
blue kid, black
suede, brown suede



GLORIA; black kid,
brown kid, black suede



Trust a woman
to see this point

Now, as never before, women are thinking *value*. Today it's not alone what you pay. It's what you get for what you pay . . . Each season, this vital point of *value* brings women more and more to wearing Vitality Shoes.

Popular in price—but authentically styled! Low in cost—yet designed to fit (a range of sizes, widths, narrow heels and combination lasts rarely found except in expensive shoes). Less to pay—yet a quality of materials and construction that assures lasting attractiveness.

And then—the "Vitality principle" of shoe construction that means graceful poise and tireless ease.

Visit your Vitality dealer and see for yourself. Vitality Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri, Division of International Shoe Company.

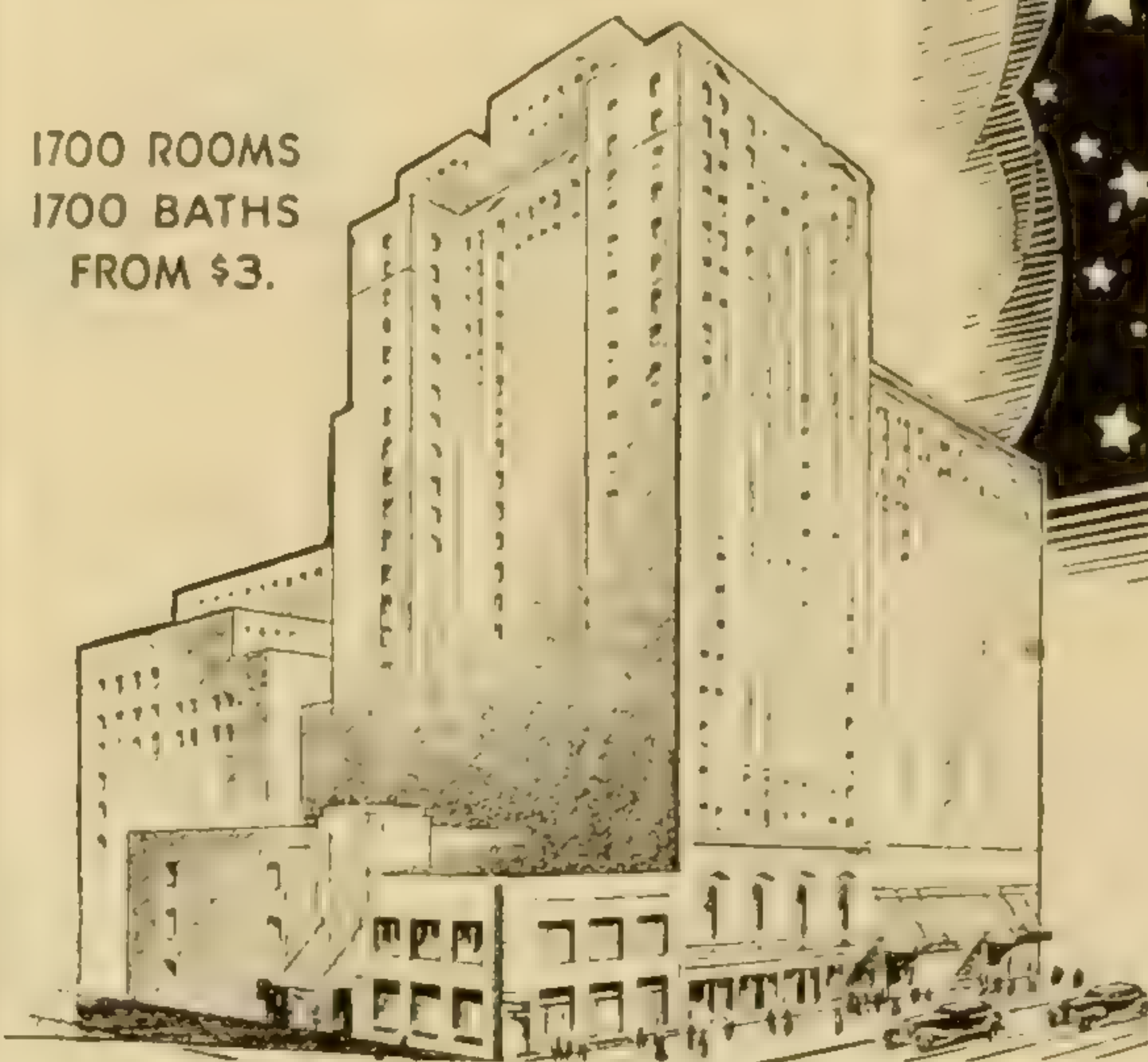
HOLLYWOOD STARS

The screen's greatest celebrities have honored Hotel Sherman.

Vilma Banky
Ethel Barrymore
Maurice Chevalier
Ronald Colman
Lily Damita
Dolores Del Rio
Fifi Dorsay
Douglas Fairbanks
John Gilbert
Rod La Rocque
Beatrice Lillie
Edmund Lowe
Dorothy Mackaill
Victor McLaglen
Mary Pickford
Will Rogers
Gloria Swanson
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

find luxurious comfort and hospitality unsurpassed at Hotel Sherman

1700 ROOMS
1700 BATHS
FROM \$3.



HOME OF THE COLLEGE INN

HOTEL SHERMAN CHICAGO

Just Three Years

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

And as I trundle along in my own little rut, I follow Kay's career with joy, as she forges forward in fame and fortune. Warners buy her away from Paramount—her name flashes in lights on a thousand Broadways—her parts and her bank account swell handsomely. I'm very happy, as I think of that serious, beautiful girl who has blasted a great career out of a rocky new world.

And I don't clap an eye on her, in the flesh, for three years.

IT'S the summer of 1932. Through a New York that is puffing and perspiring, Hall—older, grayer and crazier—is still on the prowl.

I sink into the Hotel Elysee—a small side-street tavern that is a favorite Gotham hide-away of picture people—and am announced to Miss Kay Francis, there stopping on a brief parole from the slave-galleys of the film colony.

I punch the doorbell of her suite. The door is opened by Kay's delightful husband, Kenneth MacKenna—himself an actor of tremendous charm and horse-power.

And here's Kay, the star—smiling a welcome, hand outstretched.

I take it with vim, and appraise the situation.

And I think of the lonely girl trying to catch a spot of rest in the new world of 1929.

The doorbell is ringing like a xylophone—callers, cracked ice, packages and pals. MacKenna leaps from phone to door with all the agility of an adagio dancer, while Kay holds court.

Mr. Clifton Webb, the noted dancing comedian, tail-coat type, is sitting on a sofa talking fourteen to the dozen. A girl friend of New York days, with whom Kay has just had an enthusiastic reunion, is pushing Webb closely for first place.

Celery tonic—this time in a pitcher frequently replenished by MacKenna—plashes about. The room is a bedlam of bells, conversation and cries of "My DEAR!"

Kay, it appears, has acquired a tough case of "rheumatic sore throat"—a new trick to me, and certainly one not coveted by a picture star whose living depends on her talk-box.

She and Webb discuss it.

"It started in my pharynx," she says, "and then it got into the larynx."

"My dear," says Webb, "I know. I've had it. You're lucky if it doesn't get into your trachea!"

"It's quite a bother."

"It's all caused by acidity," offers Webb. "You mustn't eat any red meat."

"All she eats is red meat," remarks MacKenna, between phone calls.

"Why don't you all come swimming?" suggests an unidentified man who has been looking for an opening.

"Sorry, we can't," says Kay. "A lot of friends are coming in for dinner. And besides—my throat."

AND so it goes. I sit quietly in my corner, feeling as though I were in the middle of a Kansas twister, and going up in the air with the hencoops and silos.

"I liked that piece you wrote about me three years ago," says Kay to me.

"I'm glad you did," says I. "It was a pleasure to see you."

"Do you want to go into the other room and talk a few minutes?"

"No," says I, "let's just sit here. I'm getting a good story this way."

She looks at me quizzically, wondering what is going on inside my thick skull.

Finally I rise to go.

"Goodbye, Kay—thanks for the visit," I say. "And take care of the throat."

"Goodbye," she answers. The rest of the crowd chatters on. A word of ta-ta to Mac-

YOU CAN STILL ENTER Photoplay's \$1,000 CONTEST

You, too, may enter this popular Contest now and possibly share in the \$1,000.00 Cash Prize money offered.

See Page 65 for Full Details Regarding Contest

In the many instances where newsstands sell out their supply of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINES they are unable to furnish back copies as promptly as you might wish. So that our readers may secure every issue in which the \$1,000.00 Picture Puzzle Contest has appeared we are making this

SPECIAL SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

for
\$1.25

We will send you the August and September copies of PHOTOPLAY, giving you the first and second sets of Cut Picture Puzzles, and in addition send you PHOTOPLAY for four more months starting with the November, 1932, number, to and including the February, 1933, issue in which the Contest winners will be announced.

Take advantage of this Special Contest rate, send \$1.25 (Canada or Foreign \$1.75) with the convenient blank below. *Clip and mail this to-day.*

This Offer Is Good Until the Contest Closes

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. CP-10-32,
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose \$1.25 (Canada or Foreign \$1.75) for which kindly send me August and September PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE now and enter my subscription for four months starting with the November, 1932, to and including February, 1933, issue, in which number Contest winners will be announced.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Kenna, and the door closes on the steady thunder of small talk, dotted with ringing bells.

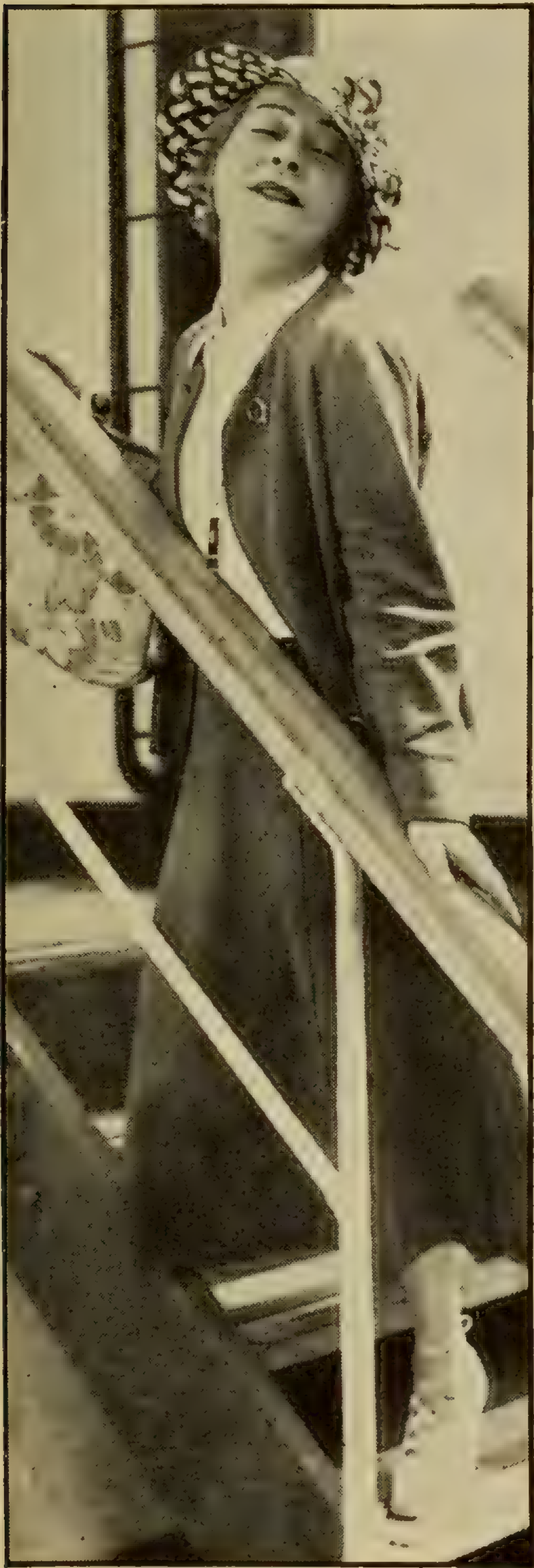
Kay Francis, 1932 model. Still lovely, much more sure of herself, still with wide, frank eyes—and with the shining veneer of hardness with which Hollywood coats its hectic, successful children.

HEIGHO—Kay's a star now. She lives in the midst of madness, which is one of the wages of fame and fortune.

As I go down in the elevator and sneak past the supercilious doorman into the sweltering street, I wonder how she feels about it all.

And can you understand why my mind did a running broad jump over three long years—to a lonely, vivid and very beautiful girl, ambitious and determined, fighting her way forward in a strange new land?

It seems to me that in these two little pictures I've tried to draw will be found all the laughter, cheers and tears that the life of film-dom holds!



International

Allah be praised—Alla is back. And isn't this a typical Nazimova pose? Will you ever forget when you thrilled to her exotic performance in "Salome"? Nazie—who has always been an individualist—insists upon remaining on the stage despite picture offers. She has just returned from Europe

Puts pounds on scrawny figures quicker than **BEER**



Sensational double tonic! Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron. Gives thousands 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

IF YOU want to round out unattractive hollows with firm, healthy flesh—here's wonderful news!

For years doctors have prescribed beer to put flesh on thin, run-down men and women. But now scientists have perfected a new formula which not only builds even firmer, healthier flesh than beer—but which brings this marvelous result *in half the time!* And brings other benefits, too. A clear, glowing skin—easy digestion—new vital energy!

Concentrated beer yeast

Ironized Yeast, as these pleasant-tasting tablets are called, contains specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

This super-rich yeast is scientifically *ironized*—treated with three distinct kinds of energizing iron. This tonic element strengthens and enriches the blood, enabling it to carry *all* the health-building yeast to the worn-out tissues.

A new figure quick!

Like thousands of others you'll be amazed and delighted to see how quickly you gain on Ironized Yeast—often pounds on the very first package! Your complexion clears, gains new healthy beauty. Food tastes better, digests better. You're pepped up—on your toes—all the time.

Skinniness dangerous!

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to

serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late!*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not more than delighted with the results of the very first package, money gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not an imitation which cannot give same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or *money refunded*. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 510, Atlanta, Ga.

7 Lbs. in 2 Weeks

"I used to suffer from indigestion. Then I started taking Ironized Yeast and gained 7 pounds in 2 weeks and can eat as I please."

Mrs. E. Muir, Miami, Fla.

4 Lbs. in 10 Days

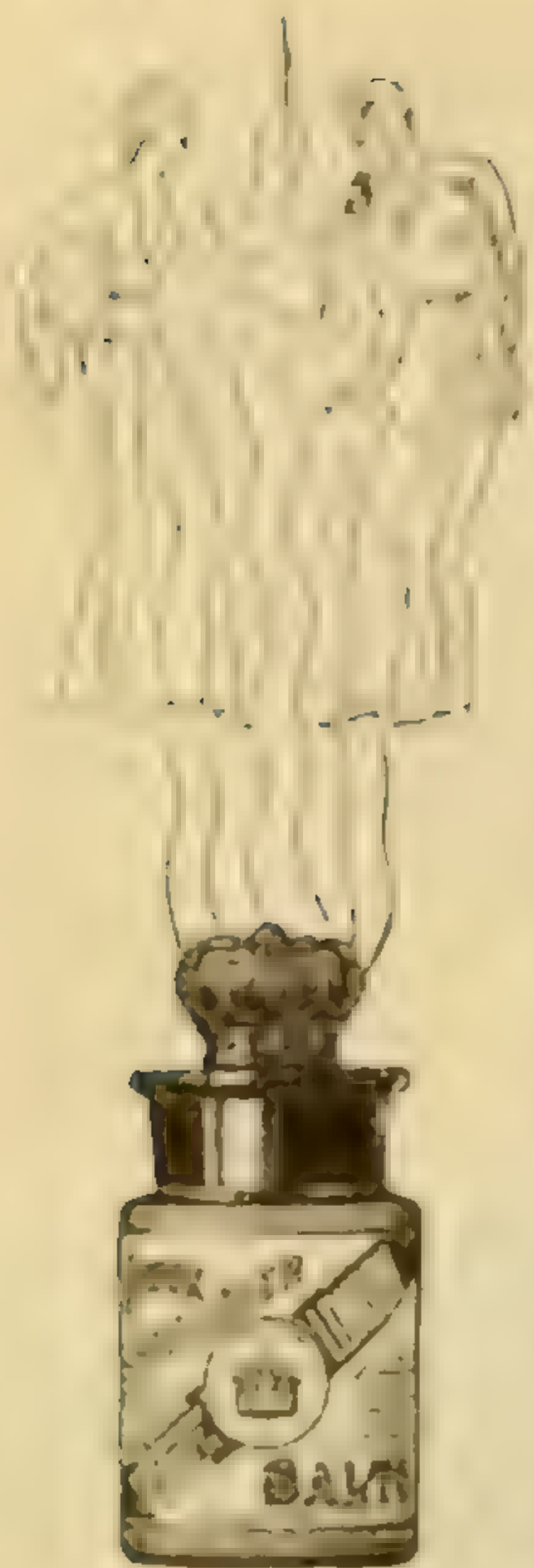
"I gained 4 pounds in 10 days. The pimples on my face just faded away."

Elwood E. Follett, Rochester, N.Y.

Gains 30 Lbs.

"When I began taking Ironized Yeast, I weighed 102, now weigh 132 lbs."

Mrs. R. L. Erikson, El Campo, Texas.



Sniff away

THOSE MORNING COBWEBS!

Sniff away drowsiness... headache... faintness. Sniff to steady the nerves, to clear the head for action. Crown Lavender Smelling Salts are sold everywhere. Large size for bathroom or dressing table. Small size for purse, desk, auto pocket. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

The new CROWN BATHODORA scents and softens the bath into a caressing beauty treatment

BELLEVUE STRATFORD PHILADELPHIA

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, General Manager

ITS register reads like a "Who's Who" of world leaders in commerce, finance, diplomacy, the arts, and social life. The last eight Presidents of the United States have always stopped at the Bellevue-Stratford.

YOU will enjoy its fine hospitality and faultless efficiency—at rates that are quite consistent with present times.

DR. WALTER'S
latest **REDUCING BRASSIERE** gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. 2 to 3 inch reduction almost immediately. Send bust measure. Price only **\$2.25**

HIP, WAIST and ABDOMINAL REDUCER for men and women; takes care of that ugly roll above corset. Send waist and abdominal measures. Laced at back. Price only **\$3.50**

RELIEVE swelling and varicose veins and reduce your limbs with DR. WALTER'S famous rubber hose. Worn next to the skin. Send ankle and calf measure.

9-inch... **\$5.00** pair
14-inch... **\$6.75** pair
11-inch (not covering foot)... **\$3.75** pair

\$3.50

All garments are made of pure gum rubber—fresh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MEET YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR

all original photos of your favorite stars; size 8 x 10, glossy prints, 25c each, 5 for \$1.00. Scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays 25c each, 12 for \$2.50. *Positively the finest obtainable anywhere.* We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or scenes you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 3c stamps.

Bram Studio, —Film Centre Bldg., Studio 378, 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander
Adrianne Allen
Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
John Breeden
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Stuart Erwin
Susan Fleming
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant

Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Carole Lombard
Jeanette MacDonald
Florine McKinney
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Chester Morris
Jack Oakie
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker

Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Wallace Ford
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Grant
Ralph Graves
Charlotte Greenwood
Nora Gregor
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Walter Huston
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton

Myrna Loy
Joan Marsh
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Margaret Perry
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Diane Sinclair
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Verree Teasdale
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Stan Laurel

Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
John Boles
El Brendel
William Collier, Sr.
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Weldon Heyburn
Matty Kemp
J. M. Kerrigan
Alexander Kirkland
Elissa Landi

Nora Lane
Edmund Lowe
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Thomas Meighan
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
William Pawley
Arthur Pierson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Peggy Shannon
Spencer Tracy

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Frank Albertson
Lew Ayres
Noah Beery, Jr.
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
Lucile Browne
June Clyde
Andy Devine
Arletta Duncan
Sidney Fox

James Gleason
Russell Hopton
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Tom Mix
Zasu Pitts
Mickey Rooney
Onslow Stevens
Slim Summerville

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong
Rosco Ates
Constance Bennett
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Creighton Chaney
Lita Chevet
Ricardo Cortez
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Roberta Gale
John Halliday
Ann Harding
Julie Haydon
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge

Tom Keene
Kitty Kelly
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker" Lord
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Laurence Olivier
Eddie Quillan
Gregory Ratoff
Ned Sparks
Helen Twelvetrees
Polly Walters
Ruth Weston
Dorothy Wilson
Fay Wray

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Adrienne Dore
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Ralf Harolde

Guy Kibbee
Allan Lane
Andre Luguet
Ben Lyon
Mae Madison
David Manners
Vivienne Osborne
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Chas. "Chic" Sale
Gloria Shea
Lyle Talbot
Warren William
John Wray
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Florence Britton
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Lily Damita
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove

Douglas Fairbanks
Greta Granstedt
Ruth Hall
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther
William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce

Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
Marion Davies

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Screen Memories From Photoplay



The swashbuckling, sword-rattling Douglas Fairbanks of ten years ago, as *Robin Hood*

15 Years Ago

IN spite of the fact that the United States was at war and dozens of the greatest screen heroes of the time were being drafted, the movies were carrying on, trying to make a saddened people forget. To keep up a gay spirit, we gave Douglas Fairbanks a four-page interview, all done with pictures, in which the redoubtable Doug showed readers of fifteen years ago how to do those stunts that made him famous. He was as agile as a mountain goat, but no more agile than he is right now, for the Doug of today still practises gymnastics and still takes his vigorous exercises. Lots of men half his age can't keep up with him.

As a matter of fact, it was a pretty active month. Norma Talmadge was snapped in her backyard garden, swinging a mean hoe.

Maybe you thought that this business of Ethel Barrymore's having consented to grace the movies with her presence was something new, but fifteen years ago Ethel was busily engaged in picture making. And who—guess quickly—was directing her? None other than brother Lionel. How were we to know that years later all three Barrymores were to be playing together? And although Lionel is merely acting in the film, Ethel asks his advice before she does a single scene.

And here's an interview with Alice Joyce and her tiny baby daughter. Now a young lady, little Alice is in Hollywood with her mother—looking over the cinema city.

Alice Joyce was the girl on the cover, while Billie Burke, Alice Brady, Elsie Ferguson and Pauline Frederick graced the gallery.

In the Shadow Stage department we looked back over the past twelve months and pointed out that some of the year's best acting had been done by Gladys Brockwell, Sessue Hayakawa, Dorothy Phillips and Pauline Frederick, whom our reviewer called "potentially the greatest dramatic actress on the screen."

Cal York items: Texas Guinan has been persuaded to act in the movies. . . . D. W. Griffith has completed one of his war pictures made on the battlefields of Europe and is now working on a second.

10 Years Ago

FOR years and years we've been telling girls all over the country how hard it is for an extra to climb the ladder of success. On the pages of PHOTOPLAY of ten years ago is a neat and pertinent lesson. We picked out nine extra girls—the prettiest and loveliest of the horde—and printed their pictures. Not one of those girls rose to stardom! In fact two are still extras today!

There was a cute story about Buster Keaton's baby—Joseph Talmadge Keaton. What a happy family group they made then—mama Natalie Talmadge, papa Buster and baby Joe. The family group is happy no longer, for Buster and Natalie have told their troubles to a judge.

By far the biggest news of the month was the marriage of Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller and we described Mary Pickford as matron of honor and Doug Fairbanks as master of ceremonies. We couldn't know that that marriage was to end in divorce, no more than we could know when we first told of the idyllic love of William S. Hart and Winifred Westover that just eight months after their marriage they would part.

Alice Brady was the girl on the cover while inside in the gallery were Madge Bellamy, Billie Dove, Pauline Starke, Charles Ray, Percy Marmont, Lois Wilson, and May McAvoy.

The six best pictures were "Blood and Sand," "The Masquerader," "Fools First," "Nice People," "The Eternal Flame," and "Her Gilded Cage."

Cal York items: By the time he is eight years old this fall, Jackie Coogan will have earned a million dollars. . . . Betty Compson is going places with Walter Morosco (wonder if either one remembers that romance now?).

5 Years Ago

THE most striking news of the month five years ago was Norma Shearer's announcement that she would marry Irving Thalberg after all and that the things she said about marriage and a career not jibing were just so much nonsense. That's one marriage that has weathered the storm. Norma is still Mrs. Thalberg—wife, mother and successful actress.

We don't want to pat ourselves on the back too much, but under a lovely photograph of Claudette Colbert we made the prophecy that the public was going to see a lot of the girl. She had just been signed for her first movie rôle. The next few years were to shoot Claudette to success. Then mediocre rôles were to keep her career at a standstill. But it's going to be different from now on. Claudette recently begged for and got the rôle of the bad girl in "The Sign of the Cross" and is doing one swell job.

A story introducing a new boy named Buddy Rogers. He was Mary Pickford's leading man in "My Best Girl." He did not know that the five years that lay before him were to make him a movie idol, and then his light as a star was to go out and Buddy was to retire from the movies. But he still can make a nice living, thank you, crooning songs over the radio and being the boss man for a New York orchestra.

Lovely Dolores Costello graced the cover, while the gallery pictures included Greta Garbo, Jobyna Ralston, Dick Arlen, Dorothy Dwan, William Haines and Harold Lloyd.

The six best pictures were "Quality Street," "Mockery," "Hard-Boiled Haggerty," "Shanghai Bound," "Hula" and "Swim, Girl, Swim."

Cal York items: Emil Jannings and Wallace Beery are the two best Hollywood pals. . . . Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell have called it quits.



"Specially posed by THELMA TODD Noted Screen Beauty"

You can have eyes like the stars

by the simple magic of the NEW NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF

MAYBELLINE

Brilliant eyes that mirror the emotions—eyes that glow when the heart sings—eyes that speak when words would fail to convey the fullest meaning. Yes, alluring eyes—the kind that make Thelma Todd and other stars of the screen popular with millions. You can have them. And instantly!

Just a touch of the New Maybelline to your lashes and the magic transformation takes place. As your lashes are made to appear dark, long and luxuriant, your eyes become more brilliant, and wonderfully expressive. Interesting? Inviting? Bewitching, to say the least!

But—be sure you get the genuine New Maybelline because it is harmless, non-smarting and ideally tear-proof. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75 cents at any toilet goods counter.

Maybelline

EYELASH BEAUTIFIER



For 10c and coupon below we will send Special Purse Size for trial

Clip MAYBELLINE CO. 12-10
5900 Ridge Avenue, Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the New Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown
Name.....
Street.....
Town.....State.....



LOWER RATES!
for **GREATER**
ATTRACTIONS
at the world-famous
LOS ANGELES
AMBASSADOR
HOTEL

DESPITE the unique success and patronage which the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel is still enjoying during an adverse business period, the management wishes to announce substantial reductions made possible through lower operating costs by which all guests and patrons may benefit.

The outstanding charm of this great hotel may now be enjoyed on a surprisingly low budget and with no deterioration of the splendid service for which the Ambassador has long been famous.

Good outside rooms with bath may be secured from \$5.00 per day.

Special discounts for stays of four weeks or longer.

Restaurant prices have been reduced in some cases as much as 50%. Quality and size of portions remain the same.

*Please write for revised
room and restaurant tariffs*

BEN L. FRANK, Manager

A-12



What makes men fall for BLONDES?

TESTS show that men fall in love with blondes much more easily than with brunettes. However, when blonde hair fades or becomes dull and lifeless, a blonde becomes less attractive. By using BLONDEX, amazing special shampoo, the original golden, sparkling radiance of youth is restored and faded blonde hair becomes a shimmering cascade of golden loveliness. No dye, no harmful chemicals—marvelously beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today! See the astonishing beauty it will give you in ten minutes! Ask for Blondex at any Drug or Department store.

Short Subjects of the Month



Franklin Pangborn tries his best to be tough in "What Price Taxi," and then a real tough guy, Bud Jamieson, appears on the scene. What follows is a riot. Reviewed below

WHAT PRICE TAXI

Hal Roach-M-G-M

This one is really funny and the gags are great. Clyde Cook and Franklin Pangborn, as a couple of taxi drivers baffled by life and love, are a howl. And when they become involved with a tough lad's wife, you'll have your share of good laughs.

JITTERS, THE BUTLER

RKO-Radio

Even the title is funny. And when Clark and McCullough, who have a brand of humor with their own trade-mark on it, start clowning, you'll forget you ever had a trouble. The story doesn't matter—it's all sheer nonsense, anyhow.

DESERT TRIPOLI

Fox

Here's one of the "Magic Carpet Series" that you can't afford to miss. And take the kids along for they'll learn more about Tripoli in those few minutes than they could in hours with their geography books. Besides its educational value, this travelogue is beautifully photographed and entertaining.

THE HOLLYWOOD HANDICAP

Universal

Not a hilarious comedy, but you'll get your share of excitement. It concerns an actor and his movie double who settle a wager. Don Alvarado is the good looking leading man.

FURY OF THE STORM

Educational-Lyman H. Howe

You won't start a back-to-the-ranch movement after seeing this chilling bit of photography. The camera takes you through a blizzard on a Western ranch. Sheep and cattle plunge about in drifts while cowboys ride through the blinding storm.

THE GOLF CHAMP

RKO-Radio

Nobody who ever walked around a golf course or had an in-law (and haven't we all?) should miss this amusing short. It's one of the "Mr. Average Man" series and Edgar Kennedy is great.

CRADLES OF CREED

M-G-M

One of the most unusual shorts ever made, this explains the five great creeds of the world—beginning with the Hindu and marching to Christianity—in a brief, simple manner understandable to all.

YOUNG ONIONS

Educational-Mack Sennett

Not as funny as the usual Sennett offerings but it has enough gags to make it entertaining. Forrester Harvey and Dorothy Granger decide to get out of a five-years-married rut. You can imagine the rest.

BOSKO AT THE BEACH

Vitaphone

If you like the brisk antics of that clever little animated cartoon fellow, Bosko, you'll enjoy this reel which shows him picnicking at the beach with his girl. It has good singing and dialogue, too.

IF I'M ELECTED

Vitaphone

This one registers because of its political timeliness. Although lots of the gags are old, you'll get a chuckle or two out of the absurdities of its broad burlesque.

WHO, ME?

Universal

A tangled yarn about a newly married couple who want to keep their wedding a secret. Not enough laughs.

Come On—Let's Watch 'Em Eat!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Two tomato slices fried in butter. French fried potatoes, lettuce leaves and olives. Put them all together and they certainly don't spell MOTHER but they do make a "Jackie Cooper Sandwich." So named because Jackie himself invented it. And ice cream? I tell you—

But let's go on. Mae Clarke eats cheese and crackers for breakfast and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., orders potatoes au gratin so often that Joan's face is that red.

CLARK GABLE is the least food conscious person on the M-G-M lot. Dinner is the big meal for Clark, but once in a while for luncheon he'll order his favorite sandwich (if he's working hard) that rivals the Empire State Building (tower included) for dizzy heights.

It's a double-double decker including bacon, Swiss cheese, roast beef and minced eggs.

And it's Clark (heavy lover) Gable who carries pockets and pockets full of peanuts. They keep track of Clark on the M-G-M lot simply by tracing the peanut shells.

And if you imagine Paul Lukas, that handsome Hungarian over at Paramount, must have his goulash, you're wrong. All wrong. Ham and eggs. Fried chicken. Steaks and three cheers for the red, white and blue, Paul loves pancakes, too.

When Hungarian guests gather at Paul's home, a special Hungarian cook is hired to cook the meal while Paul's own cook prepares for him good old American steak and onions.

Paul's going to get rid of that accent if he has to eat pancakes to do it.

Stand back. Hats off. Garbo's tray is passing by. Mysterious as the Swedish siren herself, is Garbo's daily tray, secretly prepared in the M-G-M kitchen. But leave it to your old auntie to snoop around and get beneath that napkin cover. And there it is. A rye bread sandwich. Always. Rain or shine, "Grand Hotel" or "As You Desire Me," it's a rye bread sandwich. Black tea or black coffee to drink and in that mysterious waxed paper package—a monstrous slice of Swiss cheese. As sure as the moon comes over the mountains, the Swiss cheese goes over to Garbo. Ah, sweet mysteries of life, alas I found. Garbo never goes to the studio lunch-room any more. The tray is sent to her dressing-room.

Marie Dressler, bless her heart, nibbles like a gold fish. But no matter how little she has, it must be good. And always is. You should know Mamie, Marie's cook. Honey chile, would you love Mamie! Fried chicken. Light fluffy biscuit. And all Marie's friends rally round and Marie enjoys watching the results. Miss Dressler has some of the finest recipes in existence, having collected them from all over the world.

But Polly Moran. Weep no more my lady. Monday at the M-G-M commissary at twelve, enters Polly. In make-up. "One glass of grapefruit juice, please." And Polly's gone. "Dear me," the tourists from Kansas murmur, "what a light eater."

COMES Tuesday. Same place. Same time. Enters Polly.

"A plate of deviled crabs that will reach from here to Frisco and everything that goes with them," Polly orders. And the tourists from Iowa run home to talk of Polly's appetite.

Wednesday. Ditto time and place. Enter Polly.

"Small dish of stewed apricots, please."

And on Thursday. "A sirloin steak with seven onions."

And on and on it goes. You can't tell a thing about the Moran appetite. Neither can Polly.

Carole Lombard is a spinach hound. Four

years ago Carole was very much overweight. "Eat spinach," her doctor said, "you'll get nourishment without fat." (How about it Sylvia?) Gradually Carole grew fond of her spinach until now it's spinach for lunch, spinach for dinner and spinach in between times.

You can always see a strange sight or two over at the Paramount lunch-room. Tallulah Bankhead furnishes the most amusement. She is usually surrounded by five or six men at luncheon and whenever she espies another friend she jumps up from the table and rushes across the room to throw her arms around the new lad with a typical Bankhead greeting.

Maurice Chevalier is always very dignified. And when Tallulah rushes over to embrace him he rises with great formality and kisses her hand.

THE Marx Brothers entrance is one of those things everybody notices. You couldn't help noticing four cyclones, could you? They always make an entrance—sometimes on all fours, sometimes with a double somersault—but it's an entrance!

And Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg make an entrance, too. But not quite like the Marx Brothers. They glance neither to the right nor left, but walk straight ahead to a small table always reserved for them at the rear. They always lunch together and are absolutely lost in conversation together, as if a magic circle were drawn about them and no one dare trespass. And no one does.

The stars invariably come right off the set for luncheon and are always in costume and make-up. The men tuck their handkerchiefs—honest, it isn't their napkins—under their collars, so the greasepaint won't rub off and spoil their nice, shiny, white collars.

When Ann Harding is ready for one of those subtle, clever scenes of hers Ann eats a handful of raisins and drinks a glass of milk. Without the subtle, clever scenes Ann eats healthily and normally. Huge platters of hors-d'oeuvres only for luncheon is one of Ann's favorites and, dear me, how those blue eyes light up at the sight of creamed chipped beef on toast. Well now.

But when Ann's cook scrapes the pulp from the shell of an avocado, mashes it, mixes it with finely grated onions, salt, dash of paprika and a little lemon juice, places it back in the shell and serves as a salad, you should see how Annie Harding behaves then.

And here's where the little girls and boys below the Mason and Dixon line rise right up and cheer. Irene Dunne goes in for corn pone in a great big way. Yas sir. Irene must have her corn pone.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS will get up in the middle of the night for a Spanish egg omelette, and Evalyn Knapp will hunt all over town for corn beef and cabbage. (Page Jiggs.)

Joe E. Brown has a favorite dessert. Ten scoops of vanilla ice cream with ten scoops of strawberry, chocolate, pineapple (oh, give him the works) pour chocolate sauce with chopped nuts all over it, watch Joe E. open up that cavern and see what happens.

But nobody notices much, for, studio commissaries are the strangest eating places in the world.

They are different architecturally but they are alike in spirit—all noisy, always crowded, always filled with conversation and laughter. And things that would amaze you and me don't get a glance from Hollywood eaters.

Yet these lunch-rooms have their pathetic side, too. Once famous stars, who are now doing bits, always manage to choose tables near some famous director, hoping to be seen, begging to be noticed and smiling quickly and



NEW FACE POWDER PREVENTS LARGE PORES STAYS ON LONGER

You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks. MELLO-GLO Face Powder prevents large pores and coarse skin texture.

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known. Women praise this new, wonderful face powder because it hides tiny lines, wrinkles and pores.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. MELLO-GLO Face Powder blends naturally with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO in the square gold box. White edge box for average skin. Blue edge box for fine, dry or sensitive skin. One dollar at all stores.

© 1932, M-G CO.

Canadian Agents, Lyman Agencies, Limited, Montreal

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 109)
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

☐ Average Skin
☐ Fine, dry Skin

Name _____

Address _____

Kindly write here name of your favorite store:

"AN ADDRESS OF DISTINCTION"



Special Advantages for "Big Game" Visitors

FANS visiting Chicago for the big football games will find THE DRAKE location unusually convenient. All playing fields are easily reached. After the game . . . there's gaiety . . . or quiet . . . as you prefer. A smart Supper Dance . . . the rhythmic tunes of a famed Orchestra. *No rate advance. Write for Football schedule.*

THE
DRAKE
HOTEL, CHICAGO
Under Blackstone Management

wistfully every time a director glances their way.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is what is known as a "table jumper." At the First National commissary he goes from table to table chatting to his friends and is a great gagster. If you happen to order watermelon you're not safe with Doug, Jr. around, for he's sure to come rushing over to your table and shoot the seeds at the heads of dignified stars and directors.

Most of the stars who come into the commissary come for a bit of fun and everything is gay and informal. Lots of them, including Ruth Chatterton, always have their luncheon served in their dressing-rooms.

BUSTER KEATON eats in his kennel, as Buster calls his dressing-room. He employs his own colored cook and has one dish only. If it's chicken-a-la-king, there's the lunch. If it's macaroni, there's another lunch. And always the kennel is packed with hungry visitors passing over their plates for refills.

Richard Dix prepares a special Richard Dix salad dressing at his table in the RKO dining room, Groucho Marx dotes on apple pie and Edna May Oliver bakes herself a crock of baked beans every Saturday night and, then, in true Boston style, she has them for *Sunday morning breakfast*.

And Anita Page, sipping her sugarless tea and nibbling her thin graham crackers gazes across the Brown Derby at Maurice Chevalier, intent on his American waffles, with a lean and hungry look.

And eating in Hollywood goes merrily on. Everybody eating the thing no one expects them to. Until the time comes to yell for Sylvia.

And then—ah, there's the rub.

Have You A BOY FRIEND WHO NEEDS A JOB?

YOUNG woman, you can help him get one! Strange as it may seem in these times, there is a group of 500 manufacturers seeking bright young men—and women, too.

They can work right in their own home towns, and are offered an amazing variety of quick-selling novelties and high grade merchandise which every home must have. Go right out today and invest ten cents in a copy of OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE. It's on all newsstands. Give it to him and say, "Boy, there's your chance. Don't say I never gave you a start in life. Some day you may come to me and thank me for starting you in a real business career."

Even if he has never sold anything—if he has the gumption and any personality at all, he can make a success of direct selling.

OPPORTUNITY tells him how to do it. The positions are there. It's up to him.

Obeys your impulse and do it today. You will probably be doing



him a great favor at a time when he needs it.

Special Limited Offer. Send us the names of any friends that need work and we will send them a free sample of OPPORTUNITY without obligation.

OPPORTUNITY

*The Magazine That Finds Jobs
and Teaches Salesmanship*

919-PH10 N. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO



Fred R. Archer

Shed no tears for poor Rin-Tin-Tin. He died after having lived fourteen useful years, rich in service, and now goes to the best of dog heavens, we are sure. He earned, during his lifetime on the screen, \$300,000, and his name is to be carried on, for his son, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., has been carefully trained in all his father's tricks and will carry on in his father's rôles

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks Sr., at his bounding best in a tropical island. Grand gags. Laughs aplenty. Don't miss this! (Sept.)

MURDER AT DAWN—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (April)

MY PAL, THE KING—Universal.—You haven't seen all Tom Mix stunts until you get a big load of this. And what a battle royal in the Wild West Show! (Sept.)

MYSTERY RANCH—Fox.—Just the average Western, with a dash of mystery tossed in for good measure. (Sept.)

MY WIFE'S FAMILY—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (May)

NEW MORALS FOR OLD—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (July)

NICE WOMEN—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (April)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

NIGHT WORLD—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (July)

NO GREATER LOVE—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff in another horror thriller. Sure, you'll shiver. (Sept.)

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (April)

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—M-G-M.—Hal Roach.—This full-length Laurel and Hardy comedy is a sure-cure for the blues. They're in the army this time, and a riot, as usual. (Sept.)

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M.—This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (April)

PASSPORT TO PARADISE—Mayfair Pictures.—All about a young man who has to do some startling things to collect a legacy. Jack Mulhall is the hero. (Aug.)

PLAY GIRL—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (May)

POLICE COURT—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father and son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggett. (June)

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (April)

PROBATION—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

PURCHASE PRICE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent wasted in a dull, old-fashioned story. (Sept.)

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

★ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy give charming performances in this idyllic story. Louise Closser Hale is great. (Aug.)

★ **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—M-G-M.—Be sure to see Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, gone red-headed. She gets her men, and how you hate her! Not for children. (Aug.)

RESERVED FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Leslie Howard as a cultured headwaiter, in a charming comedy. (Aug.)

RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)

RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners.—A good, rip-roaring Western, with John Wayne heroing. (Sept.)

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

RIDERS OF THE DESERT—World Wide.—Bob Steele riding through a story of rangers and desert outlaws. (Aug.)

RIDING TORNADO, THE—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

RINGER, THE—First Division-Gainsborough.—A mystery story from England in which a murderer gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. (Aug.)

ROAD TO LIFE, THE—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (April)

ROAR OF THE DRAGON, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn with Richard Dix, fine; Arline Judge, cunning; and Gwili Andre, provocative. (Aug.)

RONNY—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

ROADHOUSE MURDER—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

SADDLE BUSTER, THE—RKO-Pathé.—A Western without a shot fired. (April)

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (April)

SCANDAL FOR SALE—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (May)

SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING—Capital Film.—Taken from episodes in Schubert's life. His "Serenade" is the theme song. German dialogue and English captions. (Sept.)

SHADOW BETWEEN, THE—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (April)

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (April)

SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

SHOPWORN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

SINNERS IN THE SUN—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

SINISTER HANDS—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

SIN'S PAY DAY—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (June)

SKY BRIDE—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

SKYSCRAPER SOULS—M-G-M.—The drama of a skyscraper! A most unusual picture, with a fine cast including Warren William. (Sept.)

SO BIG—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

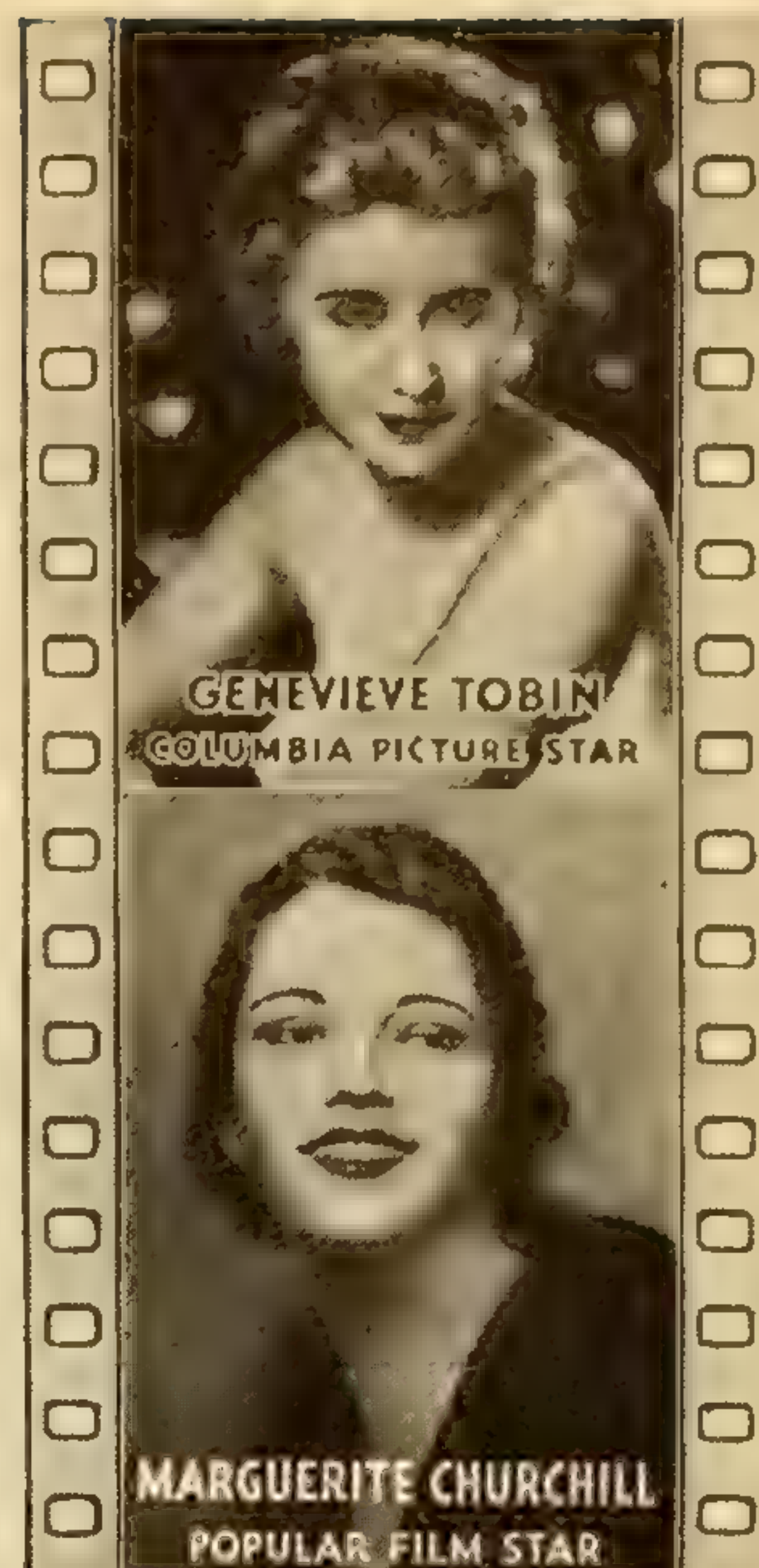
SOCIETY GIRL—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn tries to be a tough boxer, but he's too nice to be quite believable. Pleasant enough film, however. (Aug.)

SPEAK EASILY—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante does a swell burlesque of himself in this goofiest of comedies. Buster Keaton is funny too. See this! (Sept.)

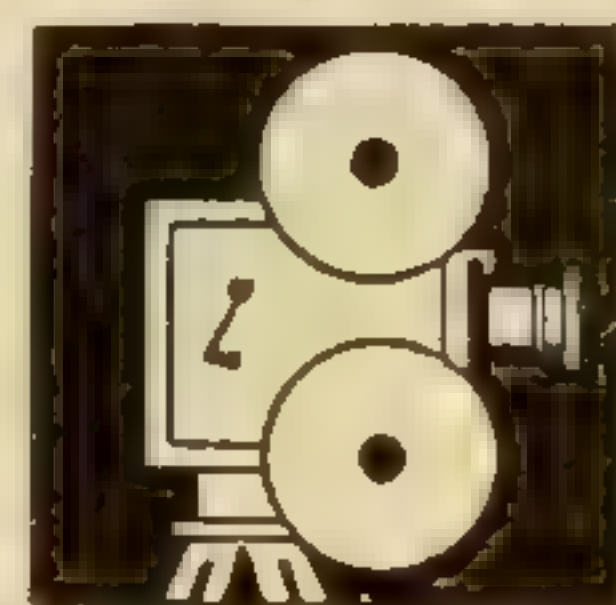
BOBBED

or

LONG ..



The camera catches every detail



THAT'S why feminine screen stars of every type use only **HOLD-BOBS!** They are

invisible; the heads are round and so small they cannot be seen in the hair! The ends are smooth and non-scratching. The legs are flexible—one side crimped to hold the hair in place securely and firmly, whether it is long, bobbed or "in-between" and **HOLD-BOBS** come in colors to match every type of beauty. It's these exclusive features that make this pin so popular. Fashionable society has learned the secret from beautiful movie stars. Wherever you find beautiful, well-groomed women you find **HOLD-BOBS!**



MAIL COUPON FOR FREE SUPPLY

Send today for FREE sample card of **HOLD-BOBS** (specify color) and the new booklet "Modern Hair Culture".

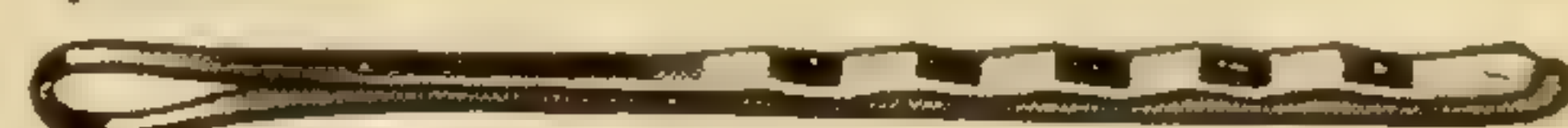
Made Only By

THE HUMPH HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
(Division of Chain Store Products Corporation)
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. P-10, Chicago, Ill.

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and silver metal foil cards identify **HOLD-BOBS** everywhere... made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: **BOB-ETTES**—**CLIP-PER-ETTES**—**LOX-THE-LOCKS**.

Small Invisible Heads



The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. P-10, Chicago, Ill.

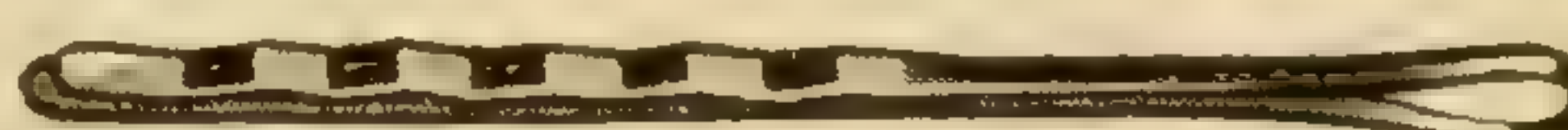
Please send me free sample card of **HOLD-BOBS** and new "Modern Hair Culture" booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold



Copyright 1932 by The Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Co.



NATURE and COLLEGE INN give you the **ONE** Tomato Cocktail

NATURE outdid herself when she produced the big, red, ripe tomatoes that are used for original College Inn Cocktail. But you couldn't expect the dear old lady to do it all.

That's where College Inn's famous chefs come in. They pick up where nature left off, adding just the right touch of seasoning to make a spicy, invigorating cocktail—full-flavored, full-bodied. And it's packed by the exclusive Hi-Vita process; preserves all the original delicate flavor and vitamins.

You'll know College Inn at the first taste—because College Inn is the only masterfully seasoned tomato drink. There's no more reason to drink unseasoned tomato juice than to eat unseasoned meat or salad!

College Inn

THE ORIGINAL
TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
Hotel Sherman, Chicago • 415 Greenwich St., New York

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.—Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

★ **STEADY COMPANY**—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

★ **STOWAWAY**—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

★ **STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE**—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

★ **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—M-G-M.—From a technical standpoint—the most daring picture ever produced. Imagine Eugene O'Neill's analytical play in movies! The utterance of unspoken thoughts makes the film both novel and interesting. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable astonishingly good. (Sept.)

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

★ **STRANGER IN TOWN**—Warners.—When you've seen Chic Sale in one picture, you've seen him in all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. (Aug.)

★ **STRANGERS OF THE EVENING**—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

★ **STRANGERS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

★ **STREET OF WOMEN**—Warners.—Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is Tarzan. (April)

★ **TEMPEST**—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (May)

★ **TENDERFOOT, THE**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

★ **TEXAS BAD MAN, THE**—Universal.—Tom Mix impersonates a desperado to trap the bandits. (Aug.)

★ **TEXAS GUN FIGHTER**—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (April)

★ **THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE**—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

★ **THE STOKER**—First Division-Allied.—Even the American Marines get into this melodramatic jumble. Pretty poor stuff. (Sept.)

★ **THEY NEVER COME BACK**—First Division-Artclass.—A dull story of a prize-fighter and a night club performer. Regis Toomey and Dorothy Sebastian. (Aug.)

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (June)

★ **THUNDER BELOW**—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)

★ **TOMBROWN OF CULVER**—Universal.—All the action takes place at Culver Military Academy. A swell picture for the whole family to see. (Sept.)

★ **TRAPEZE**—Harmonie-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

★ **TWO FISTED LAW**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy Western in which another villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch. Heh-heh! (Aug.)

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

★ **UNASHAMED**—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone tries hard to save this unbelievable story, but doesn't quite. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young. (Sept.)

★ **VANISHING FRONTIER, THE**—Paramount.—You'll like Johnny Mack Brown with a Spanish accent as the hold-up man in this story of early California. (Sept.)

★ **VANITY FAIR**—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (May)

★ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE**—M-G-M.—Washington—politics—Lionel Barrymore as the respected attorney who goes wrong, and Karen Morley as the scheming vamp. A grand picture. (Sept.)

★ **WAYWARD**—Paramount.—A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (April)

★ **WEEK-END MARRIAGE**—First National.—Wives, it seems from this, shouldn't work and Loretta Young and Norman Foster explain it all in this earnest picture. (Aug.)

★ **WEEK ENDS ONLY**—Fox.—Not new in plot, but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett does well as a rich girl made poor by the stock market crash. (Aug.)

★ **WESTWARD PASSAGE**—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding, ZaSu Pitts and Irving Pichel. The story is entertaining enough but it lacks pep and punch. (Aug.)

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (May)

★ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD**—RKO-Pathe.—Fast and fascinating entertainment and all very true to Hollywood. Constance Bennett gives her finest performance. Lowell Sherman is great. (Aug.)

★ **WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

★ **WHILE PARIS SLEEPS**—Fox.—A rip-snorting mellerdrammer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spyglass. (Aug.)

★ **WHISTLIN' DAN**—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (May)

★ **WHITE ZOMBIE**—United Artists.—An utterly fantastic tale about the half-dead, known as zombies, who rise from their graves. Madge Bellamy and Bela Lugosi. And you don't need to bother seeing it. (Sept.)

★ **WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME**—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (May)

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (July)

★ **WISER SEX, THE**—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (April)

★ **WITHOUT HONOR**—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (April)

★ **WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE**—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

★ **WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

★ **WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE**—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)

★ **YOUNG BRIDE**—RKO-Pathe.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (May)

★ **ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES**—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (April)

Hollywood Fashions

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61-64) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,
Buffalo, N. Y.

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS,
Omaha, Neb.

CASTNER-KNOTT COMPANY,
Nashville, Tenn.

THE DAYTON COMPANY,
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEY BROTHERS & COMPANY,
Syracuse, N. Y.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,
Chicago, Ill.

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,
Boston, Mass.

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,
Worcester, Mass.

G. FOX & COMPANY, INC.,
Hartford, Conn.

THE JOHN GERBER COMPANY,
Memphis, Tenn.

WM. GOODYEAR & COMPANY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE GORTON COMPANY,
Elmira, N. Y.

HARZFELD'S, INC.,
Kansas City, Mo.

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,
Baltimore, Md.

J. B. IVEY & COMPANY,
Charlotte, N. Y.

FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.,
Washington, D. C.

THE LINDNER COMPANY,
Cleveland, Ohio.

THE MORTON COMPANY,
Binghamton, N. Y.

ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE,
Birmingham, Ala.

ED. SCHUSTER & COMPANY,
Milwaukee, Wis.

SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY
DRY GOODS Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

SEAMAN'S,
Battle Creek, Mich.

THE STYLE SHOP,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

WOLF & DESSAUER,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

YOUNKER BROTHERS, INC.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Enjoy the Benefits of Olive Oil and Perfect Color Harmony in your Make-up with the new



OUTDOOR GIRL "ANNIVERSARY COMBINATION"

FREE

One 35c OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick
One 35c OUTDOOR GIRL Dry Rouge
with every \$1.00 box of OUTDOOR GIRL
Olive Oil or Lightex Powder



\$1.70 VALUE
FOR \$1.00

All three articles for the
price of powder, alone!

Go to your favorite toilet goods counter today. Buy a box of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil or Lightex Face Powder at its regular price of \$1.00. With it you will receive a 35c OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Lipstick and a 35c package of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Rouge—FREE! All 3 articles are encased in a striking "Anniversary Combination" Gift Package... Choose from 7 smart tints, the shade of powder you like best. The accompanying rouge and lipstick will be in correct harmonizing colors.

A Complete Olive Oil Make-up Set

Every woman knows the soothing and softening effects of pure Olive Oil. If you are one of the millions of users of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder, you do not have to be told how marvelously beneficial it is to your skin... Now, for the first time, you may have the same wonderful advantages in your Rouge and Lipstick. What is more, you may try these two new OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products at no extra expense. The "Anniversary Combination" brings you both articles in your favorite shade, without additional cost!

Limited Offer — Get Yours Now!

This FREE offer is strictly limited! After it is withdrawn you will have to pay \$1.70 for the same three products you can buy today for \$1.00... So act promptly! If your regular drug or department store cannot supply you, mail the coupon below.

**NO TAX! SEND NO MONEY!
PAY THE POSTMAN \$1.00, ONLY!**

CRYSTAL LABORATORIES, Dept. Y-10,
130 Willis Ave., New York

Please send me postpaid one "Anniversary Combination." Upon receipt, I will pay the postman \$1.00. I am checking the powder shade I like best.

FLESH ☐ LIDO ☐ OCHRE ☐ RACHEL ☐

Name _____

(Print Plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

HERE'S THE LATEST FAD

PHOTOPLAY has received so many requests for a pocket photo case that we've had a special one designed for our readers.

The case is made of handsome embossed leatherette—suitable for pocket or handbag.

Complete with a picture of any one movie star listed below—10c.

Carry your favorite movie star's photo

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 10
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
I am enclosing 10c. Please send me the photo case and the star's picture I have checked.

☐ Marlene Dietrich	☐ George Arliss
☐ Constance Bennett	☐ Wallace Beery
☐ Norma Shearer	☐ Lionel Barrymore
☐ Greta Garbo	☐ Joan Crawford
☐ Ann Harding	☐ Marie Dressler
☐ Ramon Novarro	☐ Barbara Stanwyck
☐ Maurice Chevalier	☐ Jean Harlow
☐ Clark Gable	☐ Janet Gaynor
☐ Ronald Colman	☐ Helen Hayes

Name

Address

GLASSETTE BIG MONEY MAKER NEWEST HIT in Christmas Folders!

IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX—NEW! NOVEL! DAINTY!
Glasette, an exclusive richly beautiful material of watered silk finish—21 FOLDERS ALL DIFFERENT. Reproductions of magnificent paintings in multi-colored crayon and raised gold metallic effects—EACH with a TISSUE LINED ENVELOPE. COSTS YOU 50c—SELLS For \$1.00. Free Sample. Write today to WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water Street Dept. 117 Boston, Mass.



Moles

HOW TO REMOVE THEM
A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J

What Do You Want To Know About The Pictures?

Is it a good picture?

Is it the kind of picture I would like?

Which one shall we see tonight?

Shall we take the children?

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is truly the outstanding publication in the great field of motion pictures. Its stories, its special articles, its exclusive features and departments are absolutely different from anything to be found anywhere else.

Photoplay gives you:

A wealth of intimate details of the daily lives of the screen stars on the lots and in their homes.

Striking editorials that cut, without fear or favor, into the very heart of the motion picture industry.

Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.

Articles about every phase of the screen by outstanding authorities who have made pictures their life business.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 No. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$2.50 (Canada and Foreign \$3.50) for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for one year, effective with the next issue.

10-PH-32

Send to.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Photoplay's "Shadow Stage"

is nationally famous. Here are reviews of *all* the new pictures, with the casts of *all* the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of

PHOTOPLAY

The News and Fashion Magazine of the Screen

Doug, Jr. Walks and Talks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Doug looked more disgusted than ever.

"But I haven't," he explained. "I haven't any money. I don't make much money."

"As a matter of fact, I made more money the first year I worked in pictures than I have any year since. That was nine years ago when I made 'Stephen Steps Out,' and the producers thought the Fairbanks name would draw customers no matter who was behind it."

"Well, they found out, and I haven't made as much money per week since."

"I'm always broke. I don't worry about it, but I'm always broke. We don't live as simply as we might, but we don't live extravagantly, either. I took the money out of my savings account to make this trip. I certainly expect to make more money than I do now, one of these days."

DOUG stopped pacing and glared. "Say, I haven't had a new suit in more than two years. This, this is one of my newest suits and it's—" he dug into the inner coat pocket and exposed the tailor's mark to the light. "1929," he said triumphantly, "three years old. I've some new trousers and shoes, but I haven't spent any real money on clothes for two years."

"Well?"

The pacing started again. Back and forth; back and forth.

"Suppose," began Doug suddenly, "suppose we dope out a story that I haven't arrived."

"Not artistically or financially or—"

"Not any way at all. I haven't done any of the things I intend to do as well as I intend to do them. Can't you write that I haven't arrived?"

"Yes, but—"

"I really haven't."

"All right."

"I promised to drop in on stage two in about five minutes. Have you enough material? Can you do a story about my not having arrived?"

"Yes and no."

"Well, what more do you want? Ask me some questions?"

"What did you do yesterday?"

"I went to the preview last night." Doug's picture, "Love is a Racket," had been shown to its first audience.

"Then I went home and sat up until one o'clock learning lines and figuring out business on the new picture."

"How do you generally spend your evenings?"

"We run pictures at home, we dance occasionally, we go to the beach and ride the roller coasters or we have other couples at the house and just talk."

"What do you talk about?"

"Well—just lately—we've been talking about how we should hold off a shark with our left hand while we're getting a knife out to battle him with the right hand."

"Do you play bridge?"

"No!" with emphasis.

"What did you do today?"

"WELL, I looked at costumes for 'Scarlet Dawn,' and helped polish off a little additional script. I helped write the scenario, you know. Then I helped load the boat with equipment and food. I went to the bank. I had lunch with Bob Montgomery. We're going back down to the boat now."

"When do you write and draw?"

"Oh, any time. Mornings, late at night, during dinner."

"Where do you write?"

"In the living room or the library or wherever I am."

"Longhand or typewriter?"

"Well, I make notes by hand. Then I pick it out on the typewriter. Then I correct it and dictate it. Then I correct it again and re-dictate it. Then sometimes I throw it away. Sometimes it's published." (The pacing is getting more and more vigorous.) "I'm either terribly enthusiastic about anything I'm doing or else I don't give a—damn about it. But I like to do almost everything. I play the piano well enough to amuse myself. I draw a little, paint a little, write a little, talk too much. I like to swim, except that it's such hard work. I have a good car. It's my only extravagance. I like to drive. I've been arrested driving too fast.

"I leave my things scattered about. I never see a new piece of furniture at home until I bark my shins on it. I haven't had a vacation in five years except the ten days that Joan and I were in New York last fall. (Their European jaunt was still just a day dream at this time.) This is the first time I've gone on a trip by myself since my marriage. I can't sleep late. I have to get tanned for my next picture. I haven't arrived and I've got to go down to the boat with Bob now and make room for that Russian orchestra. Is that enough material for a story?"

"Well, it'll help."

"MAKE it about my not having arrived—please. I haven't, you know. I've been at it long enough and I honestly think I'm better than I was but I'm not where I hope to get—yet."

"I'd like to follow you around for a couple of days. That ought to make a story."

"Sure. We'll spend a day, two days, sometime between pictures. You come out to the house. I've some ideas. Goodbye. Don't forget—about my *not* having arrived."

He was gone. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., pacing son of a galloping father, had left Hollywood for a cruise in Mexican waters on a leased yacht (Cecil B. De Mille's yacht) with a Russian orchestra on board for good measure.

But he promised to give us a good story—sometime. He has some ideas.



Grouchy Irritable Wives!

"DON'T speak to me," she cries. "I'm all upset and want to be alone."

Why is it . . . as soon as a woman's nerves become excited she hurts the ones she loves?

No husband can understand the reason why! What has changed her into a silent, moody woman . . . always grumbling and flying into a rage over a trifle?

Those dreadful headaches and back-aches . . . that bearing-down feeling and

fits of dizziness . . . *these things only a woman knows.*

Yet your happiness is threatened. Your husband's patience may end. What are you going to do about it?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped thousands of women during these difficult times. . . . It strengthens and steadies you through its tonic action. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablet Form



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Like a dress your grandmother might have worn is this fall costume of Maureen O'Sullivan's. The bodice of this black, light wool frock is made in old-fashioned basque effect. Pleated epaulets circle the shoulders. The front buttons up to the throat where a tiny organdie collar ties in handkerchief fashion. Maureen's hat is black rough crepe with a satin band

Greater Value . . .

NOW, AS ALWAYS, we continue to place first emphasis on a personalized character of service which ministers grandly to the comfort of each guest. Our valets continue to adjust buttons without special request. Our laundry handles your linens with respect. Our housekeeper searches for dust with white-

tipped gloves. Our porters attend to luggage with accuracy and dispatch. Our decorators and refinishers are busily engaged in keeping THE BLACKSTONE perennially young. Our marketeers and chefs continue to add new laurels to their reputation for a cuisine supreme!

In brief . . . measured by Service Value there is more reason than ever why you should enjoy the pleasant experience of stopping at THE BLACKSTONE!

Rates now begin at
\$4.00 a day
for a room with bath



The
Blackstone
Chicago



YOU live on top of the town when you stop at the ESSEX HOUSE ... the theatrical district on one side, the open calm of Central Park on the other. Here you live high above the rumble of the city, yet right in the middle of Manhattan. You enjoy the convenience of an ultra-modern urban residence overlooking more open country than a Westchester estate.

Incidentally, we notice many of our guests are from Hollywood ... To some the ESSEX HOUSE is a retreat from business ... to others a rendezvous for business ... to all a residence of utmost luxury at a cost in tune with the times.

Private Dining Rooms
Persian Coffee Shop
Superb Restaurant
Magnificent Ball Room

APARTMENTS FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED
GUEST SUITES BY DAY • WEEK • MONTH

**ESSEX
HOUSE**

160 Central Park South, N. Y.

ALBERT AUWAERTER, Manager

SUBSCRIBE FOR
PHOTOPLAY

Subscription rates will be found on
page 122. Use the convenient
coupon furnished

Rules of \$1,000 Gag Idea Contest

See Page 45

1. Every Gag Idea must be written in 500 words or less on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:

Movie Crazy Contest Editor,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Gag Ideas will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. No gag ideas will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. Those that do not win prizes will be destroyed.

3. Each and every Gag Idea must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the coupon or a copy of the coupon which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant in his or her own handwriting, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the coupon should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or a reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Harold Lloyd Corporation or Paramount-Publix Corp., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of Harold Lloyd, and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

First Prize.....	\$250.00
Second Prize.....	\$100.00
Third Prize.....	\$ 50.00
Four Prizes of \$25 each.....	\$100.00
One Hundred Prizes of \$5 each.....	\$500.00

In case of a tie for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.

7. Harold Lloyd Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine will pay for the winning Gag Ideas and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes. Harold Lloyd Corporation may use the winning Gag Ideas in whole or in part, alter the same, and require the execu-

tion of any papers by the successful contestants which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants may become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own suggestions or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their Gag Ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Harold Lloyd Corporation nor Paramount-Publix Corp., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Publix Corp., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Judges to make this Contest fair and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest.

10. Harold Lloyd Corporation shall not be bound to use any of the Gag Ideas even if they win prizes. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Harold Lloyd Corporation.

11. Gag Ideas expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted, although any one person may submit Gag Ideas based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

12. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

13. Facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prizes, but the clearness and specific quality of the Gag Idea will be considered.

14. Any single individual may submit any number of Gag Ideas.

15. The contest will close at midnight, November 15th, 1932. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Gag Ideas may be sent in at any time after the 15th of August, when the September issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine appears on the news-stands.

IMPORTANT

This Coupon or copy of this Coupon
must accompany each Gag Idea

In submitting the accompanying Gag Idea as a contestant for the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my Gag Idea being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Publix Corp., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by any of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that the development of this Gag Idea is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this Gag Idea and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., and Harold Lloyd Corporation, together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or subtract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes if awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

.....
Address

She Sat on the Floor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

A saleswoman with a definite proposition. A saleswoman with samples that told the whole story—pictures of a girl in a black negligée.

She wasn't asking a favor. Irving Thalberg needed a woman for "Arsene Lupin." Well, she was offering him one—of good value, too, she knew.

She made the sale.

I HAVE often wondered what passed through Irving Thalberg's mind at that moment. I believe there is only one woman on the Metro lot who had ever before approached him in such a concretely business-like manner. Her name is Norma Shearer.

The same adjectives apply to Karen which have always applied to Mrs. Thalberg—shrewd, clever, hard-in-business, self-sufficient, inordinately ambitious, contemptuous-of-in-efficiency, judicial-like-a-man, fair-minded and, necessarily, a bit self-centered.

Hard, professionally. Femininely alert, personally.

Everyone understood why Karen fought for that rôle in "Arsene Lupin." To play leading lady to the Barrymores was something that any actress, whether old-timer or newcomer, would covet. But no one could grasp why she put up an equally determined sales campaign to secure the cold, cruel, unsympathetic rôle in "Are You Listening?"

It was one which most girls would quickly and definitely spurn.

Karen explained it briefly: "I know I am not pretty. I cannot make a place for myself on the screen as a beauty. I am not even an exciting person. There is, therefore, only one thing left. I must be an actress. And the more variety I can get, the more they will think of me as a capable actress. There is just one thing I have not done. Light comedy. So far, no one has seen the comédienne possibilities in me. But they will!"

If you knew her, you would not doubt that she'll realize that ambition, too. Karen is said to be extremely close-mouthed. They tell that Anita Page and Karen took tests for "Red-Headed Woman" at about the same time. Trusting little Anita excitedly told everyone that she might secure this big opportunity. She had taken a test!

Not Karen! If she didn't secure the part, it wasn't necessary that the world should know that Jean Harlow was considered more fitted for the rôle than Karen Morley.

Madge Evans has taken several of the parts for which Miss Morley has been tested. No one but the authorities knew it.

Karen had seen to that. Why invite comparisons?

But she is not always so silent. She can chatter like a magpie when it is advantageous.

FOR example, when another studio sends for her to make a test, she tells everyone about it whether she secures the rôle or not. To be even considered by another studio is a chalk-mark in any actress's favor. The home studio always appreciates the girl whom another studio even remembers for a test.

Irene Dunne won the lead in Universal's "Back Street," against the Morley competition. Karen never forgets to mention the fact that she was borrowed for the test or to explain casually that it was natural that Irene should be chosen. She had already established, in "Cimarron," a name for the ability to change from young girl to old woman. Universal wanted the name!

Likewise, when Karen returned to Metro from being borrowed by Fox to play the lead with Warner Baxter in "Man About Town," she did plenty of chatting. In fact, she almost raved about the royal manner in which she had

been treated by the other studio. A suite for her dressing-room. With private bath. A stand-in girl.

She told how she had received every small attention, usually accorded only to acknowledged stars with four-figured salaries.

Good business to let Metro know that Fox already accepted her as a star as they would Joan Crawford, had she been the one borrowed.

Naturally, she wisecracked about the Fox glory. She would never lay herself open to the criticism of being "boastful."

When she told about the dressing-room, for example, she jested with, "Of course, I didn't need the bath. I was home on Saturday nights."

One day she sprained her ankle. The next day Nora Gregor, leading lady for Bob Montgomery, sprained hers. "Gee," Karen exclaimed, "I'm getting important. I'm starting fads already."

It was in fun, but the fun carried a subtle suggestion of importance.

UNTIL very recently, Karen had attended only one Hollywood opening—and that at the definite request of the studio. She did not go to any of the places where stars or would-be-stars are supposed to go. They said it was because she was keeping all the old friends she had made in college and going to the same old collegiate hang-outs.

Perhaps. But I'd be more inclined to believe it was because she's shrewd enough not to go to public places where she is a part of the fringe rather than the main pattern. If she was not important enough to be pointed out as Karen Morley "the movie actress," why go where others would be so designated?

She's started stepping out more. But she's known now. She has three good pictures to her credit. She is recognized as one of the centers of the pattern—a celebrity rather than an unknown.

She also has changed boy friends. She had gone for years with one lad—Carol Dempster's nephew. What happened only Karen knows and she'll never tell. Nor will she give you the name of the handsome new escort—non-professional. She's borrowed that much from Greta Garbo's sales book. She believes they'll talk more and write more if you keep them guessing. The world, once it knows all about your love affairs, loses interest.

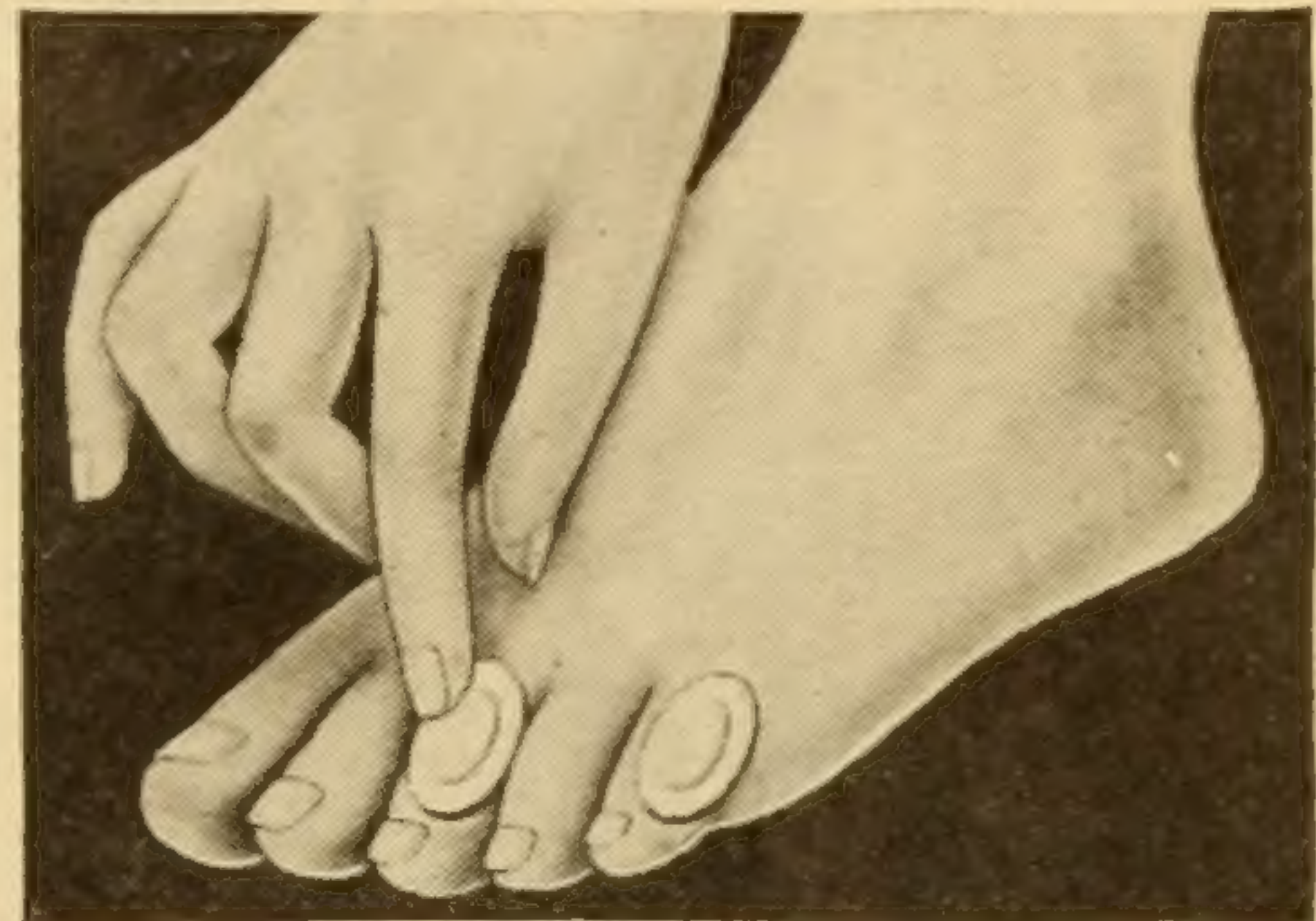
I don't want to give you an impression that Karen, at twenty-one, is all saleswoman. She's feminine, with all the little tricks that go with that. One day, while I was talking with her, she announced several times that she knew she wasn't pretty. I suspected that the wholly feminine side of her was protesting too much in the hopes that I would deny it and call her pretty.

Incidentally, she looks terrible in hats. Therefore, she seldom wears them. Not even when she is shopping.

HOW could one so young be so wise? The answer is simple. She was born that way. Her ancestors were Scotch. But you've read her life history elsewhere. I won't repeat. She's always left that which she didn't enjoy, like college, and sought what she did—the Pasadena Community Players. Even though she didn't have the money to warrant following her inclinations. In this way, she is much like Clark Gable.

Yes, Karen Morley was born a saleswoman. As a small child, she took her first trip on a train. She didn't want anyone on the train to recognize her inexperience so when she went into the diner, she exclaimed loudly, "I will take potatoes. They are always good on trains."

CORNS

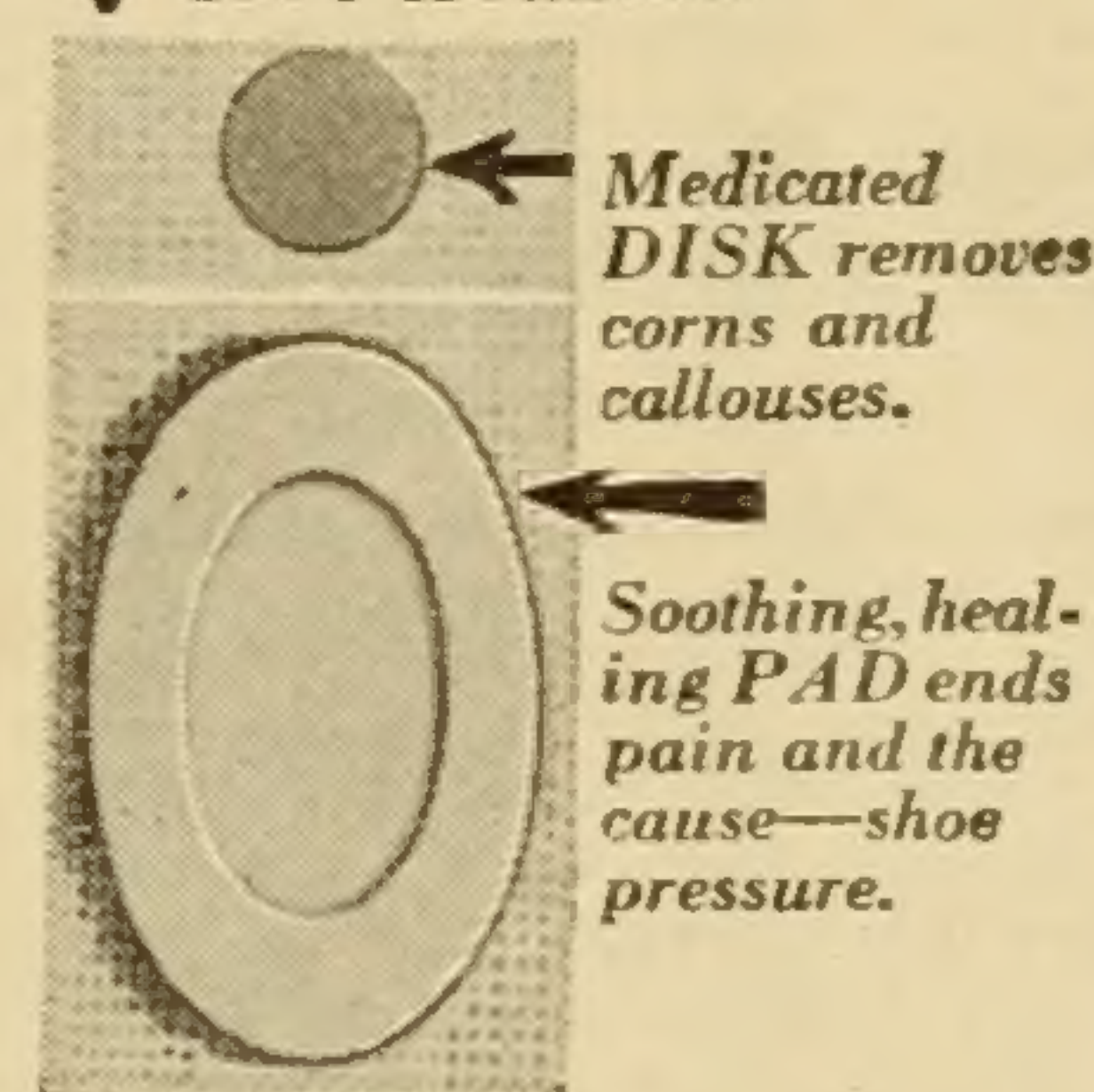


INSTANT, SAFE RELIEF!

It takes Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads only one minute to end pain of the worst corn. Their soothing medication acts instantly and heals rapidly. Their triple ply protective outer rim removes the cause—shoe pressure; prevents sore toes and blisters. Keep a box handy to use when new or tight shoes hurt and you'll have instant comfort.

Quickly Removes Corns

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the Pink Medicated Disks (now included at no extra cost) to safely remove corns and calluses in 48 hours. Get them today at your drug or shoe store. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and Foot Remedies for all foot troubles.



Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Don't suffer from
HAIR AND SCALP TROUBLES

FREE HAIR ANALYSIS! Enjoy normal, healthy, lustrous hair! Let us tell you how to correct your oily hair—dry hair—dandruff—falling hair—graying hair—scalp troubles—dead-looking colorless hair. We learn the cause of your hair and scalp troubles by photographing and testing of hair under a microscope. FREE personal instructions to fit your own case. Thousands of men and women already benefited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MAIL COUPON for FREE Hair Analysis and instructions for home treatment. Just send small strand of hair (clipping or combing) and check hair disorder. Absolutely free. No c. o. d. charges. Send no money.

VELVETINA LABORATORIES, Dept. 1-22, Omaha, Nebr. Check hair disorders—send clipping or combing of hair with coupon.

☐ Dandruff ☐ Dry Hair ☐ Oily Hair ☐ Eczema
☐ Baldness ☐ Falling Hair ☐ Graying Hair

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

and CULTURAL subjects for personal development—Stage, Teaching, Directing-Drama, Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Screen, Musical Comedy, Elocution, Stock Theatre and platform appearances while learning. For catalog 16 apply P. Ely, Sec'y, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BEAUTY PARLOR"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Marion Orth. Adapted by Harry Sauber. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Sally, Barbara Kent; Joan, Joyce Compton; Jeffry Colt, John Harron; Stella, Dorothy Revier; Burke, Albert Gran; Fremont, Wheeler Oakman; Herman Bauer, Mischa Auer; Lou, Betty Mack; Mason, Harry C. Bradley.

"BIRD OF PARADISE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the stage play by Richard Walton Tully. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: Luana, Dolores Del Rio; Johnny Baker, Joel McCrea; Mac, John Halliday; Thornton, Creighton Chaney; Chester, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; Hector, Bert Roach; The King, Pukui; Medicine Man, Augustino Borgato; Old Native Woman, Sophie Ortega.

"BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: Blondie, Marion Davies; Larry, Robert Montgomery; Lottie, Billie Dove; Jimmy, Jimmy Durante; Pa McClune, James Gleason; Gerlie, ZaSu Pitts; Pete, Sidney Toler; Murchenson, Douglas Dumbrille; Ma McClune, Sarah Padden; Ma Callahan, Louise Carter; Dancer, Clyde Cook; Rocky Twins, By Themselves.

"CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Harry Harrison Kroll. Screen play by Paul Green. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Marvin, Richard Barthelmess; Betty, Dorothy Jordan; Madge, Bette Davis; Old Eph, Henry B. Walthall; Lane Norwood, Burton Churchill; Cleve Clinton, Walter Percival; Jake Fisher, William LeMaire; Old Slick Harkness, Tully Marshall; Old Blind Negro, Clarence Nuse; Holmes Scott, Edmund Breese; Russ Carter, John Marston; Sock Fisher, Erville Alderson; Lilly Blake, Dorothy Peterson; Eszy Daniels, Snowflake; Uncle Joe, Russell Simpson; Ross Clinton, Harry Cording; Mrs. Norwood, Virginia Hammond; Lizer, Florine McKinney.

"CRASH, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel "Children of Pleasure" by Larry Barratto. Adapted by Earl Baldwin and Larry Barratto. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: Linda, Ruth Chatterton; Geoff, George Brent; Ronnie, Paul Cavanagh; Celeste, Barbara Leonard; John Fair, Henry Kolker; Marcia Peterson, Lois Wilson; Hodge, Ivan Simpson; Esther Parrish, Helen Vinson; Arthur, Hardie Albright; Landlady, Edith Kingdon; Frank Parrish, Richard Tucker; Nadine, Virginia Hammond.

"CROONER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Rian James. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Teddy, David Manners; Judy, Ann Dvorak; Peter, Ken Murray; Hal Check Girl, Sheila Terry; Pat, William Janney; Henry, Eddie Nugent; Meyers, J. Carroll Naish; His Secretary, Betty Gillette; The Drunk, Guy Kibbee; Theater Manager, William Halligan; Mack, Teddy Joyce; Boy, Sumner Getchell; Tom, Clarence Norstrum; Ralph, Allen Vincent; Head Waiter, William Ricciardi; Constance, Claire Dodd; Band Boys, William Morgan, Johnny Harron, Sumner Getchell.

"DEVIL AND THE DEEP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Harry Hervey. Screen play by Benn W. Levy. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: Diana Sturm, Tallulah Bankhead; Lieut. Sempler, Gary Cooper; Comdr. Sturm, Charles Laughton; Lieut. Jaekel, Cary Grant; Hassan, Paul Porcasi; Mrs. Planet, Juliette Compton; Hutton, Henry Kolker; Mrs. Crimp, Dorothy Christy; Mr. Planet, Arthur Hoyt.

"DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Maurice Rapp and Delmer Daves. Screen play by Delmer Daves. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: Terry Parker, Jackie Cooper; Dr. Shumaker, Conrad Nagel; John Parker, Lewis Stone; Mrs. Shumaker, Lois Wilson; Lucile, Jean Parker; Al Parker, Maurice Murphy; Kenny, Lawrence Grant; Snoop, Richard Wallace; Interne, David Newell; Spike, Oscar Rudolph; Rosetta, Louise Beavers.

"GUILTY AS HELL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Riddle Me This" by Daniel N. Rubin. Screen play by Arthur Kober and Frank Partos. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: Russell Kirk, the Reporter, Edmund Lowe; McKinley, the Detective, Victor McLaglen; Frank Marsh, Richard Arlen; Vera Marsh, Adrienne Ames; Dr. Ernest Tindall, Henry Stephenson; Jack Reed, Ralph Ince; Julia Reed, Noel Francis; Mrs. Ward, Elizabeth Patterson; Dr. Sully, Arnold Lucy; Sgt. Alcock, Willard Robertson; The Governor, William B. Davidson; District Attorney, Richard Tucker; Detective Duffy, Fred Kelsey; Detective Brown, Earl Pingree; Mrs. Alvin, Lillian Harmer; Dr. Goodman, Gordon Westcott; Mrs. Ruth Tindall, Claire Dodd; The Governor's Secretary, Harold Berquist; Vera's Maid, Elsa Peterson; The Judge, Clifford Dempsey; The Janitor, Oscar Smith; The Delivery Boy, Charles Sylber.

"HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Norman Krasna. Adapted by Norman Krasna and Jo Swerling. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: Gertrude Smith (Greta Swan), Genevieve Tobin; Jimmy Reed, Pat O'Brien; Landau, Lucien

Prival; Carp, Ralf Harolde; Millie Coreen, Rita La Roy; Mrs. Landau, Leni Stengel; Joe Hammond, Anderson Lawlor.

"HORSE FEATHERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Harry Ruby, Bert Kalmar and S. J. Perelman. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: Professor Wagstaff, Groucho Marx; Harpo, Harpo Marx; Chico, Chico Marx; Zeppo, Zeppo Marx; Connie Bailey, Thelma Todd; Jennings, David Landau; Peggy Carrington, Florine McKinney; Mullens, James Pierce; McCarthy, Nat Pendleton; President of Huxley, Reginald Barlow; Professor Hornsvogel, Robert Greig.

"ISLE OF PARADISE"—ADOLPH POLLAK PROD.—Photographed and directed by Charles T. Trego. Musical score by James C. Bradford. Dialogue by Richard Mack. Narration by David Ross. Film editing by Paul Masschke.

"LAST MILE, THE"—WORLD-WIDE.—From the play by John Wexley. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Sam Bischoff. The cast: Richard Walters, Howard Phillips; Mears, Cell 4, Preston S. Foster; Berg, Cell 1, George E. Stone; D'Amoro, Cell 6, Noel Madison; Kirby, Cell 7, Alan Roscoe; Werner, Cell 8, Paul Fix; Mayer, Cell 3, Al Hill; Jackson, Cell 2, Daniel L. Haynes; Warden Lewis, Frank Sheridan; Father O'Connor, Alec B. Francis; Rabbi, Edward van Sloan; Mrs. Walters, Louise Carter; Callahan, Principal Keeper, Ralph Theadore; O'Flaherty, Jack Kennedy; Drake, Albert J. Smith; Peddie, William Scott; Harris, Kenneth McDonald; Governor Blane, Walter Walker.

"LIFE BEGINS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Mary McDougall Axelson. Adapted by Earl Baldwin. Directed by James Flood and Elliott Nugent. The cast: Grace Sutton, Loretta Young; Jed Sutton, Eric Linden; Miss Bowers, Aline MacMahon; Florette, Glenda Farrell; Psychopathic Patient, Dorothy Peterson; Mrs. MacGilvary, Vivienne Osborne; Banks, Frank McHugh; Tony, Gilbert Roland; Doctor Cramm, Hale Hamilton; Mr. MacGilvary, Herbert Mundin; Dr. Brett, Preston Foster; Dr. Tubby, Walter Walker; Mrs. West, Clara Blandick; Mrs. Banks, Gloria Shea; Mrs. Tubby, Elizabeth Patterson; Prison Matron, Helena Phillips; Dr. Lee, Reginald Mason; Rose, Ruthelma Stevens; Rita, Dorothy Tree; Student, Terrance Ray; Miss Pinty, Mary Phillips.

"LOVE ME TONIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Leopold Marchand and Paul Armont. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Waldemar Young and George Marion, Jr. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: Maurice Courtelin, Maurice Chevalier; Princess Jeanette, Jeanette MacDonald; Vicomte, Charlie Ruggles; Count de Savignac, Charles E. Butterworth; Countess Valentine, Myrna Loy; The Duke, C. Aubrey Smith; First Aunt, Elizabeth Patterson; Second Aunt, Ethel Griffies; Third Aunt, Blanche Frederici; The Doctor, Joseph Cawthorn; Dressmaker, Ethel Wales.



Here's Hollywood's latest donation to accessory fads! Four pastel-tinted finger bands in silver and enamel. Rochelle Hudson says that she harmonizes the colors of her rings with the colors in the costume she wears. Neat idea that! Connie Bennett wears this same ring assortment, too

"MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Richard Connell. Screen play by James Creelman. Directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: Bo, Whitney, Joel McCrea; Eve Trowbridge, Fay Wray; Martin Trowbridge, Robert Armstrong; Count Zaroff, Leslie Banks.

"NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Anthony Abbot. Adapted by Robert Riskin. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Thatcher Coll, Adolphe Menjou; Lola Carewe, Mayo Methot; Tony, Skeets Gallagher; Kelly, Ruthelma Stevens; Mrs. Carewe, Blanche Frederici; Everett, Gerald Fielding; Mike, Nat Pendleton; Vincent Rowland, Albert Conti; Eunice, Greta Granstedt; Bill, Ed Brady; Joe, Lee Phelps; Andre, George Humbert; Dr. Baldwin, Niles Welch; Dr. Lengle, William von Brincken; Mura, Teru Shimada.

"NIGHT MAYOR, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Sam Marx. Adapted by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The cast: Mayor Bobby Kingston, Lee Tracy; Doree Dawn, Evelyn Knapp; Hymie Shane, Eugene Pallette; Riley, Warren Hymer; Fred Fields, Donald Dillaway; Louis Mossbaum, Vince Barnett; Patsy, Astrid Allwyn; Nutsy, Barbara Weeks; Gwen, Gloria Shea; Lieut. Gov. Robertson, Emmett Corrigan; Delaney, Tom O'Brien; Clancy, Wade Boteler; Ashley Sparks, Harold Minjir; Crandall, Wallis Clark.

"OKAY AMERICA!"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by Scott Pembroke. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: Larry Wayne, Lew Ayres; Miss Barton, Maureen O'Sullivan; Mileaway Rosso, Louis Calhern; City Editor, Walter Catlett; Jones, Alan Dinehart; Alsolto, Edward Arnold; Joe Morton, Rollo Lloyd; Ruth Drake, Margaret Lindsay; Secretary Drake, Wallis Clark; Mrs. Drake, Nance O'Neil; President, Frederick Burton; Commissioner, Frank Sheridan; Mrs. Wright, Marjorie Gateson; Sam, Henry Armetta; Obituary, Charles Dow Clark; Jerry Robbins, Emerson Treacy; Phyllis, Ruth Lyons; Baron, Burton Churchill; O'Toole, Frank Darien; also Onslow Stevens; James Flavin; Al Hall; William Daly; Neely Edwards; Caryl Lincoln.

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Moss Hart and George Kaufman. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: George Lewis, Jack Oakie; Susan Walker, Sidney Fox; May Daniels, Aline MacMahon; Jerry Hyland, Russell Hopton; Helen Hobart, Louise Fazenda; Herman Glogauer, Gregory Ratoff; Miss Leighton, ZaSu Pitts; Lawrence Vail, Onslow Stevens; Mr. Walker, Robert McWade; Mrs. Walker, Jobyna Howland; Miss Chasen, Claudia Morgan; Rudolph Kammerling, Gregory Gaye; Meterstein, Eddie Kane; Weisskopf, Johnny Morris; Phyllis Fontaine, Mona Maris; Florabel Leigh, Carol Trevis; Porter, "Deacon" McDaniel.

"ONE WAY PASSAGE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord. Adapted by Wilson Mizner and Joseph Jackson. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: Dan Hardesty, William Powell; Joan Ames, Kay Francis; Skippy, Frank McHugh; Steve Burke, Warren Hymer; Doctor, Frederick Burton; Sir Harold, Douglas Gerrard; Steward, Herbert Mundin; Betty, Aline MacMahon.

"PAINTED WOMAN, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Alfred C. Kennedy. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: Tom Brian, Spencer Tracy; Kiddo, Peggy Shannon; Boynton, William Boyd; Robert Dunn, Irving Pichel; Jim, Raul Roulien; Collins, Murray Kinnell; Tia, Laska Winters; Marquette, Chris Martin; Machado, Paul Porcasi; Yank, Stanley Fields; Lefty, Wade Boteler; Mack, Jack Kennedy; Bouncer, Dewey Robinson.

"A PASSPORT TO HELL"—FOX.—From the story by Harry Hervey. Screen play by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Myra, Elissa Landi; Kurl, Paul Lukas; Baron Von Sydow, Warner Oland; Erich, Alexander Kirkland; Sergeant Snyder, Donald Crisp; Purser, Earle Foxe; Immigration Officer, Anders von Haden; Sheba, Vera Morrison; Rosita, Yola D'Avril; Simms, Ivan Simpson; Missionary, Eva Dennison; German Officer, William Von Brincken; Hotel Proprietor, Bert Sprotte.

"70,000 WITNESSES"—PARAMOUNT—CHARLES R. ROGERS.—From the story by Cortland Fittsimmons. Screen play by Garrett Fort. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: Buck Buchanan, Phillips Holmes; Dorothy Clark, Dorothy Jordan; Johnny Moran, Charlie Ruggles; Wally Clark, Johnny Mack Brown; State Coach, J. Farrell MacDonald; Slip Buchanan, Lew Cody; Dan McKenna, David Landau; Dr. Collins, Kenneth Thomson; Connors, Big Boy Williams; Ortelio, George Rosener; Old Grad, Walter Hiers; Greenwood, Paul Page; Southard, Reed Howes; Griffith, John David Horsley.

"SIGN OF FOUR, THE"—WORLD-WIDE.—From the story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb. Directed by Graham Cutts. The cast: Sherlock Holmes, Arthur Wontner; Mary Morstan, Isla Bevan; Dr. Watson, Ian Hunter;

Athelney Jones, Gilbert Davis; *Jonathan Small*, Ben Soutten; *Captain Morstan*, Edgar Norfolk; *Sholto*, Herbert Lomas; *Mrs. Hudson*, Clair Greet; *Thaddeus*, Miles Malleson; *Bailey*, Roy Emerton; *Tonga, Togo*; *Tattoo Artist*, Mr. Burchett; *Bartholomew*, Kynaston Reeves.

"THIRTEEN WOMEN"—RKO-RADIO. — From the novel by Tiffany Thayer. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Sergeant Clive*, Ricardo Cortez; *Laura*, Irene Dunne; *Ursula*, Myrna Loy; *Jo*, Jill Esmond; *Grace*, Florence Eldridge; *Helen*, Kay Johnson; *Mary*, Julie Haydon; *May*, Harriet Hagman; *June*, Mary Duncan; *Hazel*, Peg Entwistle; *Nan*, Elsie Prescott; *Bobby*, Wally Albright; *Swami*, C. Henry Gordon; *Burns*, Ed Pawley; *Teacher*, Blanche Frederici.

"TIGER SHARK"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Tuna" by Houston Branch. Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Mike*, Edward G. Robinson; *Quila*, Zita Johann; *Pipes*, Richard Arlen; *Lady Barber*, Leila Bennett; *Engineer*, Vince Barnett; *The Man*, J. Carroll Naish; *Manuel*, William Ricciardi.

"TWO AGAINST THE WORLD"—WARNERS.—From the story by Marion Dix and Jerry Horwin. Screen play by Sheridan Gibney. Directed by

Archie Mayo. The cast: *Dell Hamilton*, Constance Bennett; *Dave Norton*, Neil Hamilton; *Corinne*, Helen Vinson; *Bob*, Allen Vincent; *Victor Linley*, Gavin Gordon; *Dowager*, Maude Truax; *Aunt Agatha*, Clara Blandick; *George*, Alan Mowbray; *The Booklegger*, Leila Bennett; *District Attorney*, Oscar Apfel; *The Cousin*, Eulalie Jensen; *Mrs. Polansky*, Louise Carter; *Courtenay Hamilton*, Walter Walker; *Mr. Mitchell*, Hale Hamilton; *The Old Uncle*, Harold Entwistle; *Stevens*, Harold Nelson; *Segall*, Roscoe Karns.

"WAR CORRESPONDENT"—COLUMBIA. — From the story by Keene Thompson. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Jim Kenyon*, Jack Holt; *Franklyn Bennett*, Ralph Graves; *Julie March*, Lila Lee; *Wu Sun*, Victor Wong; *Fang*, Tetsu Komai.

"UNHOLY LOVE"—FIRST DIVISION-ALLIED.—Story suggested by the novel "Madame Bovary" by Gustave Flaubert. Screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Dr. Gregory*, H. B. Warner; *Jane Bradford*, Lila Lee; *Mrs. Cawley*, Beryl Mercer; *Sheila Bailey*, Joyce Compton; *Jerry Gregory*, Lyle Talbot; *Alex Stockmar*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Simmington*, Jason Robards; *Mrs. Bradford*, Kathlyn Williams; *Gail Abbot*, Frances Rich; *Mr. Bailey*, Richard Carlyle.

No Headlines for Helen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

like one as well, Helen knew that she could not pull any typical wifely, "No's." I feel certain that she often wishes he would not do many of the things that he does, but above all else she wants his happiness—her love is as great as that.

For herself she would love a home that demanded all the small, seemingly unimportant duties which mean commonplace living. Helen would like leading a commonplace life.

BUT because she loves Charlie so much she takes him as he is and says, "Married life with an actress is terrible. All actresses in the throes of work should live alone—they are not fit for human consumption, since they must think entirely about their work and themselves while they are working.

"That is difficult for the husband—and awful for the actress.

"A man refuses to recognize any talent but his own, if he has any egotism at all, which—thank goodness—Charlie has."

Her eyes became misty. "Did you read O. O. McIntyre's column the day he spoke of Charlie's 'impish expression'? It describes him perfectly. He has a crazy sort of humor. Oh, it's Charlie's madnesses that make him fascinating.

"It is only during the last year and a half that I have felt even momentary contentment growing in him. He has an itch on the inside—as all great artists have."

Yet Helen neglected to add that she, herself, is a great artist. The difference, you see, is that her fine flights are saved for her work. Personally—she is a quiet, practical, domestic little thing.

There have been rumors of a divorce between these two. I doubt that there is a basis for them.

Helen knew all about Charlie MacArthur before they were married. She met him, so she told me, after the first Mrs. MacArthur sued for divorce, but she did not marry him until she had known him for a year and a half. She understood his type of genius.

At that time she told a friend, "I know that life with Charlie is not going to be all happiness. But I have looked at the situation squarely. I love him. And the moments of unhappiness are going to be forgotten because of the moments of happiness—even though there are more of the former. I am willing to go through any suffering to have even brief periods of the real joy which he will bring me."

Suits against her began almost immediately after their marriage. And how Helen hated them! When she was served with these last papers in Chicago on her way to Hollywood to make "A Farewell to Arms" her knees crumpled beneath her and she fell.

And I'm sure that no one but Helen knows the hurt she felt when she read that amazing line about her child—"the act of God baby."

Do you remember how the thing happened? Even though she knew she was going to have a baby, she had thought herself able to complete the run of her then-current success "Coquette." But one day her physician told her, "I will not be responsible for your life if you step on the stage again before the child is born."

This meant that the other actors in the cast were not given the customary two-weeks warning that the play was closing, so the manager looked over the contracts eager to find a way out of paying salaries. He discovered that a fire or an "act of God" might release him from his obligations (it didn't)—hence the child became the "act of God" baby and brought its mother reams of front page publicity—which she wanted less than anything in the world.

Helen doesn't like working in pictures, and I believe that she would never act in another movie were Charlie MacArthur not writing in Hollywood. She knows she is not beautiful and she feels that she lacks the Garbo-Dietrich type of glamour. The cold "set" with its business-like atmosphere makes her want to crawl away to some quiet corner. Only when she is actually before a camera and becomes the character she is portraying does this emotion leave her.

She looked at the scenes taken the first day when she was making "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." With tears of disappointment in her eyes she left the projection room. She thought that she photographed badly and that her work was inferior. Imagine, the great actress, Helen Hayes, who has held theater audiences spellbound, thinking her work inferior!

AGAIN during "Arrowsmith" she went into the projection room. When she saw herself appear she left saying, "I looked so awful, I couldn't stand watching it another minute."

And although she is keenly interested in her present production, "A Farewell to Arms," she has not looked at one shot they have taken.

But, strangely enough, she is happy.

"Marriage, love and life are a matter of credits and debits," she said. "Even if there be more debits—only the credits matter. Charlie and I have never come to the point where we have nothing to say to each other. When we sit down at the dinner table we have so much to tell that we both talk at once. That is marvelous. As long as two people have something to talk about every minute, it's great. Happiness is so wonderful that unhappiness doesn't count!"

SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE COUPON
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
 Dept. SP-10, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
 Please send me.....copies of the Stars of the Photoplay at the special reduced price of 50c per copy. Enclosed please find ☐ Money Order, ☐ Check, ☐ Currency for \$..... to cover cost. Send to:

M.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

THIS COUPON will entitle you to "STARS of the PHOTOPLAY"

AT THE
SPECIAL
REDUCED
PRICE—

NOW ONLY

50^c

Thousands of copies of this de luxe edition of the Stars of the Photoplay have been sold at the original price of \$1.75 per copy, and thousands more at the reduced price of \$1.25, but they are now offered to PHOTOPLAY readers as long as they last at the ridiculously low price of 50c.

No reader can afford to be without a copy of this wonderful collection of 250 portraits of leading moving picture stars at this price, which is less than the single admission price of most moving picture theaters. The Stars of the Photoplay will give you many evenings' entertainment and will be your constant reference for information about the stars you have seen on the screen.

The outside measurement of the book is 7¼ x 10½ inches, and the size of each portrait is 5½ x 7½ inches.

The portraits are rich, rotogravure reproductions, and under each is a brief biographical sketch of the star featured, including such information as age, weight, height, complexion, etc. Just the kind of information that you want.

The cover is a handsome Red Art Fabri-koid with gold lettering, a book you will be proud to own.

An Ideal Gift

The Stars of the Photoplay will make an excellent Gift for birthdays or bridge prizes and the value looks many times its cost. We are not limiting this offer to one book per reader. Send for as many as you can use, and we know you will be more than pleased with your purchase. Just fill out the coupon and enclose check, money order or currency. Send it today and the books will be sent by return mail.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
 Dept. SP-10
 919 N. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]



Here is one little necklace that plays several parts, for Anita Page has evolved the three-in-one jewel set. For evening wear—the necklace. For less formal occasions a clip and bracelet—all done with just a simple twist of the wrist. Smart girl, Anita, and a thrifty one, too

COLUMNIST Sidney Skolsky is responsible for this grand yarn. Seems that out on the Ronald Colman set the script demanded that Colman introduce two extras, supposedly titled Englishmen. One of them he introduced as the Marquis of Annadale.

"Wait a minute," somebody said. "You can't say that. There is a real person named the Marquis of Annadale and if we used the name there would be a libel suit against us."

Just then the extra spoke up. "No, there won't be a libel suit. You can use the name, for I am the Marquis of Annadale."

That seven-fifty a day extra job was his first.

IT actually happened in Hollywood.

A writer stood on a street corner and conversed with a prominent actor and his wife. And the subject of the conversation, with details, was the terrible crush the writer once had on the actor's wife. And they stood there telling incidents and laughing about it together. And isn't the old film town getting nonchalant!

HOLLYWOOD, the home of many Ziegfeld graduates, was shocked to hear of the famous producer's sudden death. Eddie Cantor, Marilyn Miller, Marie Dressler, Lilyan Tashman, Dorothy Mackaill, Will Rogers, Marion Davies, Lupe Velez, Billie Dove, Edna May Oliver, Virginia Bruce and many other famous names in Hollywood, were grief-stricken at Mr. Ziegfeld's passing.

His wife, the lovely Billie Burke, was making a picture at Radio Pictures studios when the end came.

Although the doctors had given every hope

for his recovery, Miss Burke had a premonition that the end was near. Like a faithful troupier, she stuck to her post until the frantic message of "Hurry, come quickly" was received.

Hollywood salutes the greatest showman of the last century and deeply mourns his passing.

JACK BARRYMORE is now busily at work making a guide book for guests who visit his estate. Seems that the other day a cameraman arrived to take photographs around the place. He rang the bell at the gate. A buzzer sounded and the gate swung open dramatically. That was at five forty-five. At six-fifteen the photographer, weary and footsore, located the Barrymore living room. He says he knows how explorers lost in the African jungle feel. The answer is that all the rooms are in separate buildings. The living room forms one house; the master bedroom another; the guest rooms are all delightful little bungalows. Just another Barrymore eccentricity.

BEING elegant certainly does trouble the Hollywood hostesses, because just as surely as they have a swanky dinner party and put smart place cards around, the guests jump in and re-arrange the cards so that the boy and girl friends can sit next to each other and actresses with axes to grind can talk to directors during dinner.

REMEMBER when Ruth Chatterton signed her new contract with Warners that she was given final word on all stories and that she could reject and okay all her own screen material. It was this little clause in the contract

that decided Ruth to leave Paramount and go over with the boys in Burbank.

Now Warners have issued a statement which declares that no future contracts will carry a provision that players may have any choice of stories or rôles. This happened just after Ruth made two films under her new contract. And you can write your own conclusion.

CONNIE BENNETT, Lil Tashman *et al.* had better look to their "well dressed woman" laurels, for that cute little mite Helen Hayes came back to Hollywood with trunkfuls of new clothes. And looking just that chic!

It's funny about Helen. Everybody raved so much about her acting ability that they forgot to notice that she has one of the prettiest figures you'll see along Boul' Hollywood.



Movie-goers, keep your eyes on this lad—he's been walking away with a lot of pictures lately. And it's a pretty brisk pace that Ralph Bellamy paces, too. Judging by the smile behind that cigar the lad the girls all liked in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is pretty pleased with this old world